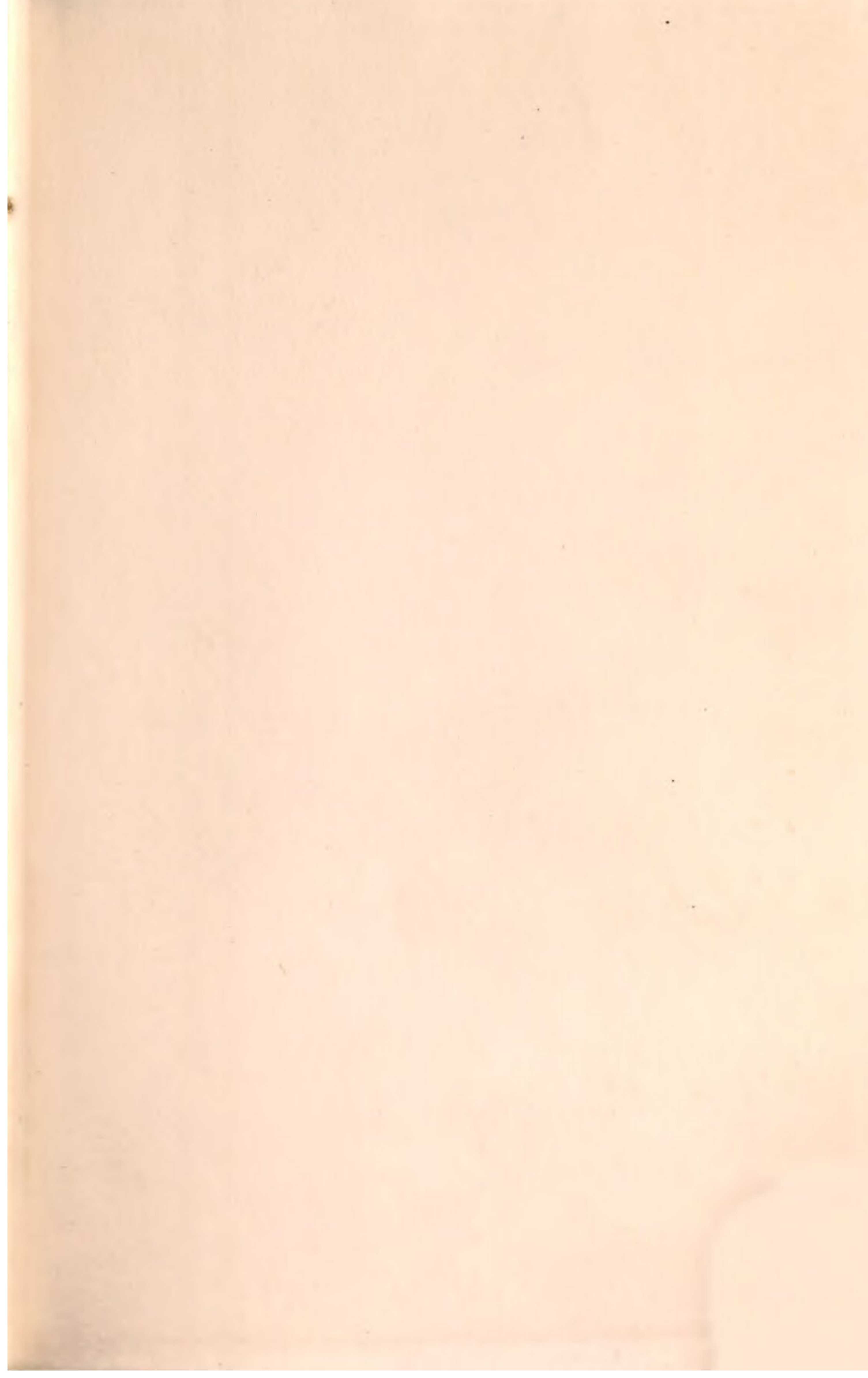


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TALLYRAND.

London, Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1829.

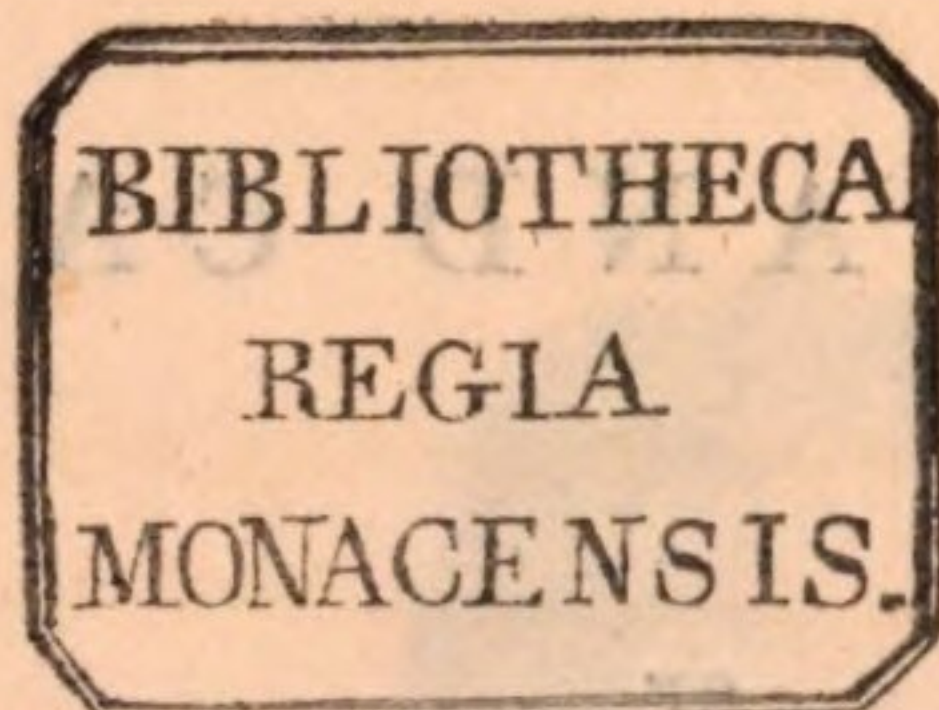
THE
COURT AND CAMP
—
OF
BUONAPARTE.

*Cu.
Buonaparte*

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXIX.

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LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES
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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following compilation, drawn up by way of Appendix to the Life of Buonaparte contained in the first two Numbers of the Family Library, the reader will find a few incidents, and perhaps characters, treated in a spirit somewhat different from that of the above-named Biography. The present writer might be content to observe, that probably no two minds will ever arrive at the very same conclusions upon every point embraced in the stormy career of Napoleon and his Lieutenants; but he believes that, in most of the instances alluded to, his statements will be found in accordance with the very able, interesting, and trust-worthy memoirs of M. de Bourrienne—of which only one volume had appeared, when the publication of the Family Library commenced. The second volume of Colonel Napier's masterly History of the Peninsular War, and the clear and spirited *Annals* of those campaigns, by the Author of Cyril Thornton, have also appeared since that time; and both have, of course, furnished new details of many important transactions.

Chelsea, Nov. 1829.

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ERRATUM.

*** Pauline, Princess Borghese, died in 1825. Some words in pp. 26 and 27 ought therefore, to be altered.

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[Faint, illegible handwritten text visible through the paper.]

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

CARLO BUONAPARTE, Advocate; Recorder of a Tribunal in Corsica; Representative for the Nation, and a Member of the General Assembly of Noble Deputies at the Court of the King of France: died February 24, 1785, aged 40 years.

J P LOUISA, Arch- duchess of Austria, a daughter of Francis II., Empe- ress of Austria, King of Hungary and Bo- hemia &c.; born October 12, 1791; married March 11, 1810, to Napoleon; with her the absence of her husband in France. On his abdi- cation she was de- ported to Austria, the peace of Vienna, May 30, 1814, she returned to France, Grand Du- chess of Parma, Pia- cenza and Guastalla. She married subse- quently the Count de Mantua, and is now at Parma.	LUCIEN, born ; President of the Council of Five Hundred at its dissolution by Na- poleon; Minister of the Interior under the Consular Government; Ambassador to Spain at the nego- tiation for the creation of the king- dom of Etruria; retired from pub- lic life on his brother's assumption of the diadem; resided some time in England, where he arrived Dec. 18, 1810. On Napoleon's abdication in 1814, he went to Rome, was well received by the Pope, and pur- chased considerable estates, from whence he derives the titles of Prince of Canino, Duke of Musi- gnano, &c. He joined his brother on his return from Elba, and was again appointed Minister of the Interior; was arrested after the battle of Waterloo, but allowed to retire to the Roman States, where he now resides.	LOUIS, born Sept. 2, 1778; Constable and Arch-Chancellor of France, 1804; King of Holland, March, 1806; abdicated in 1810. Louis, with the title of Duke and Count of St. Leu, re- tired from public life, and, after the events of 1815, went to re- side in the Roman States, where he is still living.	HORTENSE, daughter of Napoleon and press Josephine; the Vicomte de Harnois; born January 3, 1801; subsequently mar- ried to Louis, and, as Duch- ess of Leu, lived in splendour. She now sometimes resides in Swi- tzerland and some- times in Rome.
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CH JUL 1801 IN FRANÇOIS CHARLES BRUNO, born Mar. 20, 1811, and 1822 created King of Muscovy. On the abdication of Louis, he was conveyed to Canton and became Prince of Par- ma, Florence, and Guastalla, Duke of Parma, May 30, 1814. He was afterwards de- posed in those He was appointed a Colonel in a regiment of Aus- trian Infantry, and in 1818 was Duke of Reichstadt in Austria with precedence next to the Archdukes.	The Prince MU- SIGNANO; married, June 30, 1822, to Charlotte Zenaide, eldest daughter of Joseph, Ex-King of Spain: living at Florence, 1829.	LETITIA; married, March 4, 1821, to Thomas, son of T. Wyse of St. John, near Waterford, of Ireland, Esq.	LOLOTTE; married the Prince Gabriel de Salaparuta.
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LOUISE, born at Man- tua, April 13, 1814.	MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, born October 2, 1817.
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LETITIA RANIOGLI
Rome.

ELIZABETH, daughter of . . . Paterson, Baltimore in America, but formerly of Belfast in Ireland; married 1803, but subsequently divorced.

ed Princess of March 31, the 24th the said united to of Italy, of livres ne; born married, le Clerc, Prince vember 6, ed at the ace, near e 9, 1825.

JOACHIM MURAT, born March 25, 1771; Commander of the Consular Guard; Prince Imperial, Grand Admiral, Marshal of France, &c.; instituted into the Grand Duchy of Berg and Cleves (ceded to France by Prussia), March 31, 1806; ceded that Duchy to the Emperor, and was nominated King of Naples, July 15, 1808; condemned by a military commission, and shot, at Pizzo in Calabria, October 15, 1815.

MARIE ANNUNCIATE CAROLINE, born March 25, 1782; married, 1st, to Joachim Murat, January 20, 1800, and, 2dly, to Marshal Macdonald, at Vienna, 1817; living in Austria, 1829, as Countess of Lipano.

CHRISTIANA; married, 1826, Lord Dudley Coutts Stewart, twelfth and youngest son of John, 1st Marquis of Bute.

NAPOLÉON born on which gained the crown, failure himself, croup in 180

LETITIA JOSEPHINE, born April 25, 1802; married the Marquis Popoli, a nobleman of Bologna.

NAPOLÉON LUCIEN CHARLES, born May 16, 1803; went to South America, and was living there in 1829.

LOUISE JULIE CAROLINE, born March 22, 1805; married Count Rasponi.

THESE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE RESEARCHES OF THE

REPORT

The first part of the report deals with the general principles of the research. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the general principles of the research, and the second section deals with the specific details of the research. The first section is divided into two main parts: the first part deals with the general principles of the research, and the second part deals with the specific details of the research. The second section is divided into two main parts: the first part deals with the general principles of the research, and the second part deals with the specific details of the research.

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THE
COURT AND CAMP
OF
BUONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON'S BROTHERS.

JOSEPH.

IF the immediate relatives of Napoleon possessed no other claim to our notice than that of their talents or services, they should have no place in the present collection. In ordinary circumstances not one of them would have risen above the sphere of mediocrity, and most of them would have remained below it. It is only as the instruments—though the weak and inefficient instruments—of their brother, that history will deign to grant them a niche in her temple.

JOSEPH, the eldest of the brothers, was born at Ajaccio, January 7th, 1768. He studied at the university of Pisa, and was designed for the law; but the invasion of Corsica by the English, in 1793, compelled the whole family to seek refuge in France. At that time their fortunes were at a low ebb, and their prospects not much better. The all-decisive success of Napoleon, however, was at hand.

When the Child of Destiny seized the imperial sceptre, Joseph was laden with honours both military

and civil. He seems, indeed, to have been sincerely devoted to his brother, and to have been esteemed in return. When Napoleon entered on the campaign of 1805, he was entrusted with the presidency of the Senate, and with the direction of government. These marks of confidence were but the precursors of a much higher dignity. An imperial decree announced that the king of Naples "had ceased to reign," and Joseph was placed at the head of the army destined to invade that kingdom. Though little resistance could be expected from perhaps the most cowardly people in Europe, he was accompanied by two able lieutenants, Massena and Gouvion St. Cyr. The weak Ferdinand fled, the worthless soldiery disbanded themselves, and the rabble, delighted with a change—no matter of what sort—welcomed the approach of the French with every demonstration of joy. The country was conquered with scarcely any loss of blood, and the vacant crown conferred upon Joseph.

If he had little ability, he had probably also little taste, for the duties of royalty. Plain in his attire, and still plainer in his manners, he was strongly attached to the enjoyments of domestic life—the only sphere for which nature had qualified him. Whether he accepted the glittering gift with much satisfaction, is doubtful. He clearly saw, that, without the constant aid of his brother, he should be unable to maintain himself on the throne; and he knew enough of that brother's character to feel assured that he should never be more than the vassal of France.

The government of the new king—or let us rather say of Napoleon's creatures who governed him—was a compound of good and evil. He made some important alterations in the constitution, and intro-

duced as many elements of that of France as the people could bear. He suppressed the monastic orders, appropriated the revenues to his own use, abolished feudal rights, and made many other changes injurious to the higher and favourable to the lower classes. He would, perhaps, have become popular—indeed, any government, after that of the contemptible dynasty which had fled, was likely to be hailed as a blessing—had not his own necessities, and still more the exactions of the emperor, compelled him to levy oppressive contributions on his subjects; while some defects in his personal character exposed him to their ridicule. Too feeble to exert any moral force, he was the passive instrument of Napoleon's most unpopular measures; too idle to trouble himself with the affairs of his kingdom, he abandoned the reins to a set of needy and profligate ministers. The only occasions in which he shewed any thing like activity, were in upholding the pageantry of royalty, and in swelling the notes of revelry.

In 1808, from the peaceful enjoyment of the Neapolitan crown, Joseph was called to a more brilliant, but also more thorny destiny in Spain. He knew that the fierce Spaniard was somewhat more difficult to manage than the slavish Neapolitan, and he had the good sense to refuse the proffered dignity; but his inclinations were not thought worth consulting, and he was forced to pass the Pyrenees. His reign at Madrid was not, as far as depended on himself, much unlike what it had been at Naples; the passive agent of his brother's will, he was neither oppressive nor cruel in his own character: the same idleness, the same incapacity, the same habits of dissipation, the same nullity, in short, rendered him with his new and

high-minded subjects an object rather of ridicule than of hatred. The military defence of his kingdom was entrusted to lieutenants who oftener despised than obeyed his commands. He was, indeed, the most shadowy of monarchs. One portion of the country was in everlasting insurrection; another was possessed by a powerful foreign enemy, so that his authority extended no farther than the space actually occupied by the French legions. Even there it was merely nominal; the real power was invested first with the emperor, next with the marshals. Finding the sceptre too heavy for his feeble hands, Joseph more than once prayed to be relieved from the unwelcome load. Even the little authority he had was of all things the most insecure. Twice was he compelled to abandon the capital; and twice he returned, not so much to inflict, as to witness the infliction of, a severe vengeance on the partisans of Ferdinand: the third time he fled never to return. He was closely pursued by the enemy, against whom he made a stand at Vittoria; but there he sustained a most decisive defeat; his treasures, sceptre, crown remained in possession of the victors,—a fate which was near happening to himself. He reached Bayonne in a state of utter destitution—a just reward for his retention of an usurped crown, which he had worn in opposition to the will of the nation.

1814.] While the emperor was engaged in this campaign, the ex-king remained at Paris as lieutenant-general of the realm, and commandant of the national guards, both to relieve the empress in the cares of government, and to defend the capital in case it should be assailed. He reviewed the troops, and protested he would remain with them to the last. But no sooner did the

allies reach Paris, than the love of his own person prevailed over his duty to his brother: he fled, leaving Marmont to arrange the terms of capitulation. He proceeded first to Orleans, next to Blois, and after the emperor's abdication, to Switzerland. There he bought a valuable estate,—a proof that, however he had neglected public concerns, he had not been altogether unmindful of his own.

1815.] The return of Napoleon to Paris brought with it that of the ex-king, who was again laden with dignities, but dignities soon to be laid aside. After Waterloo, Joseph, like his brother, hastened to Rochefort, with the hope of escaping to the United States. In September, he landed at New York; and soon established himself in the vicinity of Philadelphia, where he still remains under the name of Count Survilliers. He lives surrounded by a considerable number of French emigrants, owns a fine estate, and is believed to be very rich. The plunder which he carried away in his second flight from Paris was certainly great.

The private character of Joseph is said to be no less amiable than his talents are weak. His manners are doubtless mild and unassuming, and his disposition somewhat kind; he is stated to be an indulgent husband and father, and to Napoleon he was ever a faithful brother. But he was rapacious and dissipated,—a plunderer and a reveller. By the exile of St. Helena, however, he was said to possess a philosophic taste, and considerable stores of knowledge. In 1799 he published a little novel, entitled *Moina*, of which a second edition appeared fifteen years afterwards; but as we do not remember to have seen it praised, even by the most enthusiastic worshippers of the Buonapartes, we

suppose it is a production of which they are not proud. His character may be summed up in one sentence : he was a weak, voluptuous, easy-tempered man, without elevation of mind, dignity of manners, or generosity of sentiment.

LUCIEN.

NEXT after Napoleon in years, and after him too the ablest and most ambitious of the Buonapartes, is Lucien, who was born at Ajaccio, in 1775.

At an early age Lucien imbibed the revolutionary doctrines with enthusiasm ; and the elevation of his brother prepared his way to honours and riches. For some time he was employed in the Commissariat. In 1797 he launched into the sea of politics, and was returned to the Council of Five Hundred. In the tribune he exhibited both fluency of language, and occasionally, at least, sound and even elevated views ; but what most distinguished him was the energy of his manner, and his apparent devotion to the existing government. In 1798 his zeal induced him to propose that every deputy should swear to die rather than suffer the constitution of the year Three to be overturned. But this was sheer hypocrisy ; for at that very time he was privy to his brother's views, which he not only approved, but had engaged to support.

During Napoleon's absence in Egypt, Lucien acted the useful part of a spy on the proceedings of the directors. Powerless in ability, and still more so in public opinion—despised by the bold for their weakness, and by the good for their undisguised rapacity—he saw

that the moment was arrived when a daring hand might hurl them from the seat they so ill filled, and seize on the supreme authority. He probably hastened the return of Napoleon, and was certainly the chief instrument of the revolution which followed. It was he who, when the general entered unarmed into the Council, firmly opposed the sentence of outlawry about to be pronounced against him. It was he who, when he perceived that remonstrances were of no avail, threw down the ensigns of his dignity as president, mounted a horse, harangued the troops, and prevailed on them to clear the hall of its members. It was he, in short, who not only secured the consular authority for his brother, but in all probability saved him from the guillotine. The portfolio of the interior was the reward of his successful exertion; and in its administration he was not unpopular.

But great as were the services which Lucien had performed for the First Consul, the two brothers were not long on brotherly terms. Both were, perhaps, equally ambitious. Lucien's aim was to share with the other the supreme power of the state—an aim which Napoleon easily penetrated and thwarted. The one could bear no superior, the other no equal. Coolness followed; and the breach was carefully widened by the Beauharnois, whose interest it was to support their relative, and who always regarded with distrust the artful proceedings and daring character of Lucien. His mission to Madrid was no better than a brilliant disgrace.

In his capacity of ambassador, he zealously promoted the all-grasping designs of his brother. His conduct was firm, haughty, and corrupt. He doubt-

less despised the contemptible court of Charles IV.—a court equally remarkable for imbecility and profligacy. That traitor and fool, the Prince of the Peace, he flattered or bullied as best suited the purpose of the day, and thereby gained whatever he wanted. Of those wants money was not the least important: he drew immense sums from his mission; and is said to have compelled the Portuguese government to pay five millions of francs to preserve that country from a French invasion. He insisted on the creation of the kingdom of Etruria, and on the cession to France of the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla. In 1802 he returned to Paris, and was outwardly reconciled with the First Consul.

Lucien was soon invested with the senatorship of Treves, and endowed with the estates of Soppelsdorf, which had belonged to the ancient electors. He was next employed on a mission to the Belgic and Rhenish provinces; but on his return he took a step which highly displeased the First Consul. He married one Madame Jouberton, a woman distinguished for her gallantries, with whom, if common report be true, he had previously cohabited. This was a blow to the system of Napoleon, who had long contemplated royal alliances for his relatives. A quarrel ensued, and he was ordered to quit the French territory. It was in April 1804, one month previous to the change of government from consular to imperial, that he hastened to Italy. The conjuncture was in one respect fortunate for him. It gave rise to an impression, which he was not backward to confirm, that the cause of his disgrace was his opposition to the ambitious policy of his brother. Nothing, however, is

more certain than that he was as indifferent to popular liberty as the other, and that like him he was on nearly all occasions guided by views of personal interest.

Lucien was received with open arms by the Pope, whose gratitude he had merited by zealously supporting the Concordat. He remained at Rome until the peace of Tilsit, when he and his brother were persuaded to meet at Mantua. A reconciliation was expected, but none took place. He was willing enough to comply with certain conditions proposed by the emperor, among which was the marriage of his elder daughter with the prince of the Asturias; but to his honour, it must be added, that he refused to sacrifice his wife; he would not consent to the dissolution of his marriage, the only condition on which he could hope to enjoy the favour of the imperial despot. For that favour, indeed, he was not very solicitous; he had no wish to be again subjected to the galling fetters from which he had escaped; he found his condition in Rome—adorned as it was by a splendid fortune, and ennobled by the friendship of the pontiff—far happier than any he could expect to enjoy under the iron rule of the emperor. That the crown of Spain was held out to tempt him, there can be little doubt; but he scorned to reign as the vassal of France; and he was unwilling to take on himself the odium of the measures about to be executed in relation to the royal family of the country. Besides, he knew too much of the Spanish nation, to expect that an usurped throne would either be a happy or a secure one. Angry words passed between the two; Napoleon upbraided him with contumacy; he complained of the persecutions sustained by the Pope; so that both separated more incensed than before they met.

Lucien being no longer permitted to remain in the Eternal City, retired to an estate which he had purchased at Canino. The Pope raised it into a principality, and the Prince of Canino was inscribed among the Roman nobles. But he soon learned enough to be convinced that Italy would not long remain a very safe asylum for him. He fled secretly to Civita Vecchia, and, in a vessel furnished him by his brother-in-law Murat, embarked in August 1810, with the intention of proceeding to the United States. A storm threw him on the coast of Cagliari; but the King of Sardinia refused him permission to land; nor could he obtain a safe-conduct from the British naval commander on that station. He was forced to put out to sea, was captured by two English frigates, and conveyed to Malta, to await the orders of our government respecting him. In conformity with these orders, he was transferred to England. He landed at Plymouth, Dec. 18th, and was soon conveyed to Ludlow in Shropshire.

The three years which the prince passed in England were among the happiest of his life. He was permitted to purchase a beautiful estate about fifteen miles from Ludlow, and to settle on it with his family. His time was chiefly passed in the composition of an epic poem, by which he hoped to gain as much immortality as his imperial brother: it is entitled "Charlemagne, or the Church Delivered." His style of living was most frugal—a circumstance that, considering his immense riches, occasioned some surprise. A friend one day ventured to ask him the cause, and his answer is remarkable for its prophetic spirit: "How do you know that I may not ere long have four or five kings to support?" The peace of 1814 having opened

his way to the Continent, he returned to his old friend and protector, Pius VII.

Unfriendly as were the terms on which the two brothers had lived for so many years, there can be no doubt that Lucien opened a correspondence with Napoleon at Elba, through the medium of their sister Pauline. Whether he had any share in the plot which brought about the revolution of March 1815, is not so clear. All that is certainly known is, that he soon hastened to join the emperor at Paris. The ostensible object of his journey, was to procure the evacuation of the Roman States, which were invaded by Murat. It is said, that after the fulfilment of his mission, he prepared to return to Italy, but was prevented from leaving France by Napoleon. However this be, he took his seat in the Chamber of Peers, and exhibited more devotion to the imperial cause, than he had ever done during its most prosperous days. After the disaster of Waterloo, he urged the emperor to make a desperate stand for the throne ; but he could not infuse his own energy into one whose spirits were damped by misfortune. The second abdication forced him to retire to Neuilly, where he prepared to leave France. At Turin, however, he was arrested, and detained some time ; but at the intercession of the Pope, he was released, on the condition of his being subjected to the surveillance of the Holy Father. Fortunately he had left his family at Rome, which he immediately rejoined. In the Roman States he still remains.

During the sway of Buonaparte, the talents of Lucien were preposterously lauded by the French savans. He was admitted member of the Institute, from which he was excluded by a royal ordinance of March 21st, 1816. His *Charlemagne*, the greatest of his produc-

tions, and dedicated to Pius VII. was first published in London, in 2 vols. 4to. 1814. The year following, a translation in verse appeared, by Messrs. Butler and Hodgson. Its success both in England and France was very indifferent.

Besides this heavy epic, Lucien has published two other works: *Stellina*, a novel, in 1799; and the *Cyrneide, or Corsica Saved*, a poem, 2 vols. Svo. 1819. All these productions are forgotten.

The Prince of Canino has some talents, but more vanity; and considerable moral courage, but more rashness. In private life he is respected, but he is not very accessible to strangers. His fidelity to his wife, and his rejection of the unprincipled offers of Napoleon, greatly redound to his praise. His insatiable desire of wealth, and infamous mode of procuring it, must, however, more than counterbalance any good qualities he can lay claim to.

LOUIS.

THIS most amiable of the five brothers drew his first breath at Ajaccio, Sept. 2, 1778. In early life he entered the military career, and accompanied Napoleon in the campaigns of Italy and Egypt. While in the latter country, he wrote several letters which were intercepted by our cruizers, and published here; and, besides showing some little literary talent, they breathed a tone of humanity exceedingly honourable to his heart.

Though Louis had obtained military promotion, he certainly had no talents for the field, so that the duties required from him were chiefly of a civil

nature. He was at one time sent to Turin, to preside over the Electoral College of the Po ; at another, he was made Constable of France, and Councillor of State. In 1807 he reached his highest elevation,—he was called to the throne of Holland.

Of all the sceptred relations of Napoleon, this king was by far the most popular with his subjects. The dignity was not of his seeking ; he would, in fact, much rather have dispensed with it ; and he even went so far as to allege the delicacy of his constitution, and the unfavourableness of the climate, as reasons for declining it : “ It is better to die a king than to live a prince ! ” was the reply, and Louis entered on his regal duties. He administered justice with the strictest impartiality ; lived in a frugal style ;—relieved the wants of his people ;—redressed complaints ; and diminished as much as possible the weight of the public taxes. Add to this, his unaffected simplicity and ever-active kindness, and we need not be surprised that the Dutch regarded him with favour. When two boats laden with gunpowder exploded at Leyden, and killed or maimed many of the inhabitants, no one hastened to the spot more promptly than Louis ; no one was more liberal of money to the surviving victims, or more ready to testify an affectionate sympathy with their sufferings. When, in 1809, a sudden inundation overspread several districts, laid waste the labours of industry, and deprived numbers of their habitations, he was there exercising the same beneficence.

But his popularity was entirely of a personal nature : he was compelled to be the instrument of measures at which he inwardly grieved. The immense sums drawn by Napoleon from the country, and the conti-

nuance of the Continental System, called forth the indignant murmurs of the Dutch. Louis did all he could to relieve them: he connived at their intercourse with the English, for he saw well that the nation depended for its very existence on commerce, the far greater portion of which was carried on with this country. He was thwarted in all these matters by his wife, the beautiful Hortense de Beauharnois, daughter to the Empress Josephine. This unprincipled woman, a great favourite with Napoleon, systematically ridiculed and opposed her goodnatured husband, and was, in fact, at the head of the *French* party in Amsterdam.

Napoleon became furious at the pertinacity with which the king evaded his rigorous commercial prohibitions. About the time of his marriage with Maria Louisa, he summoned Louis to Paris, called him a *smuggler*, upbraided him severely for his toleration, and threatened to occupy Holland with French troops to enforce the tyrannical system. Louis replied that, in ascending the throne of that country, he considered himself no longer a Frenchman, but a Dutchman; and added that if the imperial troops invaded Holland, he should no longer regard himself as king. Both brothers kept their resolution. The French troops were soon poured into the country; and Louis, too independent to submit to foreign dictation, but too weak to make any effectual resistance, abdicated in favour of his son, and fled to Gratz in Styria. The kingdom was soon annexed to the French empire; and an indemnity of two millions of francs decreed the ex-monarch; but his wife gained possession of the whole sum, and refused to give him a sous.

At Gratz, Louis led the life of a private gentle-

man, renouncing every title of distinction, and subsisting on a very moderate pension granted him by his brother. There he passed three tranquil years, which he valued the more from the absence of his wife. Such was the propriety of his conduct, that, when Austria, in 1813, declared war against France, he might have remained at Gratz in perfect security; but he preferred retiring to Rome. He did not return to Paris during the Hundred Days—probably because Hortense was there, and was supposed to have had a hand in the revolution which preceded. He remains in the papal territories, where he is known as Count of St. Leu.

The attachment of the ex-king to literature is as ardent as Lucien's. In 1808 he published a novel under the title of "Maria, or the Torments of Love." Of this work a new edition appeared in 1814, entitled "Maria, or the Dutch Women" (*les Hollandaises*). It is said to describe very naturally the manners and customs of the Dutch, and to express strongly the interest with which the author regarded that simple and honest nation. In 1820 a much more important work issued from the press—"Historic Documents, and Reflections on the Government of Holland, by Louis Bonaparte, Ex-king of Holland," in five volumes octavo. It contains a detailed account of his own administration, and is well worth consulting by the historian.

More recently the Count of St. Leu has lowered himself in the opinion of the judicious by an intemperate attack on Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte." The errors which he discovers are, with one or two exceptions, so unimportant, as considerably to raise the character of that work for general accuracy.

This attack occasioned the more surprise from the uniformly honourable mention made of himself in Sir Walter Scott's pages.

JEROME.

THIS youngest, and weakest of the brothers of Napoleon, was born at the same place as the others, Dec. 15, 1784, and educated for the sea. In 1799, he commenced a career in which he was not destined to obtain much honour. In 1802, he was appointed to the command of the frigate *Epervier*, and sent to join the French squadron in the West Indies.

On the resumption of hostilities between England and France, the new captain might have had opportunities enough of signaling his courage. He cruized a few months off the island of Tobago; but on the approach of the enemy, away he sailed with all possible celerity, and made for New York. He found the pleasures of that city far preferable to a fugitive life on the deep; and there he consumed the time which should have been employed in facing the enemy. Towards the close of 1803, he married Miss Paterson, daughter of a Baltimore merchant,—a marriage which Napoleon afterwards annulled. At length he set sail on his return to France; was fortunate enough to escape the English cruizers; and landed at Lisbon in May 1805—whence he proceeded to join Napoleon at Genoa.

The emperor was justly indignant at the negligent conduct of a brother, whom he had hoped to place over the French fleet, and render capable of opposing even the terrible Nelson. But the captain was young,

inexperienced, and there was time enough to make something of him. He was despatched to Algiers to demand from the Dey the surrender of the Genoese slaves; whence he soon returned with two hundred and fifty of those unfortunate beings.

In 1806, Jerome was appointed, first to the command of a seventy-four, and immediately afterwards to that of a squadron consisting of eight ships of the line. A third time he visited the West Indies, and, after a short stay at Martinico, returned home without firing a shot. Yet though during the whole of his naval career, he had never been engaged in a single action, and had never exhibited the least symptom of either bravery or ability, the brother of the emperor must not remain in a subordinate station; he was accordingly made Rear-Admiral. But his maritime exploits being of a nature to excite ridicule among the Buonapartists themselves, Jerome was soon compelled to change his career. He was entrusted (1807) with the command of a small corps of Bavarians and Wurtembergers, which were ordered to occupy Silesia. But he gave as little promise of arriving at eminence in the one service as in the other. All that he did was to strut in regimentals, leaving the entire direction of the corps to General Vandamme. He was present with the army, and that was enough for Napoleon, who promoted him to the rank of General of Division, and prepared for him a still higher destiny.

This hero of two elements had hitherto shewn no want of affection for his beautiful wife; but, being now offered a kingdom if he would consent to divorce her, and accept the hand of a princely bride, he could not resist the temptation. The American was dismissed; and her place supplied by the Princess

Frederica-Catherina, daughter to the king of Wurtemberg, an unwilling victim at the hateful altar of ambition. This was on the 12th of August; on the 18th he was proclaimed king of Westphalia.

The conduct of *king* Jerome was every way contemptible. Plunged in dissipation, and heedless of the duties attached to the station which had been thrust upon him, he abandoned the burden of administration to profligate adventurers. The taxes which he levied on his unfortunate subjects were intolerable. His imbecility caused him to be despised, his rapacity to be hated. On more than one occasion, he was severely lectured by his imperial tutor; but to no effect: he continued as weak and wicked as before. The joy of the people was great when he was summoned to attend Napoleon in the Russian expedition, and they were left to the mild administration of his excellent queen. But their joy was of short duration. He suffered himself to be surprised by the enemy at Smolensko; and was ignominiously dismissed as a fool and coward. He returned to Cassel, to continue his wonted debauchery and exactions; but the following year his own subjects rose against him, and aided by some Russian and Saxon troops, compelled him to flee. With his wife, whom neither his vices nor his misfortunes could estrange, he hastened to Paris *. There, however,

* After the downfall of Buonaparte, the King of Wurtemberg endeavoured to prevail on his daughter to separate from the worthless husband whom she had been compelled to accept. The princess wrote in reply an affectionate, noble, and touching letter, asserting her irrevocable resolution to live and die with one to whom she was bound by honour and duty, and whom neither could permit her to leave,—least of all in his misfor-

they could not remain after the abdication of the emperor. Frederica returned to her father, and was followed by Jerome; but his conduct having rendered him odious to that prince, both he and his faithful wife proceeded to Italy.

The ex-king was at Trieste when Napoleon escaped from Elba. He was supposed to be privy to the invasion, and was watched by the Austrian government. Yet he contrived to reach Paris, and took his seat in the Chamber of Peers. He assisted at the farce of the Champ-de-Mai, the idea of which is supposed to have originated with Lucien Buonaparte. He *looked on*—we will not say he *fought*—at Waterloo, and after the second abdication, assuming a disguise, he wandered from place to place until permission was at length given him by his father-in-law, to rejoin his wife in Wurtemberg. In July (1816) he was created Prince of Montfort, but was not allowed to appear at

tunes. The persecution was renewed, but to as little effect. She appealed to her past irreproachable conduct as a *child* to prove that she was no stranger to the voice of duty, that as a *wife* and *mother* her behaviour might be expected to be equally blameless. She acknowledged that the match was originally one of policy; but affirmed that her husband possessed her heart, and that her happiness was concerned in her remaining with him. “Best of fathers,” concludes this most amiable of women, “I conjure you to desist from your purpose; for in this case my resolution and principles are alike inviolable. It would be cruel to continue a contest in which I should be compelled to oppose a father whom I love and esteem more than my own life.” It would be unjust to deprive Jerome of this evidence in his favour. It would imply that with all his weakness, cowardice, and profligacy, his head is more to blame than his heart. Yet this little accords with his base abandonment of his first wife,—a woman of superior talents, the mother of his eldest son, who had ever been a faithful and affectionate companion.

court, nor to enjoy unrestrained liberty. In two years afterwards, however, he and his princess asked and obtained leave to settle in the Austrian dominions. He has a fine estate near Vienna, and a palace at Trieste, in the one or other of which he constantly resides. He has a son and daughter by the princess.

Jerome is the least indebted to nature of any of his brothers. He was noticed as a blundering, stupid, headstrong youth; nor was this radical defect mended by education. The coarseness of his inclinations led him to prefer the lowest haunts while in Paris. Continually engaged in scenes of debauchery, he carried disorder into every place, and insulted every woman he pleased. On more than one occasion, his rank alone saved him from punishment. On the throne of Westphalia he followed his propensities unchecked: it seemed, says a biographer, as if he had been raised to the kingly dignity, only that he might plunder his subjects, and sport with the holiest ties with the more impunity. When compelled to leave his kingdom, he took care to lay hands on whatever he could seize: he even carried away the furniture of those palaces which belonged not to him, but to his father-in-law. But considerable as was his plunder, it did not satisfy him: like his brother Joseph, he forced the empress regent to give him a million of francs from the public treasury. If report be true, both made a poor return to that princess for her liberality. During her temporary abode at Blois, whither she and they had fled on the approach of the allies to Paris, they formed the design of carrying her off beyond the Loire, hoping that through her they might be enabled to make better terms with the victors. They even prepared two carriages for her and her suite, and went to tell her that

as neither she nor his son could long remain safe at Blois, both must instantly depart. "Where is your order?" was her natural question, and as neither could produce any authority, she refused to stir a foot. Though neither had ever ventured to face the enemy, they had courage to assail a feeble woman. Joseph seized one arm, Jerome another; Maria-Louisa shrieked for help, two or three of her female attendants entered, and away scampered these doughty heroes.

"Jerome," said Napoleon, one day, "they say the majesty of kings is stamped on the brow: *you* may travel incognito to doomsday without being recognised!" By the emperor he was usually designated *a little blackguard* (petit polisson) and by his unfortunate subjects, *Heliogabalus in miniature*.

THE SISTERS OF NAPOLEON.

ELIZA,

THE oldest of the imperial sisters, was born at Ajaccio, January 8th, 1777.

In 1797 this young lady was married to Felix Bacciochi, a Corsican of *noble* family ; that is of one which contained neither peasants nor shopkeepers. When his pretensions to her hand were first made known to Buonaparte, who was then in Italy, he flatly refused his consent to the match ; and well he might. Bacciochi was moneyless, powerless, and though he had entered the service at a very early age, (he was born in 1762) he had attained no higher grade than that of Captain of Artillery. Old Madame Buonaparte, however, was anxious to conclude the marriage, for what reason it is not easy to conjecture, unless she considered the happiness of her daughter dependant on the match. To conclude it in open opposition to her son's wishes she dared not. She used deception ; she wrote to say that as she had received no reply from her dear Napoleon, and as she was sure he could have no possible objection to his sister's union with the man, she had permitted it to be celebrated. Napoleon was dissatisfied, but there was no remedy, and he had wisdom enough to make the most of a bad connexion. He promoted his brother-in-law first to the rank of colonel, and subsequently of general.

Madame Bacciochi imbibed from her brother Lu-

cien a taste both for the fine arts and for general literature. She was fond of literary society, but nature had not given her either much compass or acuteness of mind. What little knowledge she did attain was ill-digested, and she never ceased to be what the French call *une etourdie*. To her praise, however, it must be recorded that she fostered talent; and where she herself had not the ability to reward, she seldom failed to use her interest with one who had. In other respects her conduct was indifferent enough. Her husband she regarded with supreme contempt: he might, and probably did, deserve it, but that formed no justification for the insults she daily offered him. He was, in fact, little better than her chief domestic. Besides she had numerous admirers whom, if report be true, she did not suffer to sigh in vain *.

* An anecdote is related of one lover which we are unwilling to suppress, since it is almost the only one that would not shock the ears of modesty. She had taken a fancy to a strolling player, named C——, and, when tired of him, had procured him the dignity of baron, and the prefecture of Lemman. He had not long enjoyed his new honours before the manager of a company, to which he had belonged, arrived at Geneva to exhibit the merits of his troop. But the permission of the prefect was previously necessary, and to the prefect he accordingly went. He was refused admission into the presence of that august personage. This did not daunt him: see the prefect he would; he ascended the staircase in despite of the police agents, and bounced on the baron, who was surrounded by several distinguished friends. “What! do I meet with thee, my dear C——? Hast thou forsaken the stage and obtained employment here? Canst thou introduce me to the prefect?” The baron, as may be readily supposed, was on thorns; he hurried his quondam friend into his cabinet, professed the utmost desire to serve him, and dismissed him in raptures. In an hour afterwards, however, he received orders to leave the place; an order which he was compelled to obey.

In 1805, Eliza received the investiture of Lucca, a sovereign principality, and soon after that of Piombino. In July, both she and her husband were crowned. But poor Bacciochi had little to do with government: he was but a puppet in the splendid pageantry. In public ceremonies his place was always after hers; and at reviews he was but her aide-de-camp. Her pride was still further gratified, by a grant of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and by the adulation which a set of worthless, needy flatterers were continually pouring into her ear. The woman's head was absolutely turned: she had heard of Semiramis, whom she wished to rival, and nothing pleased her so much as to be called the *Semiramis of Lucca*.

At length adversity came, and away went the sycophants—not a friend remained. Her states were occupied by the allied troops, and she was compelled to flee. She wished to take up her abode at Bologna, but was sent to join her sister Caroline in Bohemia. Some time afterwards she obtained permission to settle at Trieste, where she died in August 1820.

PAULINE.

THE second of Napoleon's sisters, Maria-Paulina, drew her birth at the same place as the rest, September 20, 1780.

Pauline was but a child (in her thirteenth year) when the Buonapartes first settled at Marseilles; but when the success of her brother drew the family to the capital, she was blooming in all the pride of womanhood. As her personal charms were of a superior order, she had many offers of marriage. The

preference was given to the infamous Freron ; and the union was about to be celebrated, when who should arrive but a wife of that revolutionary ruffian, a woman whom he had abandoned, and whom he doubtless repented not having silenced by the guillotine, as he had silenced some thousand others in his time. This was awkward enough ; but she had soon a husband provided her in General Leclerc, whom, however, she cordially hated. She refused to accompany him in an expedition to St. Domingo, when, by the command of her brother, she was forcibly carried on board, and thus compelled to go. To her great joy, he fell a victim to the climate, and the beautiful widow returned to the dissipations of Paris. Her conduct, in fact, was so loose, that in the hope of her reformation, Napoleon procured her another husband, Prince Camillo de Borghese, a Roman noble. But this expedient had no good effect : she continued dissipated and worthless as ever ; and became so notorious for her gallantries, that her husband carefully shunned her society.

The hotel which Pauline inhabited in Paris was capacious enough for her real wants, but not for her inclinations. She learned that the apartments of the adjoining house were exactly on a level with her own, and requested the proprietor either to sell her the whole or let her a part of it. She even offered a sum far beyond its actual value. As his circumstances, however, were easy, and as he was attached to a residence in which his life had been passed, he refused. The subject was dropped, but not forgotten by her. The first time he went into the country, she caused a communication to be opened between the first floors of the two houses ; piled the old gen-

tleman's furniture on the stairs, laid on an arm-chair the address of her notary, carefully closed every communication with the rest of the house, and took possession of her new apartments. On his return the owner was not a little surprised to find himself thus forcibly dispossessed of his own house. In a fury he resolved to try what justice he could obtain from the laws, but the lawyers hinted to him, that to commence proceedings against the sister of the emperor would be highly imprudent. After some reflection, he concurred in their opinion, waited on the notary, received a sum with which he had reason to be satisfied, and signed the contract of sale.

During Napoleon's residence in Elba, Pauline visited him, and became his most ready and useful instrument in the accomplishment of the designs he had formed. She it was who waited on some of his most active agents, and concerted with them the leading events which followed. She exhibited more attachment to her fallen brother than she had ever done in his most prosperous state. She returned him a magnificent chain of diamonds with which he had presented her when the wealth of Europe was within his grasp; she insisted on his accepting her most costly ornaments, to defray some of the expenses attending his rash enterprise; and even after his exile to St. Helena, she continued to send him proofs of her affection. This is the more creditable to her when contrasted with the selfish indifference exhibited towards the fallen chief by others of his relatives, who were much better able to serve him.

Madame Borghese detests her present husband as much as the first; indeed she could never love the man whom she was required to obey. She is, however, as

cordially execrated in return. She occupies one wing of his palace at Rome ; the greater part of his time is passed at Florence, and he has caused all communication between the two sides of the palace to be carefully closed, that he may not be cursed with the sight of his wife when he visits the Eternal City. Still she is not unnoticed by the fashionable society of the place. Her vivacity, her manners, her rank, and above all the friendship of the late Pope, have apparently destroyed all remembrance of her former irregularities, especially in a country where conjugal infidelity is scarcely considered a crime. That a pontiff so good as Pius VII. should have deigned to notice such a woman, might occasion much surprise, were it not known that during his residence, or rather imprisonment, at Fontainebleau, she showed him frequent attention, and loaded him with many personal obligations. This she did, not, if report be true, from pity, and certainly not from devotion, but in the hope of securing a protector in case of her brother's ruin. "Who knows what may happen?" was her only reply to a lady who once ventured to ask the reason of her conduct in this case. She seems to have shared all along in the ominous apprehensions of her mother Letitia, and to have considered the emperor's power fully as precarious as it was splendid.

CAROLINE,

THE youngest of the three sisters, was indebted for her birth-place to the same Corsican town, March 26, 1782.

This young lady had an agreeable person, but unlike her sister Pauline she was not satisfied with mere external charms ; she spared no pains to improve her mind ; so that her understanding was remarkable for its capacity as well as its solidity. Beyond comparison superior in talents to all her relatives, with the exception of Napoleon and Lucien, she could not fail to win the esteem of the former ; yet he dreaded her ambition, which, according to his account, was unbounded.

In 1800 she became the wife of General Murat, and in the sequel Grand Duchess of Berg and Queen of Naples. In the latter station she is admitted on all hands to have shown great ability, an engaging condescension, an incessant activity in promoting the industry and consequent comfort of the people, and in establishing useful institutions ; above all, a firmness of purpose which contrasted favourably with the lamentable vacillation of her husband. When, after the flight of that fickle-minded soldier, Naples was exposed to all the horrors of anarchy, she adopted measures equally prompt, wise, and energetic, for preserving the public tranquillity. She assembled the national guard, which she placed at different points to overawe a licentious populace ; and by this means some hundreds of the ruffians were lodged in prison. She had her eye on every thing ; nor would she leave the city until she

had concluded an honourable treaty with Commodore Campbell, and the Austrians were on the point of entering. With passports from the emperor Francis, she then proceeded to her destination in his dominions, where she has ever since been obliged to remain.

The morality of Caroline, no less than her general ability, appears to great advantage when contrasted with the depravity of her sisters. While they have rendered themselves infamous by a total disregard of their conjugal duties, Caroline's attachment to Murat has been distinguished alike for warmth and fidelity. Scandal has, indeed, asserted that Metternich was her lover; but the rumour obtained no credit with any except the most zealous partisans of the Bourbons. The family of Buonaparte labours under enough of deserved odium; there is neither generosity nor justice in adding to the load. Of all its members, Caroline is, with the single exception of Louis, the least to be censured,—perhaps the only one to be praised: both, indeed, are worthy of a better name. Her services to her husband were signal: her advice always directed him for the best; and had it been uniformly followed, he might have remained on his throne. The chief defect in her character was the ambition which never ceased to rule her, and which made her anxious to share the public authority of her husband. If she loved him much, power she loved even more; and of power no man could be more jealous, though few were less capable of exercising it. Hence the origin of some painful scenes, which much embittered their domestic life.

Of the mental superiority of the ex-queen no less a judge than Talleyrand has borne this testimony: "She has Cromwell's head on the shoulders of a pretty

woman!" Nothing mortified her more, when only Grand-duchess of Berg, than to be constrained to address the wife of her brother Joseph as *your majesty*, and she often complained to the emperor of what she called his undue partiality to that prince, and his forgetfulness of herself and husband. "Your complaints surprise me," said Napoleon on one occasion; "from your words any one might imagine that I had deprived you of your succession to the inheritance of the late king your father!"

THE WIVES OF NAPOLEON.

JOSEPHINE.

THIS celebrated woman, the daughter of M. Tascher de la Pagerie, a planter of good family, was born in the island of Martinico, June 24, 1763.

At an early age she was brought into France to give her hand to the Viscount de Beauharnois. The young and lovely bride was introduced at the court of the unfortunate Maria Antoinetta, whose successor she was destined one day to become ; and such were her wit and vivacity, that she was soon accounted one of its ornaments. This circumstance was really a misfortune : it imparted to her character a degree of levity which the heaviest distresses could not afterwards remove, and it led her into habits of expense which not all Napoleon's liberality was able to meet.

On the death of the Viscount de Beauharnois, who perished on the scaffold*, her pecuniary situation was any thing but flourishing. Her husband's property had been confiscated ; but through the influence of Barras, a portion of it was recovered for herself and her two children. Still her circumstances were straitened ; and it is even reported that her son Eugene was indebted for his education to one of the charitable establishments of the capital. Her improvidence was the same in all circumstances. In Fouché's language, " she was never worth a single crown."

* See the Life of EUGENE BEAUHARNOIS.

Her acquaintance with Buonaparte was owing to a singular incident. After the affair of the Sections, when he confirmed the wavering authority of the Directors, the inhabitants of Paris were ordered to be disarmed. One morning, a genteel youth, apparently about fifteen years of age, presented himself at the General's levee, and demanded his father's sword. Pleased with the applicant's appearance and spirit, Buonaparte readily granted the request. The following day he was surprised by a visit from Madame de Beauharnois, who came to thank him for the politeness he had shewn her son. He was fascinated by her attractions, and more still by her talents : he asked and obtained her hand.

Yet it was not without something like fear that Madame de Beauharnois regarded her approaching union with the extraordinary Corsican, as the following extracts from a letter she wrote to a friend will shew :—

“ I admire the general's courage ; the extent of his knowledge on every subject (for on every one he speaks equally well) ; the penetration of his mind, which enables him to apprehend another's thought almost before it is expressed ; but I own I am not without dread on beholding the empire which he appears to exercise over every thing around him. His scrutinizing look has in it something singular—something which I cannot explain, but which is felt even by our Directors ;—must it not then intimidate a woman ?”—“ Barras tells me, that if I marry the general, he shall have the chief command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, in speaking of this promotion, which though not yet bestowed, causes his brother-officers to murmur, Buonaparte said to me :

‘Do they (the directors) believe that I stand in need of PROTECTION to make my way! Some time all of them will be happy to receive *mine*! I wear a sword which will be found my best patron.’—What think you of this certainty of success? is it not a proof of overweening confidence proceeding from excessive self-love? A general of brigade protect the heads of government! After all, it is likely enough. Sometimes this ridiculous assurance imposes on me to such a degree that I believe possible whatever this extraordinary man may take a fancy to attempt; and with his imagination, who can say what he may *not* attempt?”—We quote from the *Mémoires de Joséphine*, tom. iii. Paris, 1829.—A work which, though published anonymously, is pronounced genuine by Bourrienne.

Josephine was no common woman. At a later period many might surpass her in charms, but she was the only one who preserved any empire over the mind of Napoleon. She alone dared contradict him for his own good; she alone knew how and when to beseech, to reason, or to expostulate. To her honour it must be said that her influence was always exercised in behalf of humanity and justice. She had a benevolent heart: thousands are now living who have experienced her good offices. Unlike her husband, she knew no distinction of party: her bounty was extended to all. Well might he exclaim, “If I gain battles, it is she who wins hearts!”

The only serious drawbacks on this eulogium were her habitual levity, and her profuse expenditure. With the former, Buonaparte was once so much disgusted that he threatened a separation, and he would probably have executed the threat had not her tears,

and still more those of her children, prevented him. This indiscretion led to many violent reproaches on his part, but the evil was incurable : she plunged into debt without so much as reflecting how it was to be discharged. On one occasion, during the consulate, her creditors were unusually clamorous for their rights, and none of the confidential ministers durst acquaint Buonaparte with the fact, or urge the necessity of satisfying them, until Talleyrand ventured one evening, with all possible delicacy, to broach the subject. The result was, that his confidential secretary, Bourrienne, was commissioned to ascertain the amount from herself. She owed no less than 1,200,000 francs, but fearing her husband's violence, she would not allow the secretary to say more than half that sum.

“The anger of the First Consul,” says Bourrienne, “may be conceived. He suspected, however, that his wife concealed something; but he said, ‘Take the 600,000 francs, but let that sum suffice: let me be pestered no more with her debts. Threaten the creditors with the loss of their accounts if they do not renounce their enormous profits.’ These accounts Madame Buonaparte laid before me. The exorbitant price of every article, arising from the fear of the creditors either that they must give very long credit, or in the end be compelled to make a considerable abatement, is incredible. I thought, too, that many articles were charged for which had never been delivered. In one bill, for instance, thirty-eight hats, of a very high price, were supplied in one month: the feathers alone were 1800 francs. I asked Josephine if she wore two hats a day; she said, ‘It must be an error.’ Other overcharges,

both as to the price and the things furnished, evinced the same system of plunder. I followed the Consul's advice, and spared neither reproaches nor threats. I am ashamed to say that the greater number of the tradesmen were satisfied with one-half of their bills: one of them consented to receive 35,000 francs instead of 80,000, and had the impudence to boast before my face that he had a good profit left."

But whatever might be her defects, Buonaparte loved her, and, in return, she adored him. She accompanied him in many of his campaigns, and was unwilling to be separated from him even for a short season. But he made a poor return to all her affection, by insisting on a divorce, that he might have a younger and a nobler bride. After many struggles she submitted, because it was the will of her lord—of him for whom she had lived, and for whom she was willing to die; but her remaining days were passed in exile, and in sorrow. This abandonment of one who had shared his lowly fortunes, and been of essential service in raising them, was among the capital sins into which ambition urged Napoleon.

From this period (1810) the ex-empress lived secluded, sometimes in her palace of Malmaison, and sometimes in that of Navarre. For a time she had this consolation,—Napoleon seemed to be happy in the heir whom Maria Louisa had borne him. Her feelings, on hearing of that event, may be conceived: they were beyond expression bitter, but the force of her mind enabled her to triumph over nature, so far at least as to hide the agitation within. She even rewarded the bearer of the news, and congratulated the emperor in a letter, which is too remarkable to be omitted here:—

“ SIRE,

Navarre.

“ Amidst the numerous congratulations which you receive from all parts of Europe, from every town in France, and every regiment of the army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach you? And will you condescend to listen to her who so often consoled you in your sorrows, and assuaged the pangs of your heart, when she speaks only of the happiness which has just crowned your wishes? Being no longer your wife, dare I offer my felicitations on your becoming a father? Yes, doubtless, Sire! for my soul renders the same justice to yours as yours to mine: I conceive what you now experience as readily as you divine my emotions on this occasion: though separated, we are united by the sympathy which bids defiance to events.

“ I should have been glad to learn the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not by the cannon of Evreux, or the prefect's courier; but I am well aware that your first attentions are due to the members of the Corps Diplomatique, to your family, and above all to the happy princess who has just realized your dearest hopes. She cannot be more tenderly devoted to you than I am; but she has had it in her power to do more for your happiness by assuring the welfare of France: she has, therefore, a right to your first sentiments, to all your cares; and I, who was your companion in misfortune only, can claim but a far inferior place to that which Maria Louisa occupies in your affection. You will have watched round her bed, and embraced your son, before you take up your pen to converse with your best friend: I will wait!

“It is, however, impossible for me to defer telling you, that more than any one on earth I share in your joy. You will not doubt my sincerity when I say that, far from being afflicted with a sacrifice so necessary to the repose of all, I rejoice that it has been made, *now that I suffer alone*. *Suffer*, do I say? no! since *you* are contented; and my only regret is, that I have not yet done sufficient to prove how dear you were to me!”—*Mém.* tom. iii.

But more serious, though not keener, alarms awaited her. The disasters of the Russian expedition, and, still more, the melancholy termination of the Saxon campaign, made her tremble for his sake. Her rich garden of plants, many of which she had brought at a ruinous expense from the most distant quarters of the world, ceased to afford her delight: the dance ceased to be echoed within her walls, and even cards were laid aside. Nay, her very toilette was now neglected, and she became indifferent to every thing. She could not but perceive that her hero's star had waned ever since she had been discarded. She began to fear that his destiny was involved in her own,—a fear from which he himself was seldom free. When she heard of his abdication at Fontainebleau, her distress was unspeakable. “My poor Cid! my Achilles!” were her frequent exclamations, which showed alike her affection for the man, and her admiration of the hero. From that moment her health was seen to decline; she hourly lamented her inability to console Buonaparte in his exile; her heart, in fact, was broken, though she was persuaded to receive some distinguished visitors, and put on the appearance of resignation. Among these were the Russian and Prussian sovereigns, who

showed her every attention, and deeply commiserated her distress. One day, though seriously indisposed, she rose, contrary to her physician's advice, to receive the former monarch; but she was soon compelled to retire. Alexander sent her his own physician; but what can minister to a mind diseased? Her case was hopeless. She died three days afterwards, May 29, 1814, with the words *Elbe!*—*Napoleon!* on her lips.

Some weeks before her decease, this faithful creature addressed to her undeserving lord, then in Elba, a letter, which exhibits her character in a more amiable light than any thing we have recorded. Her proposal, however, he had the sense to decline:—

‘SIRE,

Malmaison.

“This is the first day that I have comprehended the whole extent of the misfortune resulting from our divorce; the first time I grieve at being only your friend, who can do no more than bewail an evil as great as it was unexpected.

“You have my sympathy,—not because you have lost a throne, for I know by experience that for such a loss consolation is soon found; but I pity the anguish you must have experienced in separating from your old companions in glory. You will regret not only your officers, but the common soldiers, whose faces, names, and deeds you will remember, but all of whom you could not reward, because, as you truly said, the number was too great. To leave such heroes deprived of a chief who so often shared their fatigues, must be intolerably painful to your heart. This I feel most poignantly.

“You have to weep over the ingratitude and

desertion of friends on whom you once relied. Alas, Sire, why cannot I fly to you, to assure you that exile is horrible only to the vulgar; that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune gives it new strength.

“ I have been on the point of leaving France, of following your footsteps, of devoting to you the remnant of an existence which you so long made happy. One motive only restrains me, and that motive you will divine.

“ If I learn that, contrary to all appearances, *I am the only woman* who is willing to do her duty, nothing shall retain me here: I will proceed to the only place where happiness can exist for me,—where I can console your majesty, now isolated and unhappy! Speak but the word, and I fly.

“ Adieu, Sire. Whatever I might add would be superfluous. It is not by words but actions that my heart should be proved: your consent only is wanting.

“ JOSEPHINE.”

“ The adorable Josephine,” as Bourrienne often calls her, was a woman of great dignity, and of no less pride. So well did she play her part in the royal pageant, that Napoleon overlooked her extravagance; and so readily did the empress interest herself in behalf of the poor, the friendless, and the distressed, that we willingly drop a veil over the alleged frailties of the Viscountess de Beauharnois.

MARIA LOUISA.

THIS princess, the daughter of Francis II., emperor of Germany, and of Maria Theresa of Naples, was born Dec. 12, 1791.

From her earliest infancy, the archduchess was distinguished for sweetness of disposition, modesty, and all amiable qualities. Hence she was the idol of her family, especially of her father, over whom her influence was boundless.

When, in the war of 1809, Vienna was bombarded by the French, Maria Louisa was the only member of the imperial family who remained in the capital. She was too ill to be removed, and was accordingly left with her own attendants in the palace. Of this circumstance Napoleon was informed, and he immediately issued orders for the shells to spare the abode of the invalid. He became interested in her fate, made constant inquiries concerning her, and, perhaps, thus early resolved in his own mind that she should displace Josephine on his throne. It is not doubted, that in the treaty signed some months afterwards at Schoenbrun, he stipulated for her hand.

The espousals of the imperial pair were celebrated at Vienna, March 11, 1810; and in a few days the youthful bride, accompanied by the queen of Naples, set out for France. Near Soissons, a horseman, quite unattended, and no way distinguished by dress, rode past the carriage in which the young empress was seated, and then boldly returned as if to reconnoitre more closely. The carriage stopped, the door was opened, and Napoleon, utterly regardless of

ceremony, introduced himself. The marriage was solemnized at Paris by Cardinal Fesch the 1st of April following. On this occasion Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian ambassador, gave a grand entertainment to the imperial couple, when a tragic circumstance occurred. The ball-room took fire, and many persons, among whom was the sister of the ambassador, perished in the flames. The empress herself is said to have been in some danger. This catastrophe was considered as a bad omen, especially when it was remembered that, at the marriage of her aunt Marie Antoinette with Louis XVI., in 1770, a similar disaster had happened.

Within somewhat under a year from the day of her marriage, Maria Louisa presented the emperor with a son. The birth was one of extreme difficulty, and the agitation of the accoucheur was intense. Napoleon encouraged him: "Forget that she is an empress, and treat her exactly as you would one of the poorest women in the faubourg St. Denis; she is but a woman!" The infant was thought to be dead; but was awakened from its lethargy by the discharge of one hundred and one pieces of cannon.

A stranger to every species of intrigue as well as of ambition, this princess was a model of wives and mothers. To please and obey her husband, and to watch over her infant son, were her occupation and her delight. When Napoleon left Paris to open the campaign of 1814, she was left as empress-regent; but the dignity was merely nominal; the real authority being vested in the council of regency. She had as little talent as inclination for the cares of government, or indeed for any cares beyond her domestic circle. At the approach of the allies she

removed to Blois ; and, when the treaty of Paris was signed, returned to her father's court ; where she was compelled to lay aside her imperial title, and to assume that of Duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, with the sovereignty of which fiefs she was invested by the allies.

Between the two wives of Napoleon there existed a great and surprising contrast. Josephine was all art and studied elegance ; Maria Louisa all nature and simplicity : the one had something of audacity in her manners ; the other a remarkable diffidence, which often approached to timidity : the former had considerable talents, which she delighted to exhibit before a numerous assembly ; the latter had an understanding much less brilliant, but at the same time solid for one of her years : Josephine was formed for the applause of the saloon ; Maria Louisa for the endearments of domestic life. It is surely singular that the artificial character should be the daughter of a West-India planter ; and the natural one, a princess of the proudest house in Europe. In other respects, both were women of great sweetness of disposition ; both fondly devoted to Napoleon, and both benevolent to the poor. Of this latter quality in Maria Louisa, we give one instance, among many, from the pen of Madame Durand, one of her superior domestics.

“ One evening the empress had just risen from the supper-table, and withdrawn into a private room, when a footman, Esperance by name, and a very honest fellow, entered in some emotion to acquaint one of the ladies of honour with a distressing scene which he had just witnessed. He stated that a family which occupied the seventh floor of a house in the Rue de l'Échelle, and consisted of a man, his wife, and six chil-

dren, had not tasted food for two days ; that when he heard of the circumstance he went to assure himself of the fact ; and that his sorrow was great on finding that he had no money about him. The lady gave him ten francs for the unfortunate victims of necessity. —She did more : when the empress returned, she described their deplorable situation, and solicited relief for them. That august personage immediately directed four hundred francs to be sent them. Her majesty was reminded that it was near midnight ; and assured that the ten francs already sent would enable the poor people to wait until the following morning. ‘No,’ replied she, ‘the money shall go immediately : I am happy to think that it is in my power to furnish them with a good night’s repose.’ The relief was sent ; and the same family long continued to experience her bounty.”

After the death of her husband—we believe in 1825—Maria Louisa gave her hand to the count de Neipperg—a marriage, however, which cannot be recognised by any European court. Her son, by Napoleon, has been educated at Vienna ; he bears the title of Duke of Reichstadt ; is said to be a young man of amiable character, and considerable accomplishments, and to be a great favourite with the emperor his grandfather. What destiny may be in store for him, who shall pretend to guess ?

NAPOLÉON'S MINISTERS.

CAMBACERES.

THIS celebrated man (whose baptismal names are, Jean-Jacques Régis) was born at Montpellier, October 18th, 1755. Sprung from a poor though ancient family, he was compelled to direct his thoughts to a profession, and he chose that of the law, in which some of his forefathers had distinguished themselves. He applied himself with extraordinary ardour, not only to the studies required as introductory to his intended career, but to those relating to the fundamental principles of society, and the natural rights of mankind. In consequence, his knowledge both of French jurisprudence, and of legal systems in general, ere long, procured him a high reputation throughout his province; and being no less eloquent at the bar, than profound in the closet, every one regarded his elevation to the higher dignities of his profession as exceedingly probable. In 1791, after exercising various administrative functions, he was appointed President of the Criminal Tribunal in his native department; and in this important station he discharged his duty so ably, that not one of his judgments was reversed,—so impartially, that, notwithstanding the prejudice attached to the privileged classes, he was returned, in the year following, a deputy to the National Convention.

From the outset of his legislative career, the sagacious deputy perceived that party-spirit would run high, and that great moderation would be required to steer safely through the troubled waters before him. Though qualified by his talents and eloquence, to take the lead in whatever party he chose, he had no wish for such perilous eminence; his ambition was to make himself useful to every one, formidable or odious to none. Placed on the Legislative Committee, he seldom if ever opened his lips, unless required either to propose laws or to defend them. In short, by his extreme caution, and by confining himself to matters purely legislative, he was regarded as an useful, an able, and what was more to his advantage, a harmless man. Unfortunately, however, for his principles, this temporizing course by degrees destroyed all independence within him; and suppleness and timidity came to be the most prominent points in a character of which far other expectations had been entertained.

It would be amusing, were not all other feelings absorbed in execration of that regicide assembly, to observe the manner in which Cambaceres acquitted himself at the trial of Louis. "No doubt the king is guilty of the crimes laid to his charge; but we are legislators, not judges: how then can we condemn him?" The murmurs which followed convinced him he had been too bold, and he therefore voted against the appeal to the people, a step which would have saved the prisoner. But how vote upon the question of punishment? As he really felt the moderation he professed, he was averse to the execution of Louis; but he had not moral courage sufficient to brave the vengeance of the Mountain party—a party which watched him closely—by refusing his suffrage.

As usual he adopted a middle course; he proposed that sentence of death should be passed, but the execution delayed until a general peace, with power even then to mitigate the punishment, if circumstances were favourable to such mitigation. Fearful that he had exhibited too great a leaning to the royal sufferer, he hastily added, that it should be lawful to behead Louis in twenty-four hours, in case the French territory were invaded by the enemies of the republic. Such was the artful course he pursued on this momentous occasion,—a course in which a sense of justice, and even a feeling of humanity, struggled with apprehension for his personal safety. If he appeased his own conscience by this trimming policy, he certainly did not satisfy his more furious colleagues, who covered him with reproaches and curses. Justly alarmed lest his own head should also be made to adorn the bloody pike, he paid assiduous court to all the violent leaders of the hour. He laboured to convince them that, whatever might be his private opinion, he would never oppose that of his better-informed colleagues; that his principles taught him, not to thwart, but to acquiesce in, whatever he could not prevent; and by this suppleness he succeeded in turning away the storm which was ready to burst over him.

In the famous revolution of the 18th Brumaire (November 9th, 1799), Cambaceres had no part. He clearly foresaw the crisis which approached, but he in no respect hastened its execution. If throughout life he was distinguished for any thing, it was an acquiescence in the existing state of matters, let that state be what it might. Without moral energy to fit him for *any* crisis, and dreading every change in so far as it might influence his own fortune, he crept

cautiously and silently along the path of public life, bowing alike to friend and foe. *Personal* enemies, indeed, he had none; *political* rivals were so struck by his imperturbable placidity, that their hostility never assumed a very deep character. Such a man could not be much shackled by moral principle: too timid to defend the interests of justice and truth, if that defence were likely to be accompanied by any risk to his precious self; and for the same reason averse to oppose any measure, however tyrannical or odious, if emanating from "the powers that be," he could not hope for the esteem of the wise and good,—he could hardly escape the contempt even of the bad.

From the revolution just mentioned, this yielding politician became inseparably connected with Buonaparte, who nominated him to the dignity of Second Consul. Of his absolute nullity in this elevated station, the Parisians were not slow in testifying their sense. Scarcely was the appointment known, when a caricature represented both him and Lebrun kneeling by the side of Buonaparte, while he, standing erect, quietly placed an extinguisher on the head of each.—From this time, however, his public conduct is so identified with that of his master, that for a detailed account of it, we must refer the reader to the life of the latter. Whether as Second Consul, or Arch-chancellor (which dignity was conferred on him at the commencement of the *empire*, in 1804), he served Napoleon with fidelity, ability, and zeal. No servant of the emperor was more intimately conversant with the imperial policy, especially with the internal administration; and none so long preserved the confidence of his master. During fourteen years, that confidence remained undiminished. No

wonder ; he devoted his whole powers to the service ; he sacrificed his principles, his conscience (if he had either), at the shrine of tyranny. He did not, it is said, sanction the Spanish war, nor the expedition to Russia, nor the hostilities of 1813,—what man of common prudence could ? But on the whole, as he was of all statesmen the most complying, so was he of all flatterers the basest. The emperor was the essence of all that is great, generous, disinterested, honourable, and humane,—in a word, perfection itself ; all the imperial brothers were wise, magnanimous, patriotic—all the sisters amiable, prudent, and chaste ; never was there so immaculate a family ; even the weak and worthless Jerome was “ a wise, valiant, and noble prince.” The adulation of Cambaceres was at last rewarded by the principality of Parma.

Under the regency of Maria Louisa, the prince of Parma was her confidential adviser. When the fortunes of the emperor wore their most desperate aspect, and the capital was menaced, he accompanied the court to Blois : there intelligence of the abdication reached him, and he lost no time in forwarding his adhesion to the new order of things. He returned to Paris, but not to seek either power or place ; his only ambition being to preserve unimpaired the immense wealth he had amassed in the emperor's service. He retired to his hotel, where he lived in great privacy. At court he never appeared—how could he, after his vote on the fate of Louis XVI. ? This was, doubtless, the cause why he was excluded from Louis XVIII.'s Chamber of Peers. He had probably no hand in the return of Buonaparte from Elba : but he was forthwith identified with the

imperial government by accepting the Ministry of Justice.

During the Hundred Days, Cambaceres pursued the same course of moderation which had distinguished him through life. Nominated (May 26, 1815) President of the Chamber of Peers, he displayed great evenness of temper amidst the most stormy debates; recalled the members to dispassionate discussion; and was ever ready to soften down whatever appeared harsh and intemperate, whether in the speeches of concealed royalists, of jacobins, or of Buonapartists.

Louis returned, and the ex-president again sought a refuge in private life: this time, however, he did not escape so fortunately as before; he was exiled as a regicide. He resided alternately at Brussels and Amsterdam, until May 1818, when the most merciful of monarchs was pleased to reverse the sentence, and to restore him to all the rights and privileges of a French subject. He accordingly returned to Paris, where he remained until his death, which happened in March 1824.

To the praise of Cambaceres it will be remembered, that in the most violent crisis of the revolution, he was the constant though timid advocate of moderation; that if he was an unscrupulous instrument of Buonaparte, he sometimes gave him salutary advice; and that, while he was never known to *originate* a single arbitrary act, he mitigated the severity of many. In private life, he was remarkable for little beyond his love of good cheer. In this respect he was often contrasted with Napoleon and Le Brun: in his palace the former dined as quickly, as on his march with the army; the latter was too parsimonious to indulge in expensive living. Hence this saying became prover-

bial in the days of the Consulate: "Buonaparte gives *hasty* dinners—Cambaceres *good* dinners—Le Brun *no* dinner at all." In fact, Cambaceres was a gourmand, and his table would have been daily crowded with guests, had not his disposition been somewhat penurious.

Of this last foible, there is an anecdote too characteristic to be omitted. He had directed a furniture-broker to bring him a table capacious enough for sixty covers. Accordingly, it was brought, and ordered to be laid out in the dining-room. When this was done, he insisted that it was not of the requisite dimensions. His object was to procure by this means some abatement of the price; but the poor tradesman demurred. To settle the question, Cambaceres despatched one of his valets to bring in sixty masons, who were at that moment demolishing some buildings in the Place du Carousel. The men were surprised at so unexpected a summons: they naturally supposed, however, that the great man wished some improvement to be immediately made in his palace, hastily cleaned themselves, and flew to the spot. When introduced into the dining-room, they were not a little amazed to find the table laid out with sixty covers. "No doubt," thought they, "his highness has received good news from the army, and in the joy of his heart wishes to give us a treat!" This impression was confirmed when they were ordered to take their seats. But what was their amazement when, instead of the table being covered with dainties, Cambaceres, who was standing near them, called out, "Act as if you were pouring out to drink! Seize your knives and forks! Seem as if you were cutting something on your plates!" The poor hod-men went through these evolutions with such

regularity, as to remind us of the barber's brother in the Arabian Nights ; but in one respect the parallel is imperfect—the imaginary feast was not succeeded by a substantial one : no sooner was his highness forced to acknowledge that the table was of the requisite capacity, than the tantalized guests were unceremoniously dismissed, without the slightest compensation for the time they had lost.

An anecdote related by Bourrienne shall finish this sketch :—

“ The first consul being informed that the carriers of the mails conveyed also a variety of other things, especially delicacies, for certain favoured persons, ordered that in future the service of the post should be confined to letters and despatches. That very evening Cambaceres entered the room in which I was sitting with the first consul, who enjoyed beforehand the embarrassment of his colleague. ‘ Well, Cambaceres, what is the matter at this hour ? ’ ‘ I come to request an exception to the order you have given to the director of the posts. How do you suppose that friends can either be made or preserved without the best dishes ? You know yourself that a good table has a great deal to do with the art of governing.’ The first consul laughed heartily, called him a gourmand, and patting him on the shoulder said—‘ Be comforted, my poor Cambaceres ; forget your anger : the couriers shall continue to bring your patés de Strasbourg.’ ”

CAULAINCOURT.

ARMAND Augustine Louis de Caulaincourt was born at Caulaincourt, the seat of his ancestors, in 1773.

In his fifteenth year Caulaincourt entered the military profession ; in which his success was not very great. In 1792 he was captain, but he was thrown into prison,—probably because he had rendered himself obnoxious to the democrats. He was enlarged, but on condition that he should serve as a simple grenadier. He did so for three years, when, through the intercession of General Hoche, he was restored to his grade. His military talents, however, were of an inferior order: he served, indeed, both in Italy and Germany, and received more than one wound ; but after ten years experience he had attained no higher rank than that of colonel. Such tardy advancement, at a time when common soldiers raised themselves in three or four years to the command of divisions, can be explained only by the supposition that his courage was on a par with his other military qualifications. His supple, cunning spirit adapted him much more to play the part of the fawning courtier, or the over-reaching diplomatist. In the latter capacity, Buonaparte, who soon penetrated his character, was careful to employ him. From his first mission to St. Petersburg, ostensibly to compliment Alexander on his accession to the crown, but in reality to destroy the English influence in that court, he was the zealous, unscrupulous, and too often successful instrument of his master's designs.

His devotion to Napoleon's will obtained for him the rewards he coveted. In 1804 he was made General

of Division, Master of the Horse, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; and not long afterwards, Duke of Vicenza. Rumour assigned some of these honours to the readiness with which he was accused of violating the neutrality of Baden, and of causing the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. His friends allege that he had no hand whatever in that arrest; the blame of which they would fain divide between General Ordener and Savary. There is no doubt that all three were guilty, Ordener, however, less than Caulincourt, and Caulaincourt less than Savary.

Four years of his life the Duke of Vicenza passed at the Russian court, more as a spy than as an ambassador. He accompanied Napoleon in the frantic expedition to Moscow, which he is said to have disapproved,—we believe falsely; for in the council held at Smolensko, he gave his opinion, that the army should advance, and that too at a time when Ney* and every officer of experience were opposed to this measure. This he doubtless did to please the emperor, whose slightest inclinations he was ever ready to gratify. Never despot had a humbler or meaner slave; hence in the wretched flight from Smorgoni he was selected to accompany the imperial deserter.

During the decline of Napoleon's fortunes Caulaincourt was employed to negotiate with the Allies, but was as often instructed to retract what he had promised, if the arms of his master had any transient success. At the abdication, he repaired as Napoleon's personal representative to the allied sovereigns; and he certainly served him to the last with fidelity. He was privy to the return of his old master in 1815, and

* See the Life of that Marshal.

was one of the first to hail him at the Tuileries. For his treachery in this case, he figured in the fatal list of July 24th ; but he had powerful friends, who obtained permission for him to remain in France ; and he forthwith retired to a country residence, where he has ever since devoted his time to agricultural pursuits.

The veteran marshals despised Caulaincourt because he was no soldier, and hated him because he flattered the worst passions and prejudices of the emperor. He had little claim, we fear, to the respect of any party, or any profession. He was ready for any purpose, good or bad, provided he could please his master. Once, however, he was known to oppose the despot's will,—a circumstance too extraordinary to pass unnoticed. As the emperor was one day proceeding to Compiègne, he became impatient with the tardiness of his progress ; he put out his head from the window of his carriage, and, in a loud voice, commanded the postilions to proceed more expeditiously. Caulaincourt heard him, but at the same time charged them to maintain the old pace, swearing that if they did not he would dismiss every one of them : they obeyed the master of the horse in preference to the master of the empire. On reaching Compiègne, the latter complained of the dilatory pace at which he had travelled ; “ Sire,” replied Caulaincourt, coldly, “ allow me more money for the support of your stables, and you may kill as many horses as you please.” The subject was instantly dropped.

CHAMPAGNY.

THE public life of Jean-Baptiste de Champagny is, in fact, but that of his master, for which reason our notice of him must be very brief.

He is a native of Rouanne, where he was born in 1756. His family is what the French call noble—that is, one that has always subsisted on its hereditary possessions, or on either of the two genteel professions, the church and the sword. His early choice was the sea, and he served on that element until the noblesse of Forez returned him to the States-General in 1789. But during the revolutionary reign he attracted little notice. In 1793 he was imprisoned because he belonged to the proscribed order; but a change in the government restored him to freedom. He then retired from public affairs, nor did he think it safe to return to them until the establishment of the consular power.

The diplomatic career being the only one which suited either the talents or the disposition of Champagny, he soon obtained the embassy to Vienna. From that time (1801) to the abdication of 1814, he was incessantly employed in fulfilling the instructions of the emperor. Never master had a more devoted or less scrupulous servant. As minister of the interior, from 1804 to 1807, he zealously forwarded the conscriptions rendered necessary by the destructive wars of the empire, and unhesitatingly carried into execution the most unpopular designs of the despot. As minister for foreign affairs (1807—11) he heartily assisted in the enforcement of the continental system: in many cases his conduct was such as in private

life would have led him to the gallows. Perfidy, injustice, spoliation, in the worst acceptation of those terms, distinguished his acts, or, let us rather say, those which he was the instrument of executing. Notwithstanding all the devotion which he had evinced, he was deprived of his portfolio in 1811, and entrusted with the management of the imperial domains. If he had reason to regret the loss of power, he might console himself with his new lucrative post, with the riches he had amassed, and the ducal title of Cadore.

When the emperor abdicated, he sent in his adhesion to the new order of things, and was created a peer by Louis. But such had been his unprincipled career as a minister, that he saw no prospect of obtaining the favour of an honourable government. He plotted for the restoration of Napoleon, and during the Hundred Days he again superintended the domains of the crown. For this he lost his peerage on the second return of Louis; but in 1819 that dignity was restored to him, as it was to many others who had exhibited equal treachery.

If the infamy of *originating* the worst measures cannot be imputed to the Duke of Cadore, that of *executing* them is enough. His abilities are, perhaps, considerable; but he is destitute of enlarged views, and is chiefly remarkable for his profound dissimulation.

CLARKE.

THE father of Henri-Jacques-Guillaume Clarke—born at Landrecies, October 17th, 1765—was an Irish adventurer, of nowise distinguished birth, colonel in the French army. From his infancy he was designed for the army; and received his education at the military school of Paris. In 1784 he was captain; and in 1792 we find him colonel of a cavalry regiment. How he rose to that rank is not very clear—certainly not by his merit. His regiment would have been wholly destroyed on more than one occasion, had not his inferiors in command saved it from the consequences of his incapacity. In 1793 he was made general of brigade; but he had not long blundered through the duties of his new post, before he was imprisoned as a *noble*. He was soon released, however, and away he hurried to Paris, to procure if possible his restoration, or at least some equivalent advantage. He introduced himself to Carnot, to whom he hoped to recommend himself by the fury of his revolutionary opinions. He breathed nothing but flames and death against all who did not support *égalité* and the *souveraineté du peuple*. What other chance had he of succeeding? Fight he could not; so that nothing remained except his tongue to aid his views. That instrument he used to such purpose, that Carnot gently chid him for his violence, exhorting him to combine a little discretion with his zeal. But something must be done for citizen Clarke, the most honest of republicans: he was accordingly placed over the Board of Topography. As his only object was to live in harmony with “the powers that be,” and as he rea-

dily sacrificed his own opinions—if he had any—to those of his superiors in station, he agreed very well with the ferocious Committee of Public Safety. If a storm approached him, he threw himself down until it had blown over. The Directory arose: he discovered, for the first time, that the form of government had been too democratic, and disgraced itself by too many excesses. France would, however, be an elysium under five of her ablest and most virtuous citizens. Again his suppleness had success: not only were the profits of his post secured to him, but he was sent on a secret mission to Vienna, and on his return entrusted with another as secret, and much more important—that of acting the spy upon Buonaparte.

That ambitious chief had, from the very first, caused some uneasiness in the minds of the Directors. Might he not already be plotting to overturn the existing government, and place himself in the vacant seat? He must be narrowly watched. Clarke repaired to Milan, under the pretext of negotiating for the liberty of La Fayette and others, whom Austria had imprisoned; and Buonaparte at once pierced the character of the spy. It required very few words to render this most supple of creatures as devoted to himself as he had ever been to the Directory. Whatever instructions Clarke received from Paris, he showed to the general; and his answers were for the most part dictated by the other. What could better serve the Corsican's views than this exhibition of imbecility, ingratitude, jealousy, and meditated revenge, on the part of the Directory? But the 18th Fructidor arrived; Carnot was disgraced, and Clarke had no longer a protector. He was recalled; he refused to leave Italy until the peace of Campo-Formio, nor did

he then return to Paris until the command had been repeated. He doubtless suspected that his treachery to his employers was known, and naturally feared the consequences. He reached the capital, was disgraced, but, contrary to his expectations perhaps, escaped imprisonment.

After the 18th Brumaire, the friend successively of the Jacobins, the Montagnards, the Thermidorians, and the Directors, became the slave of the Consuls. He was not only re-established in his sinecure place at the board, but was employed in several important missions. It may easily be supposed that under the imperial sway he was not less fortunate. Under the Directory he had been made general of division; now he was made councillor of state, secretary to the imperial cabinet for the marine and war departments, &c.; but his new functions did not prevent him from filling other temporary offices. The emperor was too well acquainted with his imbecility and even cowardice as a soldier, to employ him in the field; but he was not the less entrusted with some important military commands. In 1805 he governed Vienna, and afterwards Erfurth and Berlin. In the latter city his conduct is said to have been distinguished no less for brutality than for rapacity. The enormous contributions which he levied on the inhabitants, no inconsiderable portion of which found its way into his own coffers, have covered him with odium, but his behaviour to the Prussian royal family has consigned him to everlasting execration. The beautiful and unfortunate queen is said to have suffered much personal insolence at his hands.

After the peace of Tilsit he reached his highest elevation, being appointed minister of war. For

this office Clarke had little capacity, but he had other qualifications not less acceptable: he never disputed the emperor's will, but did his utmost to anticipate it; and he professed the most implacable hatred against the English government. On one occasion, too, he rendered a signal service to Napoleon by calling out the National Guards, and sending them, with Bernadotte at their head, to oppose the British forces at Flushing. The praise, indeed, of so prompt and vigorous a measure must be divided with one or two other ministers, especially with Fouché, but he alone was rewarded. The grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and the ducal title of Feltre, almost turned his head. He began to fancy that he was somebody, and for the first time in his life he was heard to speak of his ancestors. Unlike most other natives of the country whence his origin was drawn, he was not satisfied with deducing his descent from some line of Milesian kinglets: the vain upstart gave himself out as a true scion of the Plantagenets! Napoleon laughed at this pitiful folly, and one day confounded him in the midst of a brilliant circle by saying, "Why did you not acquaint me with your rights to the English throne? We must assert them!" The silly boaster was from that moment silent.

While Napoleon was absent in Russia, the conspiracy of Mallet completely bewildered the never very clear brains of Clarke. He could not foresee it, nor could he repress it when it burst forth; but when the emperor's more vigorous servants had dissipated all apprehension from it, he was active enough in the work of punishment. This coward was, as cowards usually are, cruel; and his over zeal in this work of bloodshed lost him the favour of Napoleon.

This cunning calculator—cunning in what related to his own interests, but stupid in every other thing—attentively watched the decline of his benefactor's fortunes. When intelligence of a reverse arrived, he refrained from the sight of the empress-regent; whenever the French arms were victorious, he rushed into her presence to display his enthusiasm. When all doubt was at an end, he did not see why he should be more faithful than others: he acknowledged Louis, and in return was ranked among the new peers. In changing masters, he changed not principles—under Napoleon he had been a ready support of despotism; under Louis he consistently observed in the chamber of peers, “the king and the law are the same thing: what the one wills, so wills the other.” When, in 1815, Napoleon disembarked, he was at some loss how to act; the king displaced Soult from the ministry of war, and gave him the portfolio; but this tie would have been of no avail had he not foreseen the second downfall of the usurper. Could any one doubt the result when Talleyrand continued faithful to the royal interests? Clarke deliberated no longer, but followed Louis to Ghent.

After the second restoration, this duke of Feltre again received the portfolio of war; and grievous to the army proved his administration. In 1817 he was dismissed, but then he was made a marshal of France, and appointed governor of the fifteenth military division at Rouen. But he did not long enjoy his new honours: he died in 1818, leaving behind him a large fortune, and a most despicable reputation.

FOUCHÉ.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, destined to exercise so fatal an influence over the affairs of his country, was born at Nantes, May 29, 1763.

Intended by his father, the captain of a merchant vessel, for a maritime life, young Joseph was placed at one of the schools of the Oratory to learn the mathematical sciences. But the sea became his aversion; and indeed the delicacy of his constitution rendered him unfit for so boisterous an element. He selected a very different career of life: he became a professed member of the Congregation of the Oratory; and with the view of qualifying himself for public instruction, he forsook sines and tangents, for the subtleties of philosophy and scholastic learning, and removed to Paris to finish his studies. It is not true that he embraced Holy Orders. As a brother of the Congregation, he took the vows of chastity and obedience in common with the regular clergy; but such vows are obligatory, in the Romish Church, on the lay brethren who devote their lives to the instruction of youth*. He afterwards taught in several towns, and when the revolution broke out, he was one of the superiors in the college of Nantes.

The great political change in France was hailed by no one more heartily than by Fouché. While other

* At the present day, Ireland has one or two such communities, the members of which are by the vulgar termed *friars*; but they have not received even Minor Orders: they cannot preach or hear confessions, much less administer the sacraments.

men adopted the levelling principles, through impulse, or the natural force of example, it is his boast, that he did so from reflection and character. He soon gave a convincing proof that the prejudices of education had ceased to exercise any empire over him; he broke his vows by marrying, and thereby separated himself from his brethren of the order; he established a club, called the Patriotic Society, at the meetings of which he distinguished himself above the rest, by the boldness of his impiety, and the fury of his revolutionary opinions. His popularity was such, that he was returned Deputy to the National Convention for the Lower Loire.

As nature had not furnished Fouché with the qualities necessary to ensure eminence in public speaking, he seldom mounted the tribune. On the trial of the unfortunate Louis, however, he was not contented to give a silent vote. On the proposal that the fate of the king should be decided by an appeal to the people, he said:—"I had no expectation of being required to vote for any thing, but simply the death of the tyrant. We appear frightened at the courage with which we have abolished royalty; we tremble at the shadow of a king. Let us assume a republican attitude; let us make use of the ample powers with which the nation has invested us; let us discharge our duty in its widest sense: we are great enough to controul all human authorities and events; the times will aid us against all the kings of the earth." He concluded by voting for "death without repeal and without delay."

The zeal of the regicide caused him to be selected as a choice instrument to carry into effect the decrees of the Convention; and he acquitted himself of the commission to the satisfaction of the monsters. Con-

fiscations, proscriptions, massacres, attended his path in the departments of the Aube and Nièvre. His hostility seemed to be especially directed against the clergy, eighty-three of whom he sent to Nantes to figure in the famous *noyades* (drowning-matches!) of that ill-fated city; and the churches were every where plundered and laid waste. He did more: he assailed the doctrine on which Christianity was built,—the immortality of the soul. “Death is but an eternal sleep,” was the inscription which he caused to be placed in conspicuous characters over the entrance of each public cemetery.

But whatever might be the merit of his services at Nantes, it was far eclipsed by those he had soon afterwards the happiness to perform at Lyons. On his arrival there with Collot d’Herbois, he announced to the terrified citizens the reward they were to expect for having dared to resist the majesty of the people, and especially for having put to death some revolutionary agents. “The representatives of the people will be impassive in the execution of their mission. They have been intrusted with the thunderbolt of public vengeance, which they will not cease to hurl until the public enemies are crushed. They will have the courage to march over countless tombs of the conspirators, to traverse boundless ruins, that they may arrive at the happiness of nations,—at the regeneration of the world!” He wrote in like terms to his employers at Paris: “Nothing can disarm our severity: indulgence, we must say, is a dangerous weakness. We never cease to strike the enemies of the people; we annihilate them in a manner at once signal, terrible, and prompt. Their bloody corpses, thrown into the Rhone, must appear both on the banks and at the mouth of

that river, a spectacle of fear, and of the omnipotence of the people! Terror, salutary terror, is here in truth the order of the day; it represses all the efforts of the wicked; it divests crime of all covering and tinsel!" In accordance with his vows of vengeance, Fouché, and the wretch who accompanied him, caused lists of the royalists to be prepared daily, of whom all were consigned to instant execution. Not only was the guillotine kept constantly at work, but hundreds of victims were dispatched at once by grape-shot. "This very evening," says he in a letter (dated December 19th, 1793), "we expose two hundred and fifteen rebels to the thunderbolt." In short, he had some reason to boast (letter of February 13th, 1794) that "Lyons would offer to posterity a fearful picture of ruin, a monument of republican vengeance, and of democratic power!"

Soon after the regicide's triumphant return from this mission, he was accused by Robespierre as *an enemy of liberty*; and every one knows that an accusation from that quarter was death. How he fell under the displeasure of that kindred spirit is not very clear. Some accounts say that he was denounced as one who had dishonoured the revolution by his excesses! We are unwilling to load his memory with greater infamy than it ought to bear; we think it more likely that he was accused of being sometimes, however rarely, accessible to humanity. However this might be, he saw his destruction inevitable if Robespierre lived a few days longer. He hurried away to Tallien, Legendre, and others who were discontented with the despotism that held the axe suspended over their heads, and urged them to join with him in pulling down the tyrant. "Your names

are inscribed on his black list as well as mine!" was the great argument he used. The sense of common danger united all in one common resistance, and down fell the monster whose name occupies the bloodiest page in the annals of crime.

No sooner did this wary democrat perceive that the public opinion was becoming daily more averse to these revolutionary horrors, than he eagerly chimed in with the cry of humanity. Notwithstanding his promptitude of compliance, however, the more moderate persons in authority regarded him with becoming indignation; and on more than one occasion he was denounced as a terrorist, and compelled to hide his guilty head far from the walls of the capital. Even after a general amnesty had been proclaimed by the Directorial Government, it was long before he could obtain any considerable charge in the affairs of state. As, however, he had been the firmest support of the revolution, and as his abilities were known to be of a high order, he was at length brought into employment by Barras. In 1798 he was dispatched on an embassy to Italy; and went subsequently in a similar capacity to Holland—whence he was recalled to preside over the new police,—the most formidable instrument ever devised in aid of despotism.

On the establishment of the Consular Power, the minister of police was retained: without him, indeed, Buonaparte would scarcely have consolidated his authority, or been defended against the assassin's knife. He alone could conjure the revolutionary spectre which still skulked in obscurity; and he alone could penetrate and thwart the plans of the royalists. Through him the First Consul could strike either, and, what was most agreeable, without implicating

himself. Lists of such as were accounted dangerous were carefully prepared, and imprisonment or banishment followed. *Death* was seldom resorted to:—Fouché was sagacious enough to perceive that if the unnecessary spilling of blood engendered fear, the twin-birth was indignation and horror,—that, to use his own words, “it was worse than a crime;—it was a blunder.” How far such moderation guided his *secret* conduct—and most of his proceedings were veiled in the utmost secrecy—is known only to the Omniscient. The tyranny which can reward is never without instruments enough; and it is scarcely just to fix on one the odium of every wicked act, merely because that one has been too often employed for such purposes.

The minister was so anxious to throw a shade over his past infamy,—if possible to gain some portion of popularity—that outwardly at least he did not long remain an ever-passive tool to work the despotic will of his master. Sure of the democratic party, of which he was the acknowledged head, he was desirous of securing the favour of the royalists of whom he had hitherto been the deadly opponent. He suddenly testified great regard for them; his drawing-rooms were opened to every old noble who chose to visit him. Some guarded the honour of their ancient race, and scorned to contaminate themselves by the contact of infamy; others, and we fear in much greater numbers, sacrificed their honour to their advantage, and lent their sanction to the new order of things. Nay, not a few of these noble names were among the number of his hired spies,—spies on the motions of royalists no less than of democrats. What will surprise the reader more is, that Josephine herself was on the same list—a spy on the proceedings of her

own husband! It may, however, be readily supposed that neither did the minister require, nor she communicate, any thing to that husband's prejudice. But the most useful of his creatures was, if we may believe *Fouché's Memoires*, the *confidential* secretary of the First Consul!—

“ This man, whose talents are acknowledged, but whose avarice soon led to his disgrace, has always exhibited such a hankering after money that I need not name him*. Depository of the papers and secrets of his master, he discovered that I expended 100,000 francs a month in watching over the safety of the First Consul. The idea struck him that for a certain sum of money he could furnish me with information sufficient to direct me to the end I had in view. He called on me, and proposed to acquaint me with every movement of Buonaparte if I would give him 25,000 francs a month; and this he alleged would be a saving of 900,000 francs in the course of the year. I had no intention of letting slip such an occasion of hiring the confidential secretary of the Consul,—of him whose steps I was so anxious to trace, that I might know to a certainty not only what he had done, but what he purposed to do. I accepted the proposal, and every month he received an order on the police chest for his 25,000 francs. I had reason to praise his dexterity and the accuracy of his information.”—“ I was by this means exactly acquainted with all I wished to know; I could correct

* M. de Bourrienne, whose recently published memoirs have produced a great sensation in the French capital. He is the only one of the Buonapartists who can see anything but honour and patriotism in Napoleon's character and conduct: in other words, the only one who pays the slightest regard to truth.

the communications of the secretary by those of Josephine, and Josephine's by the secretary's. I was stronger than all my enemies put together."—*Memoires**, tom. i., p. 188.

The prudent conduct of Fouché had much of the effect he intended. His early crimes were imputed by many to the necessity of his situation, and his present forbearance to a real dislike of violence. The evils which he inflicted in his ministerial capacity were indeed severe enough, but fortunately for him they were generally unknown: not even the proceedings of the Inquisition itself were wrapt in greater mystery. The good which he did was open to all men, and was, perhaps, the more prized from its being wholly unexpected. But the reputation which he began to enjoy was by no means agreeable to the First Consul, who besides could not contemplate without alarm the tremendous powers with which he was invested. He who was so profoundly versed in the state of parties,—who was obeyed by one, courted by another, and feared by all; who, by means of his countless agents, could at any time congregate the scattered elements of resistance to the authority of government, was too formidable to be allowed to continue for ever in so dangerous a post. To this we may add that Buonaparte well knew the channel through which the knowledge of his amours passed to Josephine. Of the extent to which the head of the state

* Of these *Memoires*, professedly from the pen of Fouché himself, and relating solely to his own political experience, it is impossible to say whether the whole be or be not genuine. The work certainly bears internal marks of authenticity; but, perhaps, the same species of freedom has been taken with the papers of Fouché as was formerly taken with those of Sully.

was subjected to this galling system of espionage, Fouché furnishes us with an amusing proof:—

“One day Buonaparte observed that, considering my acknowledged ability, he was astonished I did not perform my functions better,—that there were several things of which I was ignorant. ‘Yes,’ replied I, ‘there certainly are things of which I *was* ignorant, but which I now know well enough. For instance, a little man muffled up in a grey cloak, and accompanied by a single servant, often steals out on a dark evening from a secret door of the Tuileries, enters a closed carriage, and drives off to Signora G——. This little man is yourself; and yet this fanciful songstress jilts you continually out of love for Rode the fiddler.’ The Consul answered not a word: he turned his back, rung, and I immediately withdrew.”—*Memoires*, tom. i. p. 233.

For the reasons already mentioned, and others easily supposed, among which was doubtless the inability of Fouché to foresee and avert the explosion of the infernal machine (*see the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*), the ministry of police was abolished after the peace of Amiens. But he had rendered many signal services to his master, and that master was too liberal to dismiss him unrewarded. He was invested with the senatorship of Aix, and presented with an enormous sum.

During his absence of nearly two years from the business of state, Fouché was not wholly inactive. His advice was often solicited by Buonaparte, and as eagerly given as required. No one knew human nature better than he, and no one so perfectly understood the characters of the individuals around him. He saw the subject of the Consul's incessant thoughts,

whose flame of ambition he was not backward to fan. He saw the end to which every thing tended ; and to secure the favour of the man who was soon to wield the destinies of Europe, he advised the establishment of the imperial power. He who had voted for the death of the amiable Louis,—and added insult to the vote,—on the ground that royalty was tyranny, and inconsistent with the general happiness, did not hesitate to recommend the enemy of all liberty to assume a dignity in itself infinitely more prejudicial to popular rights ! The secret of this wonderful change of opinion is to be found in one pithy sentence : “ Buonaparte was at that time the only man able to secure us in the possession of our property, dignities, and employments.” Though the same consideration will sufficiently account for most other revolutions, we do not often meet with the same candid acknowledgment of the fact.

The readiness with which the representative of the revolution sacrificed at the imperial shrine, and the conspiracy of Cadoudal, which proved that the head of the state had still need of a defence against the attacks of the disaffected ; in other words, gratitude and policy combined—brought about the re-establishment of the police in the hands of its old minister. Its powers were increased, and its constitution in various respects re-modelled.

Under Fouché were four councillors of state, who assembled once every week in his cabinet to lay their papers before him, and to receive his decisions. Their chief duty was to correspond with the prefects in the various departments ; to watch over the public prisons and the proceedings of the Gens-d'armes, and especially over strangers, emigrants, and all who

were in any degree suspected. They could dispatch, on their own authority, affairs of trifling moment; but those of importance rested with their head.

The system itself was supported chiefly by hired spies in every condition of society, who reported their observations to the prefects, to the four councillors, or to Fouché himself. These spies were of both sexes, and rewarded according to their services and importance by fixed gratuities. Such as had cognizance of the more weighty affairs, received from one to two thousand francs per month, and despatched their communications direct to Fouché. Every communication was signed by the individual who sent it, but that signature was not his real,—it was a conventional name. Every three months a list of these names was laid before the emperor, who adjudged places, or other recompenses, to such as had signalized themselves above the rest by their zeal and success.

These spies were not confined to France: at every foreign court, and in every foreign city, were individuals, natives of the country, who had sold themselves to the French ruler. Treachery often presided at the council-board of the sovereign, and still oftener within the walls of a besieged city. Foreign newspapers, intercepted letters, and other documents, both public and private, found their way to the cabinet of Fouché. The number of these despicable hirelings must have been immense; but despicable as was the profession, it was exercised by persons of high rank: at one time Fouché could (*he says*) boast of *three princes* among his devoted creatures.

The expense of such an establishment was enormous; it swallowed up some millions annually. It was chiefly defrayed by secret contributions, or regu-

lar taxes, levied on gambling-houses, public stews, and the delivery of passports.

Invested with these extraordinary powers, the minister exerted himself with success to rally round the new dynasty both his old friends the republicans, and the royalists who regarded the sceptre as usurped. His success was well rewarded: on the creation of the great feudatories he was not forgotten; his dukedom of Otranto was, as he himself observes, "a pretty good ticket in this imperial lottery."

Though the regicide always regarded the restoration of the old dynasty as at least possible, it may easily be supposed that he must have entertained much dread of such an event, and that he was willing to make any sacrifice to prevent it. The death of the infant son of Hortense Beauharnois, whom Napoleon probably destined as the successor to his magnificent heritage, and the certainty that the emperor would never have issue by Josephine, threw into considerable alarm all whose fortunes were connected with the fate of the ruling dynasty. Fouché was among the first to perceive how favourable an unsettled succession must be to the hopes of the Bourbons. Knowing the emperor's secret wishes on the subject, he made a bold stroke; he advised Napoleon to dissolve the marriage with Josephine, and to obtain the hand of some young princess. Nay, he had the unparalleled impudence to recommend the sacrifice to Josephine herself.

"Such an overture (says he) required some preparation. I waited for a suitable opportunity which I found at Fontainebleau one Sunday after mass. During our discourse, I led her aside to the embrasure of a window: with all the precautions my oratory could

suggest, with all the delicacy possible, I gave her the first idea of a separation which I represented to her as the most sublime, and at the same time the most inevitable of sacrifices. At first her face coloured; she then grew pale, her lips swelled, and her whole appearance made me fear a fainting fit, or else some violent explosion. She asked me in a faltering voice, whether I had any instructions to make her so painful a proposal: I answered that I had received none; that I had spoken from no other cause than the necessity which I could clearly foresee."—*Memoires* tom. i. p. 380.

Josephine complained to the emperor, who disavowed the step of his minister, and did all he could to pacify her. But he would not consent to dismiss him,—a circumstance which might have shewn her that the question of divorce was no new one,—nay, that it was already decided: but the thing which we wish we easily credit, and the empress soon forgot the mortification in the belief that no such separation was intended.

With all his boasted harangues in favour of popular liberty, Fouché was perhaps the firmest support of despotism in France. He did not scruple to fulfil the most tyrannical wishes of the emperor; still less to approve his most tyrannical pretensions. When the latter fulminated his famous admonition against the Legislative Body, which he would neither allow to be the organ of the nation, nor to possess the power of making laws, asserting that he (the emperor) alone was the true representative of the nation, the regicide was probably expected to oppose so monstrous a dogma. Napoleon himself seems to have thought so; for, on his return, he artfully

sounded his minister on the subject. But that minister was more crafty than himself, and as supple as crafty. "This is the way your majesty should always govern. The Legislative Body arrogate to itself the right of representing the nation in place of the sovereign! Dissolve any body, sire, that thus dares to interfere with your royal prerogative. Had Louis XVI. done so, he would be living and reigning this very day!" The emperor stared: "How is this, Duke of Otranto! Are you not one of those who sent Louis to the scaffold?" "Yes, sire; and that is the first service I had the honour of rendering your majesty!"

Yet Fouché was never a favourite with Napoleon. He was suspected, perhaps justly, of being at the head of a party which worked in secret, and which only waited for some signal reverse of fortune to the imperial arms, to establish a republican form of government. Many of those who had possessed unbounded power immediately after the death of Louis, could ill bear their humiliating dependance on the most haughty and despotic of masters. But what most displeased the emperor, was the immense influence of his minister, whom he had never designed to be any other than a terror to the royalists, and his bulwark against revolutionary conspiracies; to see that minister caressed by both parties—to see Fouché the idol instead of the dread of the Faubourg St. Germain—had never entered his brain. His dissatisfaction was increased by an event which in justice deserved a shining recompense. While the emperor was engaged in the campaign of Austria (1809), the English seized Flushing, and threatened the invasion of Belgium;

Fouché called out a levy of the National Guards, and despatched Bernadotte to protect the frontier of the empire, a measure eminently successful. From that moment his disgrace was resolved: a minister of such activity and influence—who could raise armies and defeat numerous enemies—was too powerful for Napoleon. All that was wanted was some decent pretext for his dismissal, and one soon offered. By a strange coincidence, both the emperor and his minister had each despatched at the same time a secret emissary to sound the English ministry as to its disposition for peace. As these agents were unknown to each other, and could have no idea of acting in concert, the result was a difference in the proposals intended as the basis of pacification. This the Marquis Wellesley—at that time Secretary for Foreign Affairs—regarded as a snare, and in consequence broke off all negotiation. Napoleon soon learned how his overtures had been traversed, and he furiously inveighed in full council against the audacious minister: “So you make peace and war without consulting me!” Fouché was displaced by Savary, and compelled to retire to his country seat.

He had not been long at Ferrieres, before he learned, through one of his agents, that it was resolved to seize his papers. These papers contained the confidential correspondence which had passed between him and the emperor. To give them up, would be to part with his only justification for many arbitrary acts, for which, so long as he preserved the written orders of Napoleon, he feared no punishment. He determined not to surrender them—at least the more important ones, which he carefully hid, and awaited

the event with a stoical air. Berthier, with the councillors Réal and Dubois, soon arrived.—But let Fouché himself describe the scene:—

“From their embarrassment I perceived that I still imposed on them, and that their mission was conditional. In fact, Berthier being the first to address me, informed me with evident constraint, that he came by the emperor's order to demand my correspondence; that it *must* be surrendered; and that in case of my refusal the prefect Dubois was enjoined to arrest me, and seal my papers. Réal, assuming a persuasive tone, and speaking with more emotion to an old friend, exhorted me, almost with tears in his eyes, to defer to the wishes of the emperor. ‘I, Gentlemen!’ was my calm and prompt reply, ‘I resist the orders of the emperor!—I who have always served him with so much zeal, although he has wounded me by unjust suspicions even when I served him the best! Come into my cabinet, examine everywhere. I will give you all my keys; I will, myself, deliver you all my papers.’ The firmness with which I pronounced these words having had its effect, I continued: ‘As to the private correspondence of the emperor and myself during the exercise of my functions—correspondence of a nature to remain everlastingly secret—I burned a portion of it at the time I resigned the portfolio: I had no wish to expose papers of such importance to any indiscreet investigation. With this exception, gentlemen, you will find the letters claimed by the emperor. Here they are in two packets, sealed and labelled!’”

This unparalleled effrontery imposed on the agents; they seized some unimportant documents, and took a polite leave of the smiling duke. No sooner had they

departed, than he prepared to follow them, and as night closed in, he could do so unobserved. In a cabriolet belonging to his steward, and accompanied by a single friend, he reached his hotel in Paris. There he learned, by means of his spies, what had just transpired at court. The emperor had broken out into a violent fury; had called the commissioners a set of fools, and Berthier an old woman, for suffering himself to be duped by the most crafty fellow in the empire. He breathed vengeance against the audacious subject who thus trifled with his sovereign. All this was unfavourable enough, yet it did not much daunt this practised deceiver: he resolved to face Napoleon: he went to the palace, much to the surprise of Duroc, by whom he was introduced into the cabinet.

“No sooner did I see the emperor, than I divined his purpose from his very manner. Without allowing me time to utter a single word, he caressed, flattered me, testified something like repentance for his recent hastiness; then in a tone which seemed to convey a willingness to become reconciled, he ended by demanding his correspondence. ‘Sire,’ replied I firmly, ‘I have destroyed it.’ ‘No such thing—I *will* have it!’ rejoined he in great anger, and with a contraction of his brows. ‘It is in ashes’—‘Away!’ (he pronounced the word with a fierce motion and look) ‘Sire—’—‘Leave me, I say!’ (words delivered in a tone to dissuade me from remaining a moment longer.) I held in my hand a short memorial, but to the point, and as I retired I laid it with a respectful bow on the table. He seized the paper in a rage, and tore it to pieces.”—*Memoires*, tom. ii. p. 21—27.

Scarcely was Fouché returned to his hotel, when

Berthier was announced. "Never did I see the emperor so furious," said the latter; "he persists that you have duped us, and have endeavoured to dupe him!" The other repeated the lie he had twice told, and said that, even if the papers were in his possession, he would not restore them. Berthier threatened: "Tell him," replied the bold ex-minister, "that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to sleep with my head upon the block; that I know his power but do not dread it: tell him he may make a Strafford of me if he pleases!" They parted, *he* more than ever resolved to preserve papers which bore the emperor's signature and seal, and the loss of which might one day make him alone responsible for the violent and iniquitous measures he had been the instrument of executing.

Reflection soon convinced him that he had reason to fear. In constant apprehension of arrest, he fled to Italy, whence he purposed to set sail for the United States. He embarked, but was so afflicted with sea-sickness, that he preferred encountering the worst evils on land, to a continuance on "that hateful element." Through the intercession of Eliza, the emperor's sister, he obtained permission to return, on condition of his surrendering the contested papers, and of his receiving in lieu of them a written indemnification, for whatever unjustifiable acts he had performed during his ministerial career.

After the disastrous close of the Russian campaign, Fouché was summoned to attend the emperor, who knew his talents for intrigue, and who dreaded them the more since fortune had become unfavourable. He departed to take possession of the government of Illyria, at the express command of his master. But he

could not stay there : he was driven out of the country by the Austrian invasion. He was on his return to France when he received an order to proceed to Naples, on pretence of his presence being necessary to confirm the wavering fidelity of Murat, but, in reality, that he might be as long removed as possible from the dangerous plots formed in the French capital. He did not reach Paris until Buonaparte had abdicated, nor until he had good reason to know, that even regicides would be unmolested by the new king.

The repentance of Fouché for the part he had taken in the death of Louis was apparently so sincere, his professions of devotedness to the royal cause so ardent, that he was suffered to retire unmolested to his estate at Ferrieres. But this did not satisfy him ; he longed for power. In the hope of being called to the ministry, he wrote to Napoleon in Elba, urging the exile to remove from a scene in which, from its proximity, he must necessarily keep alive the intrigues of a powerful party. He recommended the United States as the only country where the ex-emperor could reside with honour to himself, and a just regard to the interests of France. He took care to enclose a copy of the letter to the king's brother ; else his new flame of loyalty might have consumed itself in vain. The design was artful : it might fan the hopes of the very man against whom it was ostensibly directed ; and it might be considered as an invitation to the Bourbons, to insist on the removal of Napoleon to North America. But it produced no effect : his talents were respected, but his character was held in just execration.

When news arrived of the disembarkation of Napoleon—an event to which Fouché had probably con-

tributed something—an attempt was made to secure his person, and conduct him to Lille as a hostage. He escaped the danger. Under the pretext of protesting against his arrest, he left the Gens-d'armes outside the door of his cabinet, rapidly descended into his garden, and by means of a ladder, which he pulled up after him, passed over a high wall into the garden of Hortense, whose house lay contiguous to his own. He was thus thrown into the very focus of the Buonapartists,—a circumstance which, though in this particular instance accidental, contributed to his being regarded as one of the devoted chiefs of that party.

During the Hundred Days, Fouché exercised his old functions as head of the police. This time he was trebly steeped in treachery. He in private caressed the revolutionists, who wished to have in Buonaparte not an emperor but a republican general; he corresponded with Metternich and Talleyrand as to the best mode of subverting Buonaparte's government; he communicated with the minister of Louis XVIII. at Ghent, to secure the support of that monarch in case the Bourbon dynasty should be a second time restored; and he gave secret information to the Duke of Wellington as to the military plans of Napoleon. He promised that general, indeed, a faithful plan of the whole campaign; but, according to his own acknowledgment, his conscience upbraided him for this treachery to his country. He sent the plan by a lady in his confidence; but caused her to be arrested on the Belgian frontier, so that it might not reach its destination before the fate of the campaign was decided. His agents at London, Ghent, and Vienna, faithfully obeyed his instructions, and

represented him as one of the best supports of the royal cause; while he himself was busily occupied at Paris in exciting the hopes and efforts of every party, from the military creatures of the emperor down to the lowest dregs of the revolution.

The game which this unprincipled minister was now playing was indeed desperate. On one occasion he narrowly escaped the punishment he deserved. The emperor discovered the intrigue between him and Metternich; that each of these statesmen was to send a confidential agent to meet at Bâle for the purpose of arranging as to the measures necessary to rid France of Napoleon. Unknown to Fouché, Napoleon despatched Fleury de Chabollon to meet the emissary of the Austrian, and sufficient was elicited to render the treachery of Fouché more than probable. But in the mean time the crafty minister had discovered the circumstance. He went to the palace, transacted business with the emperor as usual,—and, just as he was rising to leave the cabinet, recollected, as if by accident, that Metternich had requested him to send an agent to Bâle,—for what purpose he could not tell—but that in the pressure of so many and great occupations, he had forgot to lay that minister's letter before Napoleon! “Perhaps to save the horrors of a general war, the allies wish you to abdicate in favour of your son: such, I am convinced, is the opinion of Metternich, and such, I must say, is my own: your majesty cannot resist the arms of Europe.” He left it to the emperor to say, whether an agent should be sent or not! And once more his cunning saved him.

On the return of Louis, Fouché, as a reward for the services he was supposed to have rendered in the

royal cause, was continued in his dignity. But he soon perceived that his character was too thoroughly known—his revolutionary deeds too distinctly remembered—for him to enjoy the confidence of the king. The election of a new Chamber of Deputies, of whom nearly all were royalists, and the clamours daily raised against his profligacy and treachery, convinced him that it would be dangerous to continue in his post. He resigned, and was appointed ambassador to Dresden. The public vengeance pursued him. In January, 1816, he was denounced as a regicide by both Chambers, and condemned to death in case he re-entered the French territory. He settled first at Prague, and afterwards, with the consent of the Austrian government, at Lintz and Trieste. In the latter city he sickened and died in 1820.

Of Fouché's character it can only be said, that it was stained with blood, treachery, and avarice; and stained, too, as deeply as human nature could well be.

LEBRUN.

CHARLES François Lebrun was a native of St. Sauveur Laudelin, and born March 19, 1739.

To his father, Lebrun was little indebted for the goods of fortune, but in lieu he received from him an excellent education. He was not only acquainted with several ancient and modern languages, but he made great progress in the study of moral and metaphysical science. Of natural and civil law he was particularly fond, and he perfected his knowledge in this compre-

hensive branch of learning by visiting several countries, and investigating their institutions and laws. On his return he was at some loss for a profession. He fixed on the bar, where he acquired celebrity, and was besides presented with one or two lucrative, though not important, posts under the government of Louis XV. He took part in the political intrigues of the time, especially in the disputes of the Breton parliament with the royal government. He seems, however, to have been interested in such affairs only as they related to his friend the Chancellor Maupeou, to whom he was indebted for his places. But on the accession of Louis XVI. the chancellor was disgraced, and Lebrun shared in his fall. The latter then retired to a country residence, and employed his time in literary and agricultural pursuits, and with more pleasure still, perhaps, in superintending the education of his children.

After Lebrun had passed fifteen years in retirement,—years which he afterwards remembered with regret, he considered himself bound, as an honest citizen, not to remain either a silent or an idle spectator of the crisis then approaching. In 1789, he published an able and temperate work, '*La Voix du Citoyen*,' in which he demonstrated the necessity of a liberal constitution for the restoration of internal peace. But in advocating the rights of the people, he no less upheld the privileges of the higher orders; and he warned both against the consequences that would ensue from the disregard of either. He spoke to the winds: passion was too violent to be stilled, and pride too stubborn to be bent. A dreadful commotion followed; and he himself, notwithstanding the wisdom of his opinions, and the modera-

tion of his principles, and an unblameable life, was in continual danger of being swallowed up in the vortex. When by slow, almost insensible degrees, the fearful swell had subsided, full justice was done to the soundness of his views, and the excellence of his intentions. After the 18th Brumaire,—a revolution in which he had no share,—he was, without any solicitation on his part, nominated Third Consul. Perhaps by this popular choice, Buonaparte wished to give the nation a pledge as to the moderation of his views, and to reassure the aristocratic party, which might naturally feel alarmed at the audacious ambition of this military adventurer.

In this honourable station, it was the peculiar good fortune of this harmless man to make no enemies. He did all he could to mitigate the severities of his colleague and master. Under the imperial sway, he was nominated prince and arch-treasurer of the empire, and subsequently ranked among the great feudatories as Duke of Placentia. Much of his success he doubtless owed to his own personal virtues ; but more, perhaps, to the facility with which he obeyed the injunctions of Napoleon.

On the abdication of Louis Buonaparte, Lebrun was appointed governor-general of Holland, where he remained about three years. His conduct appears to have given satisfaction to the Dutch. In November 1813, when the whole nation was rising to expel the French, a poor inhabitant of the Hague, who was unwilling that he should suffer any harm, called on him, and in the simplicity of his heart, thus addressed him : “ You French are become feeble ; we are strong ; you will therefore do a very wise thing if you leave us with all possible speed. Take care of

yourself, friend—governor no longer! The sooner you are away, the more insults you will escape,—perhaps dangers.” The advice was homely, but it was too judicious to be neglected. Lebrun hastened to Paris, where he had the mortification to witness the downfall of the master whom he could not avoid regarding with gratitude.

During the first short reign of Louis, the duke was created a French peer, and employed on a mission to Caen. On Buonaparte's return, he had not virtue sufficient to fulfil the oath he had lately taken, and he joined the usurper. For this reason he was excluded by the king from the chamber of peers, but was restored by a royal ordinance of 1819. Being now, however, in his eightieth year, he retired to his house in the country, where he died a short time ago.

Lebrun was always attached to literature. Under the monarchical government, he published a translation, in prose, of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*; but his version is said to be more remarkable for elegance than fidelity. About the same time he committed to the press a more arduous translation, which he commenced at college in his youthful days—the *Iliad*, also in prose, in three volumes, octavo. This latter work is more popular than the other, and is often reprinted in a smaller size.

“The constitution,” says Madame de Staël, whose opinion of the two associates of the first consul will be read with interest, “gave Buonaparte two colleagues. He chose, with singular sagacity, for his assistant consuls, two men who were of no use but to disguise the unity of his despotism. The one was Cambaceres, a lawyer of great learning, who had been taught in the Convention to bend methodically before

terror; the other, Lebrun, a man of highly cultivated mind, and highly polished manners, who had been trained under the Chancellor Maupeou,—under that minister who, satisfied with the degree of arbitrary power which he found in the monarchy as it then existed, had substituted for the parliaments of France one named by himself. Cambaceres was the interpreter of Buonaparte to the revolutionists,—Lebrun to the royalists. Both translated the same text into two different languages. Thus two able ministers were charged with the task of adapting the old system and the new to the mixed mass of the third. The one, a great noble, who had been engaged in the revolution, told the royalists, that it was their interest to recover monarchical institutions, at the expense of renouncing the ancient dynasty. The other, who, though a creature of the era of disaster, was ready to promote the re-establishment of courts, preached to the republicans the necessity of abandoning their political opinions in order to preserve their places."

MARET.

HUGUES Bernard Maret, a native of Dijon, and of a respectable family, was born July 22, 1763.

In his early years his attention was turned towards military subjects, and the army would no doubt have been his destination, had not some domestic circumstances intervened to change his views. Applying himself to the study of law, he took out his degrees in that faculty, with the intention of practising at

the bar ; but he was diverted from this purpose at the instance of his father, who wished him to embrace the career of diplomacy. He accordingly removed to Paris to attend the lectures of the celebrated Bouchaud on the law of nature and of nations, and to be introduced into the great world. The sudden death, however, of his patron, the count de Vergennes, caused him a third time to abandon his pursuits, and left him without chart or compass on the wide sea of life. Of how little avail it often is to form plans for the future !

But the young adventurer was not long to remain thus unemployed. When the Revolution began to appear, he naturally asked himself what advantages he might be enabled to derive from the event. He thought he could do no better than revert to public and international law. He took up his abode at Versailles, that he might be near the sittings of the States-General. At these he constantly attended ; and committed to writing such heads of the speeches as promised to be useful for future reference. Insensibly he became so attached to this occupation, that he compressed on paper the substance of every remarkable harangue. As he was an expeditious penman, and very expert at abbreviating words, he found that he could form something like a fair epitome of what passed within the Assembly. For some time he had no intention of communicating these reports to the world ; but the advice of some friends, and, above all, the pressure of straitened circumstances, at length induced him to publish them daily. The success of the experiment was so great, that he was engaged to incorporate this arduous labour in the *Moniteur* ; and in a single month the subscribers to that journal increased tenfold.

The occupation he doubtless intended as preliminary to his own *debut* on the political stage ; yet it was so lucrative, that he probably regretted its end on the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. It so far answered his purpose that, besides extending his knowledge of national policy, it procured him great celebrity, and the acquaintance of many distinguished men. Among others was Lebrun, who soon introduced him into public life.

The diplomatic career of Maret commenced at Hamburgh as secretary of legation. From Hamburgh he was transferred to Brussels with increased powers ; but his most important duty was a mission to London—the object of which was to negotiate a peace with our ministry. He had an interview on the subject with Mr. Pitt, in the course of which he saw, or fancied he saw, a glimpse of hope that his mission might succeed ; but the proceedings of the body he was employed to represent were not of a nature to inspire much confidence in his proposals. At length all negotiation was indignantly ended on the murder of Louis XVI.; and Maret, like the resident ambassador, was peremptorily ordered to leave the kingdom.

Soon after his return to Paris, he was nominated minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples. In July 1793, he set out for his destination, accompanied by Semonville, ambassador to Constantinople ; but both were arrested by the Austrians, and thrown into prison at Mantua. This was no infringement of the rights of nations : France was not recognized as a republic, and consequently they had no official character ; they were justly regarded as neither more nor less than the envoys of a set of ruffians, whose purpose it was to scatter the firebrands of rebellion among the neigh-

bouring states. Besides, Austria had special grounds for acting in this manner. The aunt of the emperor was in close confinement, and about to share the fate of her murdered husband.

The dungeon in which Maret was confined was so unwholesome, that his health suffered severely. A singular circumstance, and no less honourable than singular, occasioned his removal to a more salubrious situation. His father, an eminent physician, had distinguished himself in several branches of experimental philosophy, and in his day obtained an European reputation. The chancellor of the Mantuan academy, Professor Castellani, heard of the younger Maret's imprisonment, and at the head of a deputation, consisting entirely of academicians, obtained permission from the authorities of the place to visit and relieve the son of a man whose name was so well known to the scientific world. Through their intercession, both he and his companion were transferred to the fortress of Kufstein in the Tyrol, where the air was purer, and the prison free from damp. They both rapidly recovered, although more closely guarded than before.

In this fortress, to relieve the tedium of his situation, Maret devoted his days to literary pursuits. He had none of the necessary materials for writing; but his knowledge of chemistry enabled him to form a composition which served for ink; he found the stump of an old pen in a corner of his room; and some small slips of paper he begged or stole from his gaoler. On these slips, and with the same worn-out stump, he actually wrote two or three comedies, as well as one tragedy, each consisting of five acts. This was not all: with a piece of coal he covered the four walls

of his dungeon with scientific disquisitions. It is pleasing to behold such an example of the consolation which letters can bestow in adversity.

After twenty-two months confinement at Kufstein, Maret and his companion, as well as the republican representatives whom Dumouriez had surrendered to Austria, were exchanged for the Princess Maria Theresa, now Duchess d'Angoulême. This was in December 1795; and early in the following year, Maret and Semonville returned to Paris. The former doubtless expected that after near three years close imprisonment, he should be immediately put in possession of some honourable and lucrative post. The directory, however, were contented with decreeing that the two ambassadors had done honour to France by their courage and constancy. He was deservedly punished for his simplicity in looking for either gratitude or justice at the hands of regicides. A year and a half he remained unemployed, though so poor as to be destitute of proper necessities; and he would probably have remained in this predicament much longer had not the directory called to mind that he was personally known to some of the British ministers, and that he might therefore be serviceable in the projected negotiations with Lord Malmesbury at Lille. To Lille he accordingly repaired, but the revolution of the 18th Fructidor not only convinced England that it was impossible to treat with a government which was not secure a single day, but strengthened the anti-pacific party in the Directory. He was recalled, and again left without employment. But for this he was consoled by 150,000 francs, which the council of Milan awarded him as an indemnification for the losses he had sustained during his captivity. This

most acceptable of gifts was owing to the victories of Buonaparte, not to any good will on the part of either the French or the Italian government.

No one will be surprised to hear, that on the return of Buonaparte from Egypt, Maret was ready enough to assist in the subversion of the existing authority by which he had been so shamefully used, and to promote the views of the great soldier, to whom he was indebted for circumstances of comparative ease. He was rewarded with an important office, that of secretary to the consuls; an office which was soon after raised into a secretaryship of state.

From this period the history of Maret becomes that of his master; to whom he proved a most useful acquisition. His acquaintance with every branch of the public administration; his indefatigable habits of business; his inviolable discretion; the laxness of his moral principles, which rendered him an ever-ready instrument, and above all, his absolute devotedness to his benefactor, were qualities that insured the favour, as much as they served the purposes of Buonaparte. As Fouché truly said of him, he saw only with the eyes, and heard only with the ears, of his master. Prompt at every call on his services, he discharged the lowest drudgery of a clerk as willingly as he undertook the most important negotiations of a minister. In fact, he was ready for every thing, and in every thing he had a hand. He accompanied the emperor on the field of battle; so that it was a common saying of the latter, that not a shot could be fired without his having something to do in it. His relation, indeed, to the other, of whom he was for many years the confidential secretary, rendered him inseparable from Napoleon.

In 1811, Maret (now Duke of Bassano) succeeded Champagny as minister for foreign affairs. In this important station he served Napoleon with as much zeal and as little principle as before, but his talents were probably unequal to the duties required from him. Soon after he was made duke, Talleyrand, alluding doubtless to the increased arrogance which accompanied that dignity, observed: "In all France I know but one greater ass than Maret; that is the Duke of Bassano."

Whatever might be the laxity of the duke's principles, there was a constancy in his attachment to Buonaparte, which almost amounted to virtue, and would have done honour to a better man. While other men—even those who owed every thing to the falling emperor—deserted him in the hour of need, Maret forsook him not, but testified unabated zeal in his service, and respect towards his person, to the moment of his departure for Elba. That this faithful slave was concerned in the plot for the emperor's return is undoubted, and he willingly accepted office during the Hundred Days. In his excuse it ought to be stated that himself, his relatives, his nearest connexions, had little reason to be grateful to the Bourbons: all had been deprived of their places and dignities; and none had received or solicited favours from the court.

During Napoleon's second reign, Maret's conduct, as Minister of the Interior and Secretary of State, was distinguished by great moderation. It was he who, when the emperor hesitated whether the instrument necessary for the release of the Duke d'Angoulême at Marseilles should be sent or not, took upon himself the responsibility of expediting it, there-

by rendering its revocation impossible. This act was the more courageous, as there can be little doubt that the emperor would, in the end, have refused to ratify the convention of Gilly *, and confined the Bourbon. When he knew that that prince's safety was insured, he hastened to acquaint Napoleon with what he had done. His manly avowal of this courageous act made a profound impression on the other: "You have done well!" was his observation after some moments' silence. "I perceive, Sire," said the minister, "that I can still be useful to you, and I consent to withdraw the resignation which I have sent in, and to which, in fact, I was resolved to adhere." It is indisputable then, that to the boldness of Maret, and not to the magnanimity of the emperor, the Bourbon's liberation was owing. One would have thought that so signal a service would have saved the former from the proscription which followed. Well might Napoleon, after alluding to the circumstance at St. Helena, exclaim, "Yet the Duke of Bassano wanders in exile!" We are willing to believe that Louis was unacquainted with the extent of his nephew's obligations to this minister. In many other cases, that minister, who was anxious only for the re-establishment of his master, avoided whatever could bring odium on such a cause, and did every thing likely to ensure its success. He was present at Waterloo, and in the retreat from that disastrous field was near being taken prisoner. On his return to Paris, he saw that the restoration of the Bourbons was inevitable; and prepared for the storm which it must pour on his head. Exiled from France, he passed the next

* See the Memoirs of GROUCHY.

five years at Gratz in Styria ; but at the end of that period he received the royal permission to end his days in his native country. In 1826, he was residing on his estate in Burgundy, seldom visiting Paris, and occupied with the education and establishment of his children.

SAVARY.

ANNE Jean Marie René Savary was a native of Mare, a little village in Champagne, and born April 26, 1774.

Like his father, a major in the fortress of Sedan, Savary entered the army at an early age. His promotion was not rapid ; though he served in the campaigns under Hoche, and Pichegru, and Moreau, at the time of the expedition to Egypt he had obtained no higher rank than that of lieutenant-colonel. Of personal courage he was not destitute, but his head was a blundering one, and he was consequently unfit for an important command. Besides, he was no favourite either with his brother officers or the men. His manners were coarse even to brutality : to his equals, and much more to his inferiors, his language was insolent ; to his superiors fawning so as to be absolutely disgusting ; and his disposition was at once prying and malignant. Under the exterior of military bluntness, however, he concealed an unrivalled duplicity.

In the Egyptian campaign, he was aid-de-camp to General Dessaix, with whom he returned to France, and hastened to join the First Consul, in Italy.

When that brave chief fell at his side, he went to communicate the event to Buonaparte, who placed him on his personal staff. Thus if he lost one patron he gained another; and how much he benefited by the change will soon appear.

Savary was not slow in perceiving that the surest way to fortune was the favour of the First Consul, whose ready instrument he became. Prompt to perform the most criminal as well as the meanest offices—to be the executioner or the spy—and skilful to mix flattery with his bluntness, so as to render the former more acceptable, he was the slave of his employer, and of all slaves the basest. He hesitated neither to superintend the murder of the Duke d'Enghien*, nor to preside over the most odious system of espionage ever despot devised. As head of the Counter, or Private Police, his object was not merely to spy the spyers—to watch the motions of Fouché and *his* police—but to trace the footsteps of every one whom he suspected to be unfriendly to Buonaparte. He had his agents in the houses of the great, in the cabinet of the ministers, and in the camp: nothing escaped him. His reports were regularly laid before his employer; and his malignant heart took care that they should be unfavourable enough to such as either he or Napoleon had reason to hate or fear.

After the peace of Tilsit, Savary was sent on a mission to St. Petersburg,—not so much to transact any important business, as to spy out the sentiments of the court and people. With the latter his being a Frenchman was sufficient guilt: he acknow-

* For the particulars of that tragic event, see the History of Napoleon Buonaparte.—Vol. I. p. 259—269.

ledged that he found every house closed against him. But to many of the Russians the infamy of his character was well known: he was universally shunned, and often insulted. On his first arrival, the very inn-keepers refused to admit him, and he might have starved in the street, had he not accidentally met with an old acquaintance who kept the *Hotel de Londres*. The emperor indeed received him with civility, but the empress and the whole court regarded him with equal scorn and hatred. His manners were not of a character to conciliate those whom the unprincipled ambition of his master, and his own ruffian habits had alienated; and our ambassador made way for the more plausible but equally worthless Caulaincourt.

The next exploit of General Savary was one exactly suited to his nature—requiring at once duplicity, cunning, and some degree of ferocity. It was to prevail on the Prince of the Asturias to meet Buonaparte at Bayonne. There is no other example in all history of a plot so wickedly designed and executed. On his first interview with Ferdinand, he asserted that the only object of his mission was to ascertain whether the new king wished to remain on friendly terms with the emperor. He observed, with as much apparent carelessness as he could assume, that Napoleon was coming to Spain, and that he was sure if the prince would meet him on the way, this mark of respect would be very favourably received—in short, that the emperor would not hesitate to acknowledge Ferdinand. He was not, he said, empowered to make any such proposal: he spoke only from his knowledge of the emperor's character, and from his own good-will to the new king. Fearing that if he

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did not see Napoleon, his father Charles would, and in his presence declare the preceding abdication at Aranjuez compulsory, Ferdinand at length resolved to go, especially as he was given to understand, that before he had proceeded many leagues he would meet the illustrious visitor. He reached Vittoria, but no signs of Buonaparte. He began to take the alarm, so much so as to suspect some snare was prepared for him: he even refused to proceed: "Then how can your majesty expect that the emperor will acknowledge you?" inquired Savary: "When he has only your majesty's advantage in view, is it he who is to come three-fourths of the way? Assuredly, sire, you should meet him on the frontiers!" The poor prince was disgusted with the villain and would see him no more, but the attendants saw him. He continued to protest that the emperor would not dismember Spain of a single town, and that if Ferdinand proceeded to meet him without distrust, he (the prince) would be immediately acknowledged. Still Ferdinand's friends asserted they should not advise him to go any farther. "Then you may all take the consequences!" answered the ruffian, who was now resolved to lay aside his hypocrisy. "We wish to have nothing to do with your emperor," said one of them: "we do not require or expect him to interfere in our concerns." "But he *will* interfere whether you choose it or not!" replied Savary. The weak Ferdinand had gone too far to recede: he knew that the French troops were not far distant, and he soon found that if he shewed any hesitation to proceed, he would be compelled to do so. A letter from Napoleon too reassured his hopes, and he crossed the fron-

tier in opposition to the advice of at least one honest follower. How instead of a crown he found a prison, on the French territory, is known to all.

When the tyrant in the exultation of success, and in the consciousness of power, declared that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign, and that the crown of Spain must adorn the brows of his brother Joseph, Savary, whom he had created Duke of Rovigo, was sent to assume *ad interim* the command of the French forces at Madrid. But the general directed none of the great military operations; indeed, none of the marshals would have obeyed him. He was soon recalled; and such was the indignation of the people at the part he had acted, in the imprisonment of Ferdinand, that he had the utmost difficulty to leave Spain alive. He disguised himself in mean apparel, and rode some miles in advance of his carriage.

In the Austrian campaign, of 1809, Savary, as usual, accompanied the emperor, and served with some distinction. Soon after his return (June 1810), on the disgrace of Fouché, he was presented with the Portfolio of the General Police; an appointment which gave great dissatisfaction to the Parisians. For the sake of his own popularity, Fouché had lately exercised his tremendous powers with moderation; and had been severe only with respect to such as were plotting for the overthrow of the state. But Savary—the agent of midnight murder, the basest and most malignant of all the imperial satellites,—he whose name was but another word for all that could be feared and hated—if he had exercised such a galling surveillance while over the Counter Police, what might not the people expect from him

now that the prisons, and spies, and gens-d'armes, of all France were under his command?

It was Fouché's task to initiate the new minister into the secrets of his office; but according to his statement he did no such thing: he communicated only what he could not avoid: he shewed the wheels of the machine, but not the secret springs which put it in motion. He has drawn an amusing picture—a caricature no doubt—of the awkwardness with which the rude soldier entered on his new functions. “When reading the reports of his agents” (says he of Nantes), “he was compelled to *spell* the words, stammering, and interlarding his observations with curses enough.” In all he said or did, he was as anxious to imitate his master's manner, as ever Boswell was that of Johnson. An anecdote will shew that, however he might be deficient in sagacity, and in that profound acquaintance with the state of political parties possessed by his predecessor, he knew how to extend the despotism of the system further than was ever dreamed by the other.

A man who had lost his two sons in the Russian campaign, was suspected of not being very heartily attached to the existing government: such indeed was the fact, but he was prudent enough to speak his mind only in presence of his most intimate friends; before the rest of the world he was mute, thereby baffling the efforts of the numerous hired spies whom Savary had placed over him. As he was one day seated in the garden of the Luxembourg, accompanied by a tried friend, the conversation began with the battle of Leipsic, which had recently taken place. In the sequel neither spared the despot,

whose downfall they hoped was near at hand. In the midst of this confidential intercourse, a lovely little boy, apparently in his sixth year, came weeping towards them, crying that he had lost his nurse. They endeavoured to comfort him, telling him not to sob, for his nurse would not fail to seek him. During the quarter of an hour which he remained with them, they continued to converse on the same subject. Then a woman was seen to approach, with a child in her arms: no sooner did the boy perceive her, than he cried, *there is my nurse!* and hastened to rejoin her. The very next morning, both were arrested, and conducted to the Conciergerie. The childless parent was the first interrogated, and his surprise was not little to hear repeated, word for word, a portion of his conversation with his friend. His natural impression was that that friend had betrayed him, but he soon found his mistake. Both were immediately imprisoned, nor were they enlarged before the fall of Napoleon. Children of both sexes were employed in this execrable system of espionage.

But if the severity of Savary was equal to expectation, he soon proved that he was unfit to succeed so extraordinary a man as Fouché. The 23d of October, 1812, while the emperor was absent in Russia, he was seized in his own bed by the soldiers engaged in a conspiracy, and conveyed to prison, even without being allowed to put on his clothes*. There, however, he did not long remain: the conspiracy was immediately suppressed, and the leaders punished. When all danger was over, the Parisians gave way

* This was the conspiracy of Mallet, for which see the *History of Napoleon Buonaparte*, vol. ii. p. 196.

to their sense of the ludicrous. In every print-shop were caricatures of Savary, naked, in the act of being seized by the conspirators, betraying the utmost terror, and beseeching them not to injure him. Every one expected that he would be dismissed in disgrace: in the first place, the very existence of a conspiracy, unknown to him, was judged sufficient for his removal; and in the next, so was his want of caution in not having the gens-d'armes at hand in case of need. The emperor returned, and the morning following, Savary, with the other ministers, went to the palace with their portfolios. There is something amusing in his own description of the kind of notice he obtained from the courtiers. "They looked as if they feared to speak to me, lest they should afflict me by their condolence. As I made my way through the crowd towards the door of the emperor's cabinet, all gave way as if a funeral were passing." He entered, and remained nearly two hours. Napoleon censured him for want of vigilance, no less than for suffering himself to be conveyed to prison, but did not deprive him of his office. He left the cabinet; and the courtiers endeavoured to read in his eyes whether they ought to address him or not. The length of his interview with the emperor seemed favourable to him; but they were not so imprudent as to make any advances towards renewing their acquaintance before they knew of a certainty that he was pardoned: then, as in honour bound, they hurried to repeat their protestations of respect and attachment.

After the first abdication, Savary, as he was not well received by the king, retired to the country. He was deeply implicated in the plot for the emperor's return, yet that event brought him no

other advantage beyond a seat in the Chamber of Peers, and the inspectorship of the gens-d'armes. The portfolio of police was given to Fouché. When, after the disasters of Waterloo, Napoleon fled to Rochfort, the Duke of Rovigo accompanied him, and would have proceeded with him to St. Helena, had not the British government opposed his intention, and landed him at Malta. Afraid to return to France, where the fate of Labedoyere and Ney might have awaited him, and not being permitted to reside in England, he proceeded, by the advice of a friend, to Smyrna. There, however, he did not find the repose for which he sighed. Through the French ambassador at the Porte, he was again constrained to depart, and with precipitation. In June, 1819, he landed in England, where he obtained permission to remain a short time. Tired of his wandering, uncertain course of life, he resolved to visit Paris, though he well knew that he had been condemned to death for contumacy by a council of war. He proceeded by way of Dover, Ostend, and Brussels, where he bought a vehicle, and, attended by an English officer, he audaciously passed the frontiers, and reached the capital without being arrested. A council of war was summoned,—less to punish him, for the day of vengeance and even of justice was past,—than to revise the former sentence. He was unanimously acquitted, permitted to retain his honours, and to live in retirement.

In 1824, the Duke of Rovigo, anxious to relieve himself of the ignominy attending the part he had taken in the murder of a Condé, put forth a pamphlet in which he endeavoured, as others had done before him, to throw the blame on any shoulders but his own.

His protestations of innocence convinced no man ; the affair remains as it did ; and not all the asseverations in the universe will wash away the guilt of Savary.

Dark as are the traits we have noticed in the life and character of Savary, it would be unjust to withhold our meed of praise to the fidelity with which he served Napoleon. He adhered to that emperor when the world forsook him ; and he has ever since shewn great zeal in vindicating his memory ; in which, however, policy has doubtless as much to do as gratitude, since the justification of his master necessarily involves his own.

The Duke of Rovigo's *Memoirs*, recently published, are written with considerable talent ; and though, of course, far from meriting implicit credit, will always rank among the necessary materials for the history of Napoleon.

TALLEYRAND.

THE political life of the far-famed Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord would be neither more nor less than the secret history of France, from the breaking out of the Revolution to the second restoration of the Bourbons, and would require as many volumes as there are years in that period. But where are the materials to be found ? Who besides himself could unfold the influence which he exercised over the events of his time ? The actions of a military man are before the world, and the world can judge, if not of their merit, at least of their success ; but without a voluntary revelation, the arcana of politics must remain as unknown as the secrets of the confessional.

For this reason, less can be said about one who has directed kingdoms, than about the obscurest of the French Marshals. Speculation, indeed, may be busily at work, and even a high degree of probability may be attained; but during the lifetime of this statesman who will speak out? In the country where, above all others, his life and conduct should be best understood, the least has been written concerning him. We might be astonished at this scantiness of information, did we not call to mind, that though retired from public affairs, his influence is still considerable, and that whoever should be rash enough to assert publicly what has been often reported, what most men, perhaps, are ready to believe, but what no man can prove, might be, and probably would be, visited with the vengeance of the law. A good biography of this prince can be expected only after his decease, and then it must emanate from some one intimately connected, not only with him, but with the policy of the various administrations which governed France during a quarter of a century. He has long been occupied, it is said, in the composition, if not of private memoirs, at least of his political life; but the impression is pretty general, that the fruit of his labours will not be given to the world, until the author is no more. At different periods, indeed, much has been written concerning him *in this country*, but on very questionable authority. National antipathy, aided by the rancour of the emigrants, some of whom in the view of ingratiating themselves with the English, hesitated not to fabricate the most disgusting lies, has represented him as a monster. The truth is, his career has been remarkably free from violence; he has swayed the destinies of France, less by terror than by his prodi-

gious talents, and that laxity of principle, which sanctions in nations what all men would reprobate in individuals. It has been his constant aim to direct, not to oppose, public opinion,—a power which he was sagacious enough to perceive would in the end be too much even for the iron despotism of Napoleon: he was too wise, we believe too humane, to run counter to it, by committing, or authorising to be committed, crimes that must have long ago ensured his ruin. Like Fouché, he knew that a heinous moral crime is fatal, and a political one a blunder.

The family of Talleyrand is truly illustrious. In the middle ages, his male ancestors reigned over Quercy. The celebrated Princess des Ursins, who during the war of the succession to the Spanish throne played so prominent a part at the court of Philip V., was among his ancestors on the maternal side. It is not improbable that the fate of this lady, who exhibited so striking an example of the instability of court favour, may have been before his eyes, and taught him to escape the rocks on which she and so many others who have navigated this most dangerous of seas have been wrecked. Certain it is, that of all men in ancient or modern times, he has exhibited the greatest share of sagacity to foresee perils and of address to avoid them. He has always governed events, rather than been governed by them, because he has always worshipped the power on which those events must ever depend,—that of opinion—we may consequently say, that in a great measure his destiny has been in his own hands.

He was born in Paris, some time in the year 1754. Intended from his infancy for the ecclesiastical state, he was entered at the Seminary of St. Sulpice. This was an unfortunate destination for him, and probably

repugnant to his own wishes. An agreeable person, (notwithstanding some little deformity in one foot,) the elegance of his manners and conversation, the brilliancy of his wit, an exquisite spirit of raillery and keenness of satire, a profound knowledge of the world, especially of human vices and follies, and a strong impulse towards the pleasures, no less than the honours of life, an impulse unrestrained by moral principle, infallibly indicated, that however advantageous the church might in some respects prove to his ambitious aspirings, she would afford too confined a sphere for the exercise of his genius, and that he would prove any thing but a credit to her. However, he took orders at the usual age, and his talents, no less than the interest of his family, procured him rapid advancement. The Abbé de Perigord was only in his twenty-sixth year, when he was nominated agent-general of the clergy. In this important post he displayed as much aptitude in practice, as he had before displayed ability in theory ; he showed that he was no less conversant with the affairs of the world, than with the most abstract principles. When he looked round on the moral and political horizon of his country, he perceived that a great, a mighty change was at hand ; and whether this change were at once effected by a convulsion, or by the slower but surer influence of circumstances, he resolved to direct it to his own purposes. Profound, subtle, eloquent, insinuating, adapted for any part in the great drama of life, and capable alike of deriving advantage from every occurrence, he watched the progress of events with a calmness inspired by the confidence he felt in his own powers. No crisis could well escape his penetration, and for every one his combinations were prepared. The very few who could

read human character predicted his future eminence. Among these was Mirabeau, who in a secret correspondence with Berlin, designated him, even at that early period of life, as one of the most subtle and powerful intellects of the age.

The infidel opinions which the Abbé made no scruple to avow, and the notoriety of his amours, might be supposed to impede, if not altogether to destroy his hopes of advancement in the church. But such was not the case: he belonged to a political party which was all powerful at court, and which clamoured for his promotion. In vain did the virtuous Louis object to his consecration as bishop; disregarding this opposition, the ministry gave him the diocese of Autun, before he had reached his thirty-fourth year. If he was not the most exemplary, he was certainly the most witty and agreeable of prelates. His bon mots, his brilliant repartees, his sparkling sentiments, his cutting satires, were in every one's mouth: his love-letters were in the boudoir of every lady distinguished for beauty, levity, and grace. In short, he was an accomplished infidel, who practised the fashionable vices without compunction, disbelieved in the existence of human virtue, and ridiculed as hypocrites all who pretended to be more scrupulous than himself.

In 1789, Talleyrand was returned by the clergy of his diocese, as deputy to the States-General. The superiority of his genius, and the dexterity with which he handled the most momentous subjects, greatly extended his popularity among all who wished well to the revolutionary cause. He was not satisfied with foreseeing, he wished to hasten what he knew to be inevitable; for of what use was this prophetic faculty

unless he could turn it to some account? In the same year, 1789, he voted that the Clergy should be united with the Communes, which had just been formed into a National Assembly. As member of the Committee of Government, he proposed the abolition of tithes, and with a zeal, scarcely equalled by the most violent of his coadjutors, he would have the vote to pass unanimously. He it was who soon afterwards introduced the famous project for alienating the property of the church. In vain did that body, especially the priests of his own diocese, petition and remonstrate; he saw that such measures *must* be passed, and he resolved to have the credit of introducing them. He turned a deaf ear to complaints of every description, and from every quarter, and pursued his own path, perfectly unmoved amidst the storms which surrounded him. The number of reforms he projected was prodigious; and the reports he delivered in on the state of the finances, and the system of organization he recommended both in that and other departments, proved the astonishing versatility of his talents. Some of these were doubtless most judicious, and none were severely censured except by his own brethren; but all who had any *Catholic* feeling left, were scandalized to see him among the most zealous of the constitutional clergy,—to see him even consecrate the republican bishops. His conduct at length drew down upon him the indignation of the Pope, by whom he was excommunicated, and from that moment he was regarded with horror by the whole Catholic world.

Having, shortly after this, resigned his bishopric of Autun, he devoted his whole attention to secular matters. He was no doubt assisted by the experience of his friend

Mirabeau, who acquainted him with his most hidden views ; and on the death of that extraordinary man he was left without a rival to preside over the spirit of the times. Whatever opinions were dominant had him for a support and guide. He saw that there was a desire for instruction ; and drew up his celebrated plan of national education, in which he took care that religion should be omitted. He projected an Institute of arts and sciences, and five years afterwards the Directory adopted many of his suggestions. In short, whether the agitated current of public feeling was turned towards the irrigation or the devastation of the moral landscape was of no moment to him ; men were beings too ignorant to be enlightened, and too despicable to create any interest in their favour : they were born to be duped, and the wisest was he who duped them most successfully.

In 1792 Citizen Talleyrand came over to this country on a secret mission. What the object of that mission was it is difficult to conjecture ; nor is it more easy to say who were its projectors. By the jacobin party in France he was denounced as a royalist, and by the royalists on this side the channel he was still more loudly represented as a jacobin. Probably he had little or no attachment to either party, but in conformity with his usual spirit of calculation, was resolved to watch the progress of events, and declare for the one which should prove ultimately triumphant. There is no doubt, however, that if he had any predilections, they were in favour of the democrats, since among them alone could he hope to enjoy power. After the death of Louis, he remained here as the agent of the republic ; and it appears certain that he was instructed to open a communication between

the regicide government he represented and the disaffected in England. He complained, however, that *our* liberals were very interested,—that none would stir a foot in favour of “the general cause,” without advances of money; and from them he characterized the whole nation as mercenary. Such specimens of the national character, indeed, as he was likely to meet, may have justified his censure. The educated, the honourable, the peaceable,—all who had either property or a name to lose,—were sure to shun his society as well as abhor his principles; while the needy, the unprincipled,—the very dregs of the community, would gather round him. The open dislike testified to him by the higher orders seems to have raised his bile, and urged him to more zeal in the revolutionary cause. The emigrants here watched him closely, denounced him at length to government, and procured an order for him to leave England in twenty-four hours. He saw the blackening of the thunder-cloud in France, and he dared not return; he embarked for the United States, and thereby escaped the blind fury of Robespierre. As his was a mind which could be applied indifferently to the greatest or least objects, as the elephant’s trunk can pluck up a tree or gather a pin, so was he ready to turn either an empire or a coffee-mill. In the United States he became a tradesman, and opened a shop. But with all his suppleness and versatility, we are not to suppose that he bore the same affection for the ledger as for the ministerial portfolio: when the reign of terror was ended, he longed to forsake the counter for the tribune, and with some difficulty he obtained permission to return. For this permission he was indebted more to the zealous interference of his friend Madame de Stael, who had

great weight with the Directory, than to any other cause. The decree of his perpetual banishment, which had passed in 1794, was annulled in September the following year. No sooner was he acquainted with the favourable result of her exertions, than he hastened to embark. He landed at Hamburg, where he remained for some time, and where he formed a connexion with Madame Grandt, which finally ended in marriage. Though from the number of his enemies—such were all who dreaded the superiority of his talents in the universal struggle for power—he wisely remained in the shade for some months after his return (1796), his influence was not the less felt. At length he appeared in public, and his eloquence had its usual effect. The Directory gave him the portfolio of foreign affairs ; but there was a general outcry against the appointment raised by all who feared his power. Such a man, let him be where he might, could do no other than produce a sensation : it was feared that he would soon become a member of the Directory, and after that whatever he pleased. “ He will restore the Bourbons, or seat himself in their place !” cried the jacobin : “ He will be our bitterest enemy !” exclaimed the royalist. In fact, he found the opposition so strong, that even he judged a resignation necessary. But if he retired from view, he knew how to influence those who remained at the head of affairs. His presence was still felt : it was galling to his rivals, and to none more than to the Buonapartes, who apprehended, and not without reason, that he might anticipate their brother. That he had formed the design of overturning the contemptible government then existing appears undoubted ; and there is as little doubt that he would have succeeded in the attempt, had

not Napoleon suddenly arrived from Egypt. Two such minds must either be united or opposed : if opposed, the struggle might have been perpetuated beyond the wish of all parties ; if united, they must triumph over every obstacle. A sense of common interest drew them together ; and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire was owing to the fruitful genius of Talleyrand as much as to the audacity of Buonaparte.

As Minister for Foreign Affairs, this extraordinary man became the soul of the Consular government. He perceived that the country had need of peace : he obtained it with Austria, at Luneville, and with England at Amiens. In the mean time he was not so absorbed by public concerns as to be insensible to his own. He wanted a wife, but how could *he* marry who had solemnly taken the ecclesiastical vows ? He compelled the poor Pope to secularize him by a brief, and being thus released from canonical obedience, he married Madame Grandt, the beautiful woman with whom he had been so long connected.

Talleyrand had but one rival of ability sufficient to be dreaded,—Fouché ; but in spite of all the intrigues of the latter, he long maintained the second place in the state. Of those intrigues, however, one was near proving fatal to him. A treaty had been concluded between the First Consul, and Paul I., the Russian emperor, the conditions of which were to be carefully concealed from England. The ratifications, &c. were of course deposited in the office of the minister for Foreign Affairs. What was the surprise of Buonaparte when Fouché presented him with a faithful copy of that treaty, which he had received from one of his agents in London, and which was known to our ministry ! His first impulse was to arrest Talleyrand ; but an

investigation being set on foot, it was discovered that one of the minister's clerks had copied the document, and sold it for 30,000 francs. Was not the whole a contrivance of Fouché to remove the man whose genius he dreaded? So thought the world,—how justly cannot be determined. The result was open enmity between these celebrated men, whose characters were so striking.—Talleyrand governed by the pure force of his mind; Fouché by cunning and deep dissimulation: the one felt that his genius must command; the other, that his good fortune must depend on his vigilance and address: in other respects both were subtle beyond example, perfectly versed in human nature, and the state of opinion among all ranks, and remarkably dexterous in consolidating the revolutionary elements into one compact social form. Hence both were appreciated, and both rewarded, by the most liberal master the world ever saw: the one was invested with the sovereign principality of Benevento, the other with the ducal fief of Otranto.

In 1807 the Prince of Benevento was unexpectedly deprived of his ministry, but raised to the lucrative dignity of Vice Grand Elector. The cause of this honourable disgrace is not very clear: it was supposed at the time to be owing to his decided disapprobation of the meditated Spanish usurpation. However this might be, he was thenceforward subject to the surveillance of the police. The emperor feared him more than all his other internal enemies, for now he began *to be* an enemy, a secret one, and therefore the more formidable. From that time Buonaparte took pleasure in insulting him before the whole court; but the witty servant often threw back the ridicule on the master. Among the malicious reports of the time, was one which Na-

napoleon was sure to lay hold of as a means of mortifying the man he disliked: it related to a high degree of intimacy, said to be subsisting between Madame Talleyrand and Ferdinand of Spain, who was confined in the Castle of Valençay, belonging to the Prince of Benevento. The next time our prince appeared at court, the emperor eagerly taunted him on the subject. All eyes were turned towards him as he calmly replied: "Well would it be, both for your majesty's glory and mine, if the Spanish princes were never again to be mentioned!" Napoleon hung down his head, and was afterwards in no hurry to bandy retorts with the Vice Grand Elector. Sometimes, indeed, he gave way to his impetuosity so far as to level a torrent of abuse at Talleyrand, and on such occasions the latter was careful not to afford an excuse for the exercise of violence towards him. He withstood the storm with imperturbable demeanour; so that these unseemly exhibitions were as discreditable to the one as they were favourable to the other. The impassibility of the prince's countenance, even when most agitated within, was truly remarkable. On this subject Murat had a coarse but expressive manner of speaking. "Kick Talleyrand on the breech," said his majesty, "and then look at his countenance: it will not show the slightest sense of the indignity."

But though Talleyrand no longer possessed either the portfolio or the friendship of his master, such was the opinion entertained of his ability, that he was often summoned to attend the imperial head-quarters, and entrusted with the management of difficult negotiations. There might indeed be another reason for this: his presence in Paris during the emperor's absence was always dreaded; but it is certain that he

was the only diplomatist capable of sustaining the interests of France, and of curbing the ambition of her ruler. His most implacable enemies regretted his dismissal from the ministry, and were anxious for his recal; and well they might, for such men as Champagny, and Clarke, and Caulaincourt, and Maret—men of narrow views, and too fawning to be any thing but passive instruments in the hands of Napoleon,—were hurrying the empire to the very brink of ruin. They knew that he alone could save it, and after the Russian campaign Buonaparte seemed to be of the same opinion. Again, the ministry of the exterior was offered to him, but on the condition that he would resign the Vice Grand Electorship. He refused to do so; he would not accept the portfolio unless he might also retain his lucrative dignity. In this he might be right; for at any moment he might be dismissed from the ministry, and there was little hope that in such a case he would be restored to his Vice Grand Electorship: he was overwhelmed with debts, and he was not so mad as to relinquish the advantages he was sure to possess, for such as were wholly contingent, and at best less lucrative. Savary tells us, however, that he freely bestowed the benefit of his advice on the emperor. It was, according to that veracious writer, neither more nor less than, in order to distract the hostilities of England, to open a communication with Lord Wellington, in Spain, and to stimulate that general to dethrone the king of England and seize the vacant dignity!

The emperor, says Savary, strongly commented on the absurdity of striving to deprive a powerful monarch of a crown, when his own was tottering on his head. If such advice were actually given—which is

almost too absurd to be credited—it could only have been with a view of plunging the falling emperor into a more destructive abyss. There is reason to believe that as Talleyrand saw that the imperial fortunes were on the decline, he resolved to accelerate their descent. That he was deeply engaged in the restoration of the Bourbons is certain, though it is impossible to ascertain either the nature or the extent of his interference. When the allies entered Paris he was nominated President of the Provisional Government, and in this elevated station he succeeded in drawing all who had any influence to the new order of things. He prevailed on the Emperor Alexander, who had honoured him so far as to reside under his roof, to espouse the cause of the ancient princes. The result is well known. After a few weeks' reign over all France, he resigned the supreme authority to Louis, by whom his services were rewarded. The 12th of May (1814) he was restored to his old ministerial functions; the 4th of June, he was created a peer of France, by the title of Prince de Talleyrand; and towards the close of the same year, he was sent as French Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Vienna.

In this last capacity the prince was a formidable opponent to the pretensions of Murat. He exclaimed against suffering a creature of Buonaparte to remain on the Neapolitan throne. His aristocratic notions, doubtless, led him to despise a man whose family had long been the menial servants of his. In the heat of his exertions, Napoleon returned to Paris, and dispatched an emissary to win him over to his cause. But he was too experienced to be duped by promises, however magnificent,—he who had so successfully duped others. He felt that Buonaparte and he knew

each other too well ever again to meet on a confidential footing. Besides he was too sagacious not to foresee that combined Europe *must* triumph. For these reasons, and perhaps some others known only to himself, he *this time* remained faithful to his oaths. He pressed the allies to issue their famous declarations against the usurper, of the 13th and 25th of March (1815). How well his wisdom was justified by the events, the second restoration of Louis soon proved. He was again entrusted with the department for Foreign Affairs; but he did not long remain in office. He disagreed with his colleagues, resigned, and was made the king's chamberlain. From that time to the present he has shunned public life; or we may rather say, been driven from it. Lately, his residence was at Marseilles, but it is now generally at Valençay.

It has been said, that if Napoleon was the Child of Victory, Talleyrand was the Genius of Policy; that history cannot offer two such examples of the influence exercised by intellect alone over the revolutions of a country. With courage to attempt, and talents to effect, the greatest changes, and with little moral principle to restrain them, both have been the wonder and the reproach of their time. But if both had the same contempt for their species, and were equally dexterous in using others as the instruments of their designs, there was a great difference between their methods of conduct. The one effected much by violence, the other was all mildness, and governed only by persuasion: the one persevered in his plans, even when circumstances had changed; the other always modified them by subsequent information: the former hesitated not to oppose the current of events, and even

of opinions ; the latter sailed quietly on it, and directed it into what channel he pleased : Buonaparte would do all things by his mere fiat ; Talleyrand, convinced that all real power lies in opinion, sought an acquaintance with the kindred spirit which rules the destinies of man, and became calm, subtle, and potent as itself : moveable as Fortune in the means by which he attempted to rise,—varying with the ever restless current of popular feeling, he pursued the end in view with the constancy of Fate. One thing will be remembered to his everlasting honour,—that while Buonaparte and Fouché waded through blood to attain the object of their ambition, his was a path unstained by the slightest excess. He practised vices, not crimes.

If, however, the whispers of political enemies had any foundation in truth, on the soul of this prince a crime would lie which would consign his name to everlasting execration. Many years before her death the Empress Josephine, in adverting to the disastrous death of the Duke d'Enghien, asserted that the mystery in which that affair was enveloped would some time be removed, and that *certain persons* would then be found more guilty than her husband. Among the persons thus obscurely alluded to, rumour pointed out the Prince of Benevento ; but neither the nature nor extent of his reputed participation in the crime were clearly defined until Savary and the ex-emperor, in their respective memoirs, filled up the vague and almost indistinct outline.

The sum of the charge is this : While Buonaparte was First Consul, the revolutionary leaders, those especially who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., in the continual apprehension that he might restore

the throne to the lawful heir, were anxious to lead him to some step which might for ever place him and the Bourbons in mortal hostility to each other. What more likely to effect such an object than the murder of a prince of that house? The Duke d'Enghien was known to be within the reach of the First Consul; and it was also known that he had long been in arms against France. Plots against the life of Buonaparte were fabricated, and the duke named as one of the chief agents. His destruction was decreed: with some difficulty an order was procured for his arrest; he was brought to Paris; and, after a mock trial, condemned and executed. Before, however, his execution took place, he penned a letter to the First Consul, in which he not only asserted his entire ignorance of the odious plots laid to his charge, but even offered to enter into the service of Buonaparte. His letter, conclude the Buonapartists, would have procured his pardon, *but it was detained by Talleyrand until the writer was no more.*

An obvious question will here present itself to the reader: What had Talleyrand—he who was allowed on all hands to be unstained by revolutionary violence—to fear from the restoration of the Bourbons? Why should he detain the letter?

But was *such* a letter really written? Would the prince, who on his trial exhibited all the magnanimity and chivalrous spirit of a Condé,—who regarded death with indifference—condescend to purchase life by the most extreme baseness? Would he consent to sacrifice the rights of his house,—to be the ally of the regicides who had overturned the throne, and destroyed the liberties of his country—of them whom on the field of battle he had often braved death to oppose?

Had such a letter been really written, reason will say, Talleyrand would not have *dared* to detain it. He would not have taken on himself the responsibility of accounting both to his master and to Europe for the blood of the victim.

Through the cloud of mystery which covers this horrid affair, it seems, however, probable that *a* letter was actually addressed by the Prince to the First Consul. As the accused saw that he had no chance of a fair trial from his judges, and as a personal interview with Buonaparte was denied him, he may have made a letter the medium of his defence ; he may have urged his innocence of the charges against him, and appealed—not to the generosity, but the justice of the First Consul. If it was detained, it was detained by the same authority which peremptorily refused the interview solicited. What authority was that ? Would any one beneath Buonaparte himself *dare*, on his own responsibility, to do either ?

After all, time only can bring this deed of darkness to light. Enough has been said on the ground of reason and probability to absolve Talleyrand.

The magnificent style of living which has ever distinguished the prince is said to have greatly impaired his ample resources. The reports of his immense wealth so current in this country are wholly erroneous. According to Savary, he was so poor after his retirement from the ministry, as to be compelled to dispose of his hotel in Paris, which the emperor, commiserating his distress, was induced to purchase. The immediate cause of this distress was the loss of one hundred thousand crowns, which he had lent to a relative, and which he was unable to recover. The fact that so small a loss should so utterly derange his

affairs, is a sufficient proof of his pecuniary situation, and affords the presumption, that he is not guilty of many acts of speculation laid to his charge. It is true, indeed, that he was not always very nice as to the means by which money could be acquired. That he interfered with the public funds, in an unworthy manner, is at least probable; and it is certain that, under the Directory, he participated in the shameless extortions of that government. The less powerful European states were *compelled* to purchase peace: a refusal would have caused them to be overrun by the French legions. Even the ambassador of the United States was requested, on the preliminaries of a treaty being settled, to make *a present* to the Directors and their Ministers; but he properly resented the demand, and reduced the knaves to silence.

The Princess of Benevento was never a favourite at Napoleon's court, and scarcely ever permitted to appear there. She was a woman of great beauty, but of a pitiful understanding; and the surprise was great and general that Talleyrand should have made such a choice*.

* Talleyrand had one day invited to dinner the celebrated traveller Denon. With the design of gratifying his guest, he desired his lady, who knew not the *savant* even by name, to converse with him about his travels. "You will find his book," said he, "on the third shelf in my library. Run it over, and you will be better able to entertain him." The lady, anxious to please her lord, repaired to the library, but found she had forgotten the title. She opened the books in the hope of refreshing her memory, and leaped for joy when she laid her hands on *Robinson Crusoe*, which she had not the least doubt was the name of her husband's intended guest. She devoured some

pages of the book, until she thought herself sufficiently qualified to entertain him. At the hour appointed he came, and when the dessert was brought, she was ambitious of displaying her newly-acquired knowledge. She spoke of his shipwreck on the uninhabited isle, feelingly participated in his sorrowful adventures, and ended by asking him *how his man Friday was!* The astonishment of the savant, and the confusion of the husband, may be partly conceived. "Madame?" "Yes, how is faithful Friday?" This was too much for Talleyrand, who immediately interposed.

NAPOLEON'S GENERALS.

AUGEREAU.

PIERRE-François-Charles Augereau, the son of a poor fruiterer in one of the faubourgs of Paris, was born November 11th, 1757. At an early age his martial bias induced him to enter the Neapolitan service; but he had little reason to boast of his good fortune; in 1787 he was still a private soldier. Seeing little prospect of advancement, he left the army in disgust, and settled at Naples, where he subsisted by teaching fencing, an art in which he was remarkably expert. In 1792, however, all Frenchmen suspected of revolutionary principles being constrained to quit the Neapolitan territory, he returned to his own country, and became a volunteer in the Republican army of the south.

In ordinary cases, the man who at thirty-five years of age has attained no higher rank than that of common soldier, would be accounted sanguine indeed if he looked for success in that profession. But Augereau, though not blessed with any great powers of penetration, could not but perceive that a great struggle between France and the old governments of Europe was at hand, and he resolved to act a conspicuous part in it. He had soon various opportunities of exhibiting that daring intrepidity which ever

afterwards characterized his career. All that he wished to know was, where is the enemy? He cared not for superiority of numbers on the opposite side, nor for disadvantage of position on his own; like a furious bull he rushed headlong on the danger. Hence he acquired what he so ardently sighed for—distinction, and its unfailing rewards. His promotion was rapid beyond all precedent: in 1794 he was brigadier-general, and in two years more, general of division! To have risen, in the short space of four years, from the lowest to almost the highest rank, must have implied both extraordinary merit and unparalleled good fortune.

To enumerate all the valiant deeds of General Augereau, after his joining the army of Italy, in 1796, would be a mere catalogue of successes, the uniformity of which was broken by two or three trifling reverses only; we can but briefly advert to the more striking.

After a forced march of two days, his first exploit was to attack the outposts of Millesimo, to seize on the gorge which defends it, and to cut off Rovera with two thousand from the main body of the Austrians. He soon stormed the fortified camp at Ceva, carried Alba and Casale, and encountered the enemy strongly entrenched at the bridge of Lodi, the passage of which was defended by a murderous fire. With some other officers he rushed forwards; the troops followed, and the retrenchments were carried. The officers who commanded his rear having sustained a repulse, he assailed the position of Castiglione with the desperation of one resolved to wipe out the disgrace or die. After a sanguinary struggle he succeeded; and in course of time the name of the

place where this advantage was gained gave him his ducal title. He took Primolano, Cavelo, Porto Legagno, Fort St. George, and constrained a strong column of the Austrians to a ruinous retreat on Bassano. The last of his exploits in this short but memorable campaign was at the battle of Arcola. Perceiving that the French columns were giving way before the tremendous artillery of the enemy, he snatched an ensign from the bearer, raised it on high, advanced, constrained the men by his example, and thereby contributed essentially to the victory of Napoleon.

His bravery, great as it was, was eclipsed and sullied by his shameless avarice. He amassed immense riches in this campaign; not the least part at Lugo, a town he had mercilessly abandoned to a three hours' pillage. His insatiate thirst for gold was such, that it passed into a proverb even in an army of plunderers. If a soldier was poor, he was often told by his comrade, "Thou hast not the poker of Augereau!" an expression significantly denoting the diligence with which our general raked every corner for hidden treasure. In many respects, we fear, he must be held as one of the greatest ruffians of the revolution. He robbed churches with as much indifference as private houses; and has at least been reproached with the more serious charge of violating helpless innocence. That many excesses were committed at Lugo, during the sack of that unfortunate town, is certain; but for the sake of humanity we are unwilling to believe that "wives and daughters were violated before the faces of their husbands and fathers, *with the express sanction of this general.*"

1797.] At the commencement of this year, Au-

gereau was dispatched by Buonaparte to Paris, under the pretext of laying before the government the numerous trophies won before the fall of Mantua, but in reality to assist the majority of the directors in their secret project of getting rid of their two colleagues. His fame as a soldier was deservedly high; he had been very honourably mentioned in the letters of the commander-in-chief; and the directors received him with marked distinction. They had need of a bold, devoted man,—one more zealous than enlightened; such a one they found in this fearless, unscrupulous soldier, who was ready to serve “the powers that be” in any way, or every way, provided he had any prospect of finding his own account in it; and they were the more willing to make *him* their instrument, from a persuasion that the obtuseness of his understanding would prevent him from aspiring to an authority, the face of which he was so materially to change.

The situation of the general was one which required extreme caution, since the divulging of his design would have inevitably led to its frustration. An indefinite sort of suspicion already existed that some change was contemplated,—and this acquired strength on his being appointed to the command of the troops in the capital. Every eye was now fixed on him, and every method used to extort some confession from him. One of the Council of Ancients took occasion to flatter him in presence of the assembly;—hazarded some suppositions as to the intentions of the government;—expressed something like apprehension for the capital, but was convinced that so patriotic an officer would attempt

nothing to its injury. This was artful enough, but it elicited nothing from the cunning soldier beyond the blunt assurance, "Paris has nothing to fear from me; I am a Paris boy myself!"—On the appointed day (the 18th Fructidor) at the head of an armed force he entered the hall of the legislative body, tore the epaulets from the shoulders of a distinguished but obnoxious officer, arrested Pichegru and about one hundred and fifty other deputies, and decimated the assembly! By the victor party he was proclaimed *the saviour of his country*, but he expected a more substantial recompense,—the place of one of the directors thus forcibly expelled. His employers now found that, however deficient he might be in general talent, he had both address and ambition. They refused to admit him into their body: he remonstrated, and even threatened them. They were alarmed; but happily for them he was at length prevailed on to assume the command of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle.

In this honourable but inactive capacity, Augereau displayed great pomp in his style of living, and still more in his dress and equipage. The contrast between this splendour and the vulgarity of his manners and habits was striking, and bordering on the ludicrous. Even here the directors were afraid of him; they had heard an absurd report of his intention to revolutionize Suabia, and they were anxious to remove him quietly from a post in which he might seriously annoy them. They named him Commandant of the Tenth Division (at Perpignon), on the pretence that he was to head an expedition destined for Portugal. Thus the Fructidor-general—the name by which he was here-

after designated—was duped by the very men whose odious instrument he had been.

1799.] The department of the Upper Garonne having returned him to the Council of Five Hundred, he abandoned his useless command, and hastened to Paris to exercise his new functions. Buonaparte soon arrived from Egypt; Jourdan proposed his famous resolution,—“The country is in danger;” and Augereau seconded him; nor did he appear at the entertainment given to the hero of Italy and Egypt in the church of St. Sulpice. But Jourdan proved to be powerless; even Bernadotte was silent; Murat, Lannes, Berthier, Lefebvre, Bessières, and nearly all the great generals of the army of Italy, rallied round their old chief; and Augereau began to think he had been somewhat indiscreet. Not a moment was to be lost; away he posted to Buonaparte, embraced him, and said, in a tone of tender reproach, “What! could you forget your own little Augereau?”

The general was rewarded for his seasonable conversion by several important commands, and after the establishment of the empire, by a marshal's truncheon and a ducal title. In 1805 he distinguished himself against Austria; in 1806, against Prussia. He added much to his reputation at the battle of Jena, where he exhibited not only the animal courage which had borne him triumphant over so many fields, but an ability in his movements for which no one was prepared. At the dreadful struggle at Eylau he performed an act of heroism which reminds us of the days of chivalry. When the battle commenced, he was seriously indisposed by a fever, and unable to sit in an upright posture. He called his servants, ordered them to place him on horseback, and bind him fast

to the saddle; he assembled his corps, and was soon engaged in the thickest of the fight! He was wounded in the arm, and compelled to fall back; his men were in consequence thrown into disorder, and suffered severely. No allowance was made for his enfeebled condition of body, no praise awarded for his unparalleled efforts,—nay, he was censured by the emperor because his corps was defeated. The chief, whose banners conquest had hitherto favoured, was enraged at the indecisive result of the day, and wreaked his spleen on Augereau, who returned home in disgrace.

The Marshal Duke of Castiglione was long in fully recovering his master's favour. In 1809, however, he superseded St. Cyr in the siege of Gerona, which he took after an obstinate resistance. But near Barcelona he received a check, and was recalled. More than two years of mortifying inactivity ensued. During the Russian expedition, he was stationed with the Eleventh Corps at Berlin; but throughout the Saxon campaign, and especially at Leipsic, he greatly distinguished himself. He was next entrusted with the defence of Lyons—a post of the highest importance: “Remember your former victories, and forget that you are on the wrong side of fifty!” was Napoleon's injunction. For a time he did his duty: he forced the Austrian General Bubna to retreat on Geneva; but Augereau in his turn gave way before the superior forces of Bianchi and the Prince of Hesse Homburg; and forty-five thousand of the enemy pursued him to the gates of Lyons.

We have already seen one notable instance of the facility with which “the Fructidor general” could change sides. He now announced his resolution to

defend Lyons to the last drop of his blood ; and addressed a proclamation to the soldiers and inhabitants, exhorting them to resist to the uttermost, and professing the strongest devotion to Napoleon. But events hurried onwards with unexpected rapidity: the imperial fortunes grew darker every hour ; and the marshal's part was taken. He surrendered Lyons, which he might have defended for many months, if not years. He did more : he retired to Valence, where he addressed his troops in behalf of Louis XVIII.—“ the true heir of Henry IV., and the object of every Frenchman's affection !” As for the fallen emperor, he was “ an odious despot, of whom all France was glad to be rid,—a mean coward, who had feared to die as became a soldier !”

Soon after this, the Fructidor general and the ex-emperor accidentally met near Valence, as the latter was on his route to Elba. They embraced, the former with evident constraint, the latter with cold dignity. “ Art thou going to court ?” demanded Napoleon. “ What a stupid proclamation is thine ! Why *abuse* me ? Couldst thou not have simply said, that, as the nation had pronounced in favour of the new sovereign, the duty of the army was to follow the example, and cry *vive Louis XVIII.* ?” The marshal in reply accused his old master of tyranny, and of an ambition ruinous to France ; he then turned his back on the fallen chief, and walked away. Such was the taste and feeling of “ the Fructidor general.”

Augereau hastened to Paris to receive his reward ; and was presented with the cross of St. Louis. Impatient to reach higher favours, he surprised the faithful by presiding at the funeral service celebrated in memory of Louis XVI. ; and was on this created a

peer of France. In July, being present at an entertainment given by the troops of the garrison to the National Guard of Lyons, Augereau proposed the health of "Louis XVIII., our beloved king and father;" and he was speedily appointed commandant of the Fourteenth Division in Normandy.

This loyalist was with his division in Normandy when news arrived of the disembarkation of Cannes; and in two of Napoleon's proclamations he found himself openly designated as a traitor. The duke did not reply; he had once committed himself with respect to the Directory, and he resolved to watch the progress of events. When the arrival of Napoleon in Paris removed all doubt, he thought it high time to address his soldiers: "The emperor is in his capital! That name, so long the pledge of victory, has alone sufficed to disperse his enemies. For a moment fortune was faithless to him: influenced by the noblest of illusions, the happiness of his country, he believed the sacrifice of his glory and crown a duty to France. His rights are imprescriptible, and he comes to reclaim them: never were they more sacred. March once more under the victorious wings of those immortal eagles which have so often conducted you to glory." The emperor, however, would no longer trust one who, within a few short months, had betrayed two masters, and on both occasions with an effrontery that created a sensation, even at that period of unblushing apostacy. Obtaining neither a command in the army, nor a seat in the Chamber of Peers, Augereau was compelled to retire into the country; and there he remained until the second restoration of Louis, of whose cause he announced himself once more the fervent partisan. But the king had no ear for his

protestations ; and, equally the object of scorn and laughter, he again fled to his country-seat, where he remained until his death, June 12, 1816.

In the military career of this marshal we have found little to praise beyond fiery and indomitable courage ; and his private character appears to have been, in every point of view, detestable.

BERNADOTTE.

JOHN BAPTISTE JULIUS BERNADOTTE, destined to be one of the greatest, and by far the most fortunate of Napoleon's lieutenants, was born at Pau, the capital of Bearne, Jan. 26th, 1764. His parents were humble, but not of the very humblest condition, as appears from the superior education they were enabled to give him. Some accounts say that he was designed for the bar ; but, in his sixteenth year, he suddenly relinquished his studies, and enlisted as a private soldier into the Royal Marines.

Notwithstanding his superior acquirements, and his good conduct, the year 1789 found Bernadotte only a serjeant ; but after the revolutionary torrent swept away the artificial distinctions of society, and cleared the military stage for the exhibition and success of plebeian merit, his rise was most rapid. In 1792 he was colonel in the army of General Custines : the year following, he served under Kleber, with so much ability and zeal, that he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, and almost immediately afterwards to that of general of division.

In the ensuing campaigns, the new general served both on the Rhine and in Italy, and on every occasion with distinguished reputation ; but he kept aloof from

the conqueror of Italy—having even thus early taken up an ominous foreboding of his designs.

The weakness of the existing government, the talents, popularity, and character of the hero, and above all, the contempt which he exhibited for the orders of the Directory, when opposed to his own views, might well create distrust in a mind so sagacious as Bernadotte's. He was so little disposed to become the instrument of Buonaparte's ambition, that after the peace of Campo-Formio, he flatly refused to serve in the army of England. With some difficulty he was persuaded to accept an embassy to Vienna, the chief object of which, he was informed, was to satisfy the court of Austria, that in marching on Rome, the French army had no intention of interfering with the Papal government, but merely to obtain reparation for the murder of the republican ambassador. But, about a week after his arrival, he received intelligence that Switzerland was invaded, and Rome declared a republic by Berthier, and feeling humbled and insulted, he forbore to re-appear at a court which must necessarily regard him with suspicion.

Nor was the issue of the embassy itself calculated to put him in a good humour. A mob assembled to pull down the republican ensign he had hoisted at his official residence, and proceeded even to break open his doors; he was compelled to fire in his own defence; and more than once his life was in danger. This incident occasioned his immediate departure from the Austrian capital; and, angry with the Directory for not insisting on satisfaction for so gross an insult, he for some time refused to serve them in any capacity.

1799.] The following year, war with Austria having been declared, Bernadotte, now tired of inactivity, accepted the command of the Army of Obser-

vation on the Rhine. In this capacity, as Italy was the great theatre of bloodshed, his services were of a civil rather than of a military nature. He was recalled to assume the important duties of Minister at War. The Directors hoped to find in him a colleague, too exclusively military in his habits ever to become a leading statesman; but they soon found that, whatever might be his military talents, his political capacity was yet superior. He possessed a sound judgment, an honest desire for the public weal, and a moral courage, which enabled him to defy all opposition in the execution of what he regarded as his duty. Scarcely did he occupy his post, before he convinced the Directors that he might become their master, never their tool. He wrote to the generals to excite their patriotism, and that of their soldiers; to both he recommended discipline and harmony; he made several changes in the more important military charges; urged Moreau to institute an inquiry into the conduct of the governors who had surrendered the Italian fortresses to the enemy; he augmented or re-modelled several divisions of the army, and infused into the whole service a spirit which had ceased to animate it from the time of Buonaparte's departure for Egypt. His deserved popularity, and the influence of the party which supported him in the Council of Five Hundred, disquieted the Directors; and their uneasiness rose to alarm, on learning that he had actually been solicited by numbers to dismiss them, and to reconstruct the government. They had no time to lose. "Barras and I," says Fouché—and when Fouché speaks in favour of human nature, his testimony cannot be disputed—"undertook to divert Bernadotte from an enterprise, which might have rendered him the Marius of France; but, indeed, such an enterprise

was neither in his character nor his habits. Doubtless he was devoured by ambition, but it was an ambition useful and noble, and he was a true friend to liberty. "We touched him in the sensible part, and thereby softened him." From these expressions it would appear that he had been seriously disposed to relieve France from the load of a government equally feeble and rapacious, but that his humanity shrunk at the prospect of the disasters which another revolution, however laudable in its purpose, might bring in its train. Being removed from the ministry, on the plea that he was required to resume the active duties of his profession—which his disgust with the government would not permit him to do—Bernadotte retired to the country until the return of Napoleon.

There is no doubt that Bernadotte wished Buonaparte to be arrested for abandoning the army in Egypt; and it is equally plain that he would have protected the Directorial Government, had he been placed at the head of a sufficient body of troops: for he was not so much displeased with the *form* of that government, as with the individuals who composed it. Buonaparte, with some difficulty, obtained from him a promise of neutrality; which he would never have given, had he penetrated the real designs of the conspirators of Brumaire*. He had, therefore, no share in the revolution which established the Consular authority. He did not, however, refuse the advantages which it offered him. He was made Councillor of State, and General-in-chief of the Army of the West. In the latter capacity his conduct was wise and firm: he quelled some dangerous insurrections, prevented the disembarkation of an English armament at Qui-

* See Life of Napoleon.

beron; and acquired a reputation for ability and humanity, superior to that of any other lieutenant of Napoleon. This roused jealousy; and knowing the First Consul's ill-will towards him, persons were not wanting to increase it. It was insinuated that he connived at a conspiracy, the object of which was no less than to subvert the government. Napoleon affected to believe the report, dissolved Bernadotte's staff, which was implicated, arrested several of its members, and displaced the general himself. "Bernadotte is in disgrace," cried some. "He is sick: he has been poisoned like Hoche!" cried others. All knew that he had never been the friend, the tool, or the flatterer of Buonaparte; and little would have been their surprise had he shared the fate of Pichegru or of Moreau. But he was not to be treated so lightly by the First Consul, who well knew the strength of his character, and the extent of his abilities, and who was more than once heard to exclaim concerning him: "He has a Roman heart and a French head!" Something like a reconciliation between them was at length effected by Joseph Buonaparte, whose wife and Madame Bernadotte were sisters.

The assumption of the imperial dignity by Napoleon was no less favourable to Bernadotte than to other distinguished chiefs. He received a marshal's truncheon, with the command of the army of Hanover, and of the eighth cohort of the Legion of Honour. In March, 1805, he was chosen President of the Electoral College of Vaucluse, and returned to the Conservative Senate, by the Department of the Upper Pyrenees. About the same time he was decorated with the orders of the Black and Red Eagle of Prussia, and with the Grand Cross of St. Hubert

of Bavaria. It may, however, be doubted, whether all these honours reconciled him to an elevation which laid prostrate the hopes of France. Not only did he appreciate thoroughly the character of the emperor, but he was at that time deeply impressed with admiration for a republican form of government. He was mortified to find that so much blood had been shed in vain. Like many others, however, he bowed to an influence which he was unable to resist, and continued to serve with unabated fidelity.

1806.] Whatever might be the dislike entertained towards him by the emperor before the commencement of this year's campaign, he was invested with the principality of Ponte-Corvo. At the head of the First Corps he hastened to signalise his gratitude and zeal; and in almost all the successes of this fiercely-contested war, he had an ample share; though from the lingering influence of the old jealousy, he was rarely noticed in the bulletins.

The prince was now placed over a considerable combined force of French, Dutch, and Spaniards, in the vicinity of Hamburg. He passed into Fionia and Jutland, which were intrusted to his government, but with all his vigilance, he could not prevent the escape of the Spanish general La Romana, with some thousand troops of that nation; and for this he was censured, though undeservedly, by Napoleon. The mildness of his administration, and his zealous efforts to repair the disasters of war, procured him a high reputation, not only in those countries, but throughout the north. His conduct in this respect presented a striking contrast to that of most of his brother marshals—and, as we shall soon see, it was nobly rewarded.

The renewal of the war with Austria (1809) sum-

moned the prince to the field of honour ; but in the career of his success, he was arrested by a singular circumstance. At the battle of Wagram, he commanded a considerable body of Saxons, and a few French, who occupied the left wing of the Grand Army. The Saxons fought with great bravery, but were unable to resist the attack of the Austrians. They were giving way, when he ordered one of the generals under him—Dupas, who headed a French division—to support them. The general replied that he had received strict orders not to leave his position. The marshal—surprised, as he might well be, at so gross a breach of military regulations, hastily secured the safety of the Saxons, flew to head-quarters, and urged his complaint in undisguised terms. He said, that if Dupas had acted on higher orders, with the purpose of destroying him, there were other means of accomplishing that, without involving so many brave men in his fate. The observation might be petulant, but it throws much light on the footing on which the master and the servant had long been, and on the sort of opinion which the latter entertained of the former. Napoleon endeavoured to pacify him, by saying, that what occasioned his just surprise, was merely one of the oversights inevitable in such complicated movements. This did not satisfy him : his freedom—which, if his suspicions were unfounded, was wholly inexcusable—displeased the emperor ; a dispute arose ; he demanded and obtained his dismissal, and returned to Paris in complete disgrace.

Just as the prince reached the French capital, news arrived of the disembarkation of the English at Walcheren. Napoleon's ministers promptly put in

motion a force to defend Antwerp ; and the command was offered to Bernadotte. At first he refused it : he was too deeply wounded to affect much zeal for the service of his arbitrary master : but the judicious advice of Fouché, who urged him not to afford the emperor an opportunity of stigmatizing him as one that had neglected to serve his country on an occasion so momentous, decided him to undertake the command. He forced the invaders to evacuate first the isle of South Beveland, then that of Walcheren ; but no sooner did Napoleon hear of his nomination by the ministry, than he sent two or three secret agents to watch the motions of his marshal ; and the conduct of these fellows was so galling, that he was not, perhaps, displeased at being ordered back to Paris, immediately on the conclusion of peace with Austria.

From this time, the prince, unwilling to appear at court, led a retired life, until circumstances too extraordinary to have been anticipated, too favourable to have entered into his most sanguine dreams of ambition, called him to another and a higher sphere.

In March, 1809, Gustavus IV. of Sweden was deposed and banished with the universal consent of nobles and people. His administration had been that of a madman ; and to save the kingdom, no alternative remained, but to sacrifice the king. His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was raised to the throne ; and as the latter had no children, the succession vested in Christian, Prince of Sleswic Augustenberg. This extraordinary revolution arrested the destruction of Sweden as an independent nation. She had already lost Pomerania and Finland : France had seized on the one ; Russia, more iniquitously, because wholly unprovoked, on the other.

By the peace into which the new king had entered with Napoleon, she had recovered Pomerania and the Isle of Rugen; but Finland was fast in the fangs of Russia, and could not be extracted. The death of the Crown Prince in May, 1810, and the increasing infirmities of the aged king, plunged the nation into its former alarm. The throne was again without a successor. It was resolved to elect one, and a diet was convoked for the purpose.

At this time the condition of the kingdom was indeed precarious. Her unprincipled neighbour might not much longer remain satisfied even with Finland. At an hour's warning, the legions of that power might be put in motion, to win the crown of the Goths for the successor of Rurick. Again, France might reward the alliance of Denmark, at the expense of Swedish independence. What the nation wanted, was a prince of valour sufficient to defend her diminished territories from foreign aggression, and of ability sufficient to promote her internal welfare. Several candidates—among others, the king of Denmark—were proposed and rejected; and after a deliberation of two months, the choice of the diet fell on the Prince of Ponte-Corvo.

In electing Bernadotte, the States were influenced, first, by his high reputation throughout Europe; and next, by the hope that such an election would be agreeable to Napoleon, and transform the most formidable of their enemies into a steadfast friend. Of the more than coolness between the emperor and his marshal, they had not and could not have any knowledge. The Swedes also remembered that Bernadotte had been reared a Protestant, and had little doubt that his present profession of Catholicism was

merely nominal. But what weighed as much at least with the electors, as all the preceding considerations, was the justice, humanity, mildness, activity, firmness, and wisdom he had exhibited during his administration of Fionia and Jutland.

Unexpected as such a choice must have been to all Europe, little could be said against it when announced. If a great soldier were wanted, where look but among the conquering heroes of France? and of those heroes, who stood higher than the Prince of Ponte-Corvo? If he had not the desperate reckless courage of a Ney, a Murat, or a Lannes, he was probably superior to all these collectively, in the qualities necessary to form the general. If the victories gained by his unaided skill were not so splendid as those of a few other marshals, this was to be imputed to want of opportunity alone; certain it is, that both officers and men had a firmer reliance on his talents and character than on those of almost any other general. If he had not the comprehensive military genius of a Massena, he was fully equal to that veteran in science. In short, he was such a soldier as the occasion required; bold enough to bid defiance to the most dreaded enemies of Sweden, and prudent enough not to risk her fate on a desperate struggle.

The elevation of Bernadotte was any thing but agreeable to Napoleon. When some deputies from the diet at Orebro waited on the former to learn whether, in the event of his election, he would accept the offered dignity, he replied, that, as far as regarded himself, he had no objection; but that, being a subject and servant of the emperor, he could do nothing without his permission. The latter consented that he should become a candidate, yet, at

the same time, secretly instructed his ambassador to support the interests of the Danish king. He sometimes endeavoured in an indirect manner to dissuade the prince from going. "You will probably be called to Sweden," said he, one day: "I had formed the design of giving you Arragon and Catalonia, for Spain is too great a country for my brother's capacity." But Bernadotte was not to be duped: he well knew that Spain was not Napoleon's to give, and that if it were, he should be, at best, the lieutenant of Napoleon. Again, when he applied for letters-patent to emancipate him from his allegiance to France, he met with a new obstacle. The emperor asked him *to engage never to bear arms against France!* Bernadotte exclaimed with indignant surprise against a proposition which would have made the sovereign of Sweden a vassal of Napoleon. The other was ashamed to insist, and bade him adieu, with these ominous words: "Go! our destinies are about to be accomplished!"

Buonaparte durst not act as his inclinations prompted him: if he opposed the elevation of his marshal, might not the Swedes look to England, or to Russia?

Before Bernadotte's departure, Napoleon, willing to make the most of what he could not decently or even safely prevent, endeavoured to attach the other to his interests, by promising various concessions in favour of Sweden. As an indemnity too for the principality of Ponte-Corvo, he agreed to give the marshal two millions of francs. Of these concessions, however, not one was ever made good; and of the money, half only was paid. The reader will, therefore, be little surprised at the serious misunderstanding which soon took place.

The reception of the Crown Prince in Sweden was as gratifying to himself, as it was mortifying to Napoleon. It was on the first of November (1810) that he made his public entry into Stockholm. By the aged Charles XIII., he was immediately adopted as a son, on which occasion he assumed the name of Carl Johan, or CHARLES JOHN. His adopted father was now too old to discharge the duties of royalty, so that the burden of administration was at once thrown on his shoulders, as it had been on those of Prince Christian.

For some time the Emperor and the Crown Prince concealed their mutual dislike under the veil of courtesy ; but the former never ceased to enforce on the Swedish ruler his favourite continental system ; and after some ineffectual struggles to evade it, Charles John found himself compelled to have war either with France or with England. Prudence taught him to prefer as an adversary the power from which he had the least to apprehend ; but his hostility to England, nominal as it was, he looked on as a very temporary measure, which he should seize the very first favourable opportunity of rescinding. He, in a word, connived at the intercourse of his people with the English. This could not be concealed from the ever active vigilance of the emperor, who began to treat the Crown Prince with as little ceremony as he had been used to bestow on such kings as Murat and Jerome. He was rash enough to exclaim, that he had “ a good mind to make the Crown Prince finish his course of the Swedish language at Vincennes.” It is even said, that he employed some secret agents to seize the prince, as the Duke of Enghien had been dealt with, and bring him by sea to France, and that the enter-

prise was abandoned through a mere accident. The finishing hand was put to Bernadotte's indignation, by the unprovoked seizure of Pomerania, which, to render it the more insulting, Napoleon had fixed for the prince's birth-day (Jan. 26th, 1812), but which could not be carried into effect before the morning of the succeeding day. The spirit of the Goths was not extinct among their descendants : they breathed vengeance, smothered indeed, but deep, and Charles John listened to the voice. In March, he had an interview with the Emperor Alexander at Abo, and from that moment he was ranged on the side of Russia and England, though he took no active part in the war, before the retreat of the French from Moscow.

In adopting Sweden as his country, in engaging to defend its interests and honour against all assailants, he had clearly been relieved from all obligation towards France. On leaving Paris he hoped indeed—and there is something amiable in his honest avowal of the fact—that he should always be able to reconcile his personal feelings with the interests of his new country. His earliest, and dearest recollections rested in the land of his birth ; but at the same time he felt that he was a Swede by honour and duty ; and when the struggle between his affections and these sacred obligations arrived, he had no other course than to prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him by a generous people. Doubtless it would have pleased France to behold Sweden as dependent on her as a feeble colony on the mother-country ; but had the Crown Prince hesitated for a moment to sacrifice his inclination to his duty, he would have been the most ungrateful of trai-

tors. Perhaps, however, his best justification may rest on the fact, that he armed—not against France, but the oppressor of his native country.

1813.] On the 18th of May, the Crown Prince disembarked at Stralsund, with 30,000 Swedes. Besides these he had soon placed under his orders several corps of Russian and Prussian troops,—in all near 100,000 men; forming the right wing of the grand allied army. With this imposing force he commenced hostile operations. The first advantage which he gained was at Gros Beeren; but this was eclipsed by the victory of Dennewitz over the united forces of Oudinot and Ney. This success saved Berlin, the inhabitants of which sent a deputation to express their gratitude to him. It did more—it decided in a great measure the fate of the campaign by preventing Napoleon from profiting by the advantages he had previously gained, especially at Dresden. But in the midst of success he thought of France: he wrote to his friend Ney, urging that great soldier to prevail on the emperor to accept the honourable conditions proposed by the allies—but in vain. He then advanced by forced marches to Leipsic, with the intention of cutting off Napoleon's retreat, and arrived in time to share in the three terrific struggles of October 16, 17, and 18. On the 7th of December he wrote from Lubeck a letter to his son Oscar, which does him more honour than the most glorious of his military deeds:—

“MY DEAR OSCAR,

“Formerly the inhabitants of Lubeck assisted Gustavus I. to restore liberty to his country. I have just discharged the debt of the Swedes; Lubeck is

again free: I have had the good fortune to obtain possession of the city without loss of blood. This is more gratifying to my feelings than the gain of a battle would have been, however few the number of victims. How fortunate we should esteem ourselves, my son, when we can prevent tears! Our sleep is then truly serene. Would that all men were penetrated with this truth! Then conquerors would no longer be heard of, and the world would be governed by just kings. To-morrow I set out for Oldeslohe; afterwards whithersoever events may lead me. I shall do what I can to make them turn to the advantage of the good cause, and the welfare of my country: and all the reward I ask is, that this may second you, my son, in the efforts you will one day make for its prosperity and happiness."

From Lubeck he directed his course towards the Rhine; but for some time hesitated to pass that river, from motives which will be readily conceived, and appreciated. At length he crossed over to Cologne, whence he addressed a proclamation to the French people: the conclusion of which proved that in discharging his duty to Sweden, he had not forgotten his native country. He was not friendly to the invasion of France; he endeavoured, it is said, to dissuade the Russian Emperor from such a measure. Through the same delicacy, and not from any disagreement with his allies, he forbore to take any active part in the campaign of 1814; perhaps he wished only to humble, not to dethrone his former master. He remained at Cologne and Liege until the abdication of Fontainebleau, and then entered Paris,—where his reception was not, as we might naturally suppose, very enthusiastic.

Soon after his return to the North, Charles John

went to take possession of Norway, which had been ceded to him by the Allied Powers, partly as a compensation for the loss of Finland, partly as a reward for his adhesion to the common cause. To reconcile the inhabitants to the change, he permitted them to frame their own constitution, and granted them many privileges which they had never enjoyed under the Danish kings ; nor if regard be had only to the geographical position of Sweden and Norway, can it be denied that nature designed the Scandinavian peninsula to be united under the same government. In this, however, as in many other instances, proximity of situation appears to have produced any thing but good will. The Norwegians have never loved the Swedes, and they regret to this hour their forcible separation from their ancient protectors, the Danish kings, whose truly paternal sway had ever been gratefully acknowledged by them. To dissever a connexion which had subsisted for so many ages, and been consecrated by the dearest recollections of history, was equally arbitrary and cruel ;—time will prove whether it was less impolitic.

In 1817 the Swedes were alarmed by the report that a plot had been formed to poison their prince. On the fullest investigation, however, the charge was found to be utterly unsupported, and the delator was justly punished. But the occasion drew forth renewed protestations of attachment to his person ; and his reply to an affectionate address from the citizens of Stockholm is too remarkable to be wholly overlooked :—

“ When I came among you, said he, I brought nothing beyond my sword and my actions as my title and guarantees. If I could have brought you a succes-

sion of ancestors from Charles Martel downwards, I should have valued the distinction for your sakes only. For my part, I am satisfied with the remembrance of the services I have performed, and with the glory which has exalted me. My claims in other respects rest on my adoption by the king, and on the unanimous choice of a free people. On these I found my rightful pretensions; and so long as honour and justice are esteemed on earth, my rights will be accounted more legitimate, more sacred, than if I were descended from Odin. History informs us that no prince ever mounted a foreign throne but by election or by conquest. I have not opened my way to the Swedish throne by the latter; I have been invited to it by the former; and this is my best, my proudest claim."

The old king died February 5th, 1818, and the Crown Prince succeeded by the title of CHARLES XIV. His coronation as King of Sweden took place in the capital, May 11th; as King of Norway at Drontheim, September 7th.

Both before and since his accession to the throne, Charles John has laboured with unceasing activity and acknowledged ability for the good of his people. His fidelity in the execution of the laws, his respect for the rights of his subjects, his anxiety for their lasting welfare, are acknowledged by all. He is a great encourager of arts and letters; among other proofs of which may be reckoned the society which he has established for the Improvement of Agriculture, and the valuable library which he purchased for the university of Upsal—both at his own private expense.

His son, Oscar, Duke of Sudermania, born July 4th, 1799, is spoken of as worthy of his excellent

father: but whether the heir of the old race of kings may not one day ascend the Swedish throne in preference to him, appears extremely doubtful. That prince (who assumes the title of Count Itterburg) is possessed of many admirable personal qualities; he is high in the military service of Austria, and above all he is nephew to the Emperor of Russia. His father, the dethroned Gustavus, is still living in obscurity somewhere in Germany, where he takes no higher title than that of Colonel Gustaffson.

BERTHIER.

THE father of Alexander Berthier, who was born at Versailles, November 20th, 1753, was an eminent surveyor of coasts and harbours to the French king. The son had consequently an opportunity of acquiring more mathematical knowledge than generally falls to the lot of candidates for the military profession. He was so expert at drawing plans, charts, &c., that his government would have been glad to furnish him with constant employment in that department, had not his propensities called him to a more active sphere. Having obtained a commission in a regiment of dragoons, he was sent to America, to assist our colonies in shaking off their dependence, and distinguished himself on several occasions; but his career of success was suspended by the peace of 1783.

From this period to the revolutionary troubles, Colonel Berthier applied himself with diligence to the theory of war. He was soon reputed to be an excellent tactician. In 1789, he belonged to the National Guard of Versailles, and so long as he retained

his command in that body, he exerted it for the defence of Louis XVI. who had been his benefactor. But troubles came rapidly and heavily, and he was glad to escape from them, to join in the wars on the northern frontiers. Throughout five campaigns he exhibited skill, indeed, as chief of the staff, but little of that daring intrepidity, which, more than any other quality, led at this time to reputation and advancement. As he was never entrusted with any separate command, he rested in obscurity, and thereby escaped the dangers which surrounded the great generals of the republic. Amidst such splendid names, his was not even noticed, until 1796, when Buonaparte placed him over his staff, and made him his Major-general.

From this period, the life of Berthier is no other than the history of Napoleon's wars. During nineteen years, and throughout sixteen campaigns, he was inseparable from Buonaparte, whose bosom friend he became. From the battle of Montenotte to that of Laon, in Italy, the Tyrol, Egypt, Syria, Germany, Poland, Russia, and France, he never left his master's side. But during all that long period, he had no command in the field: as Napoleon's Major-general he was occupied solely in receiving his instructions, and transmitting them to the various generals of the armies.

The useful, though necessarily obscure services of Berthier were well rewarded. He was not only decorated with most of the knightly orders in Europe, but was created Marshal of the Empire, Grand Huntsman, Prince, first of Neufchatel, then of Wagram, and presented with the hand of a Bavarian princess. Yet his soul was ungrateful: when he who had raised him from obscurity to the highest station was for-

saken by the world at Fontainebleau, Berthier wanted soul to be more faithful than the rest. He took leave of the emperor, who counted on his accompanying him to Elba, on the pretext of arranging his affairs, with a view to exile, at Paris. No sooner had he left the house, than Napoleon, who had read his looks, observed, "He will not return!" "What!" exclaimed one, "can this be the farewell of the well-beloved!" "He will not return!" repeated Napoleon; and it was so. Berthier was eager to congratulate the restored Bourbons, by whom he was maintained in his honours and dignities.

His end was near at hand. On Buonaparte's return in 1815, his first intention was to accompany the king to Ghent, but he was deterred by visible symptoms that his favour with Louis was diminished. Berthier had received a communication from Buonaparte, who, in the expectation that all gratitude could not be dead within him, had made certain overtures to him; and he had not shewn the letter to the king, who, however, was aware of its arrival. Hence suspicion, apparently well grounded, that he was in the plot for Napoleon's return. Such, however, was not the case; and it was in the perfect conviction that neither monarch considered him deserving of trust, that, on the approach of Napoleon, he withdrew to Bamberg, in the dominions of his wife's father. Whether his heart smote him for the abandonment of his benefactor in 1814, or whether he feared the consequences that might happen to himself, as the allied troops were one day defiling under the windows of the castle, he suddenly rose, leaped out, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement below. Another account says, that he was precipitated by hired assas-

sins, and, in truth, the whole affair is wrapt in great mystery.

Great as were the rewards showered on the Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram, no one despised him more than the emperor. On his return from Elba, he said, "The only revenge I wish on this 'poor Berthier' would be to see him in his costume of captain in the Body Guard of Louis;" and at St. Helena, he thus summed up his character: "Nature has evidently designed many for a subordinate situation: among these is Berthier. As chief of the staff he had no superior, but he was not fit to command five hundred men."

BESSIERES.

PREISSAC, in the department Lot, and near to Cahors, gave birth to Jean Baptiste Bessieres, August 6th, 1768. His origin was as humble as that of his countryman, Murat—like whom, impelled by his military ardour, he sought and obtained admission into the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. It was in this situation, that, on the dreadful 10th of August (1792), he succeeded in his humane and perilous efforts to save several persons of the queen's household,—a circumstance more to his glory, than the brightest laurels he afterwards won.

On the dissolution of that body, young Bessieres was transferred to a cavalry regiment, attached to the legion of the Pyrenees. In the north of Spain, he conducted himself so well, as to rise from the station of a private sentinel to that of captain. It was in this capacity, or perhaps in the superior one of brigade

major, that in 1796 he joined the army of Italy, where he soon attracted the attention of one, who, above all other generals, was able to discover and willing to reward military merit. One of the first occasions on which he was noticed by Buonaparte, was also that which laid the foundation of his fortune. As he was one day advancing against an Austrian battery, his horse was killed under him. He quickly disengaged himself from the fallen animal, leaped on a large piece of ordnance, and with his sabre laid lustily on the gunners who defended it. Two of his followers galloped to his aid, and enabled him to bring away the gun in triumph. The General-in-chief was so pleased with the intrepidity of the action, that he intrusted the gallant officer with the command of his *guides*, a corps which, by successive augmentations, became in the sequel the famous Imperial Guard, and of which the new favourite retained the command until his death.

Under the imperial government, this officer, now Marshal of France, continued to evince both ability and zeal in the service of his master. In 1805, he hastened to the theatre of war opened in Germany, and was incessantly employed until the peace of Tilsit. He fought at Jena, Heilsberg, Friedland, and Eylau; and exhibited, throughout the whole of these great campaigns, such an union of valour and prudence, as was rare even among the lieutenants of Napoleon.

1808.] The next scene which witnessed the talents of this marshal was Spain. He was placed over the Second Corps, and fixed his head-quarters at Burgos. Combining great activity, with a mildness unknown to the French leaders generally, he suc-

ceeded more effectually than almost any of them, in quelling the insurrections which perpetually broke out among the patriotic inhabitants. This was a service which, however valuable, and however gratefully acknowledged by the people, was not, perhaps, calculated to add much lustre to his name beyond the Pyrenees; but fortune furnished him with an occasion of placing that name beside the more illustrious of his brother marshals. The brave but imprudent Cuesta, the Spanish general, at the head of a numerous force, advanced on Burgos, with the intention of cutting off the communication between France and Madrid. Bessieres, though at the head of no more than 13,000 men, was not less eager for the attack. The two armies met near Medina del Rio Seco, and furious was the struggle which ensued. For some time the Spaniards had much the advantage,—a circumstance not to be surprised at, when we consider the great superiority of their numbers; but the charge of the French cavalry on the left wing bore down all before it, and at length turned the fortune of the day. The Spaniards were completely routed; their *materiel* fell into the hands of the victors; and, if we admit the authority of the neighbouring priests, 27,000 bodies were buried on the field.

The success of this battle appeared so decisive to Napoleon, that he exclaimed, “This is a second Villaviciosa: Bessieres has placed my brother on the throne!” It opened the way to Madrid, whither Joseph immediately proceeded to assume the ensigns of royalty. It also enabled the marshal to take possession of the arms and stores which England had forwarded to the patriots.

At Wagram, he led the French horse against the

Austrian flank. The charge was gallantly met, and was well nigh proving fatal to him. A ball struck him from his horse: he was for a few moments believed to be dead, and nothing could exceed the affliction of his men, at the supposed catastrophe of their beloved chief. But to their great joy, the injury was but slight. Their attachment to him was deep, and well it might be: he had not only the bravery which, with the brave, is an unfailing passport to esteem, but that unaffected simplicity, that mildness of manner, that kindness of heart, and that pleasing familiarity with the lowest of his followers, which do and must win a way to the heart. "Bessieres," said the emperor, who rejoiced at his narrow escape as much as any one of them, "you ought to feel obliged to that ball; it has made my whole guard weep for you!"

In 1811, Bessieres governed Old Castile and Leon, and in 1812, he went through the Russian campaign with honour. The opening of the next saw him in the place of Murat—at the head of the cavalry of the whole army. In this important post, he prepared to merit the increased confidence of his master. But in the decline of that emperor's prosperity, it seemed as if fortune was not satisfied with the infliction of the reverses common to vanquished heroes. Not only was his fall so rapid as to astonish the world, even more than his rise had done, but, in the course of it, many of his early and most attached followers—those whom he loved beyond every thing save his glory and his power, were snatched from his side: and among these was Bessieres.

On the first of May, the evening before the battle of Lutzen, the marshal was forcing the defile

of Rippach near Poserna. According to his custom, he penetrated into the midst of the danger, followed by the foot tirailleurs. The moment the defile was won, a ball struck him in the breast, and extended him lifeless on the ground. His corpse was instantly covered with a white sheet, and his death concealed from the brave men he had so long been in the habit of commanding, until the victory of the following day had rendered them more able to bear the sorrowful intelligence.

Thus fell an excellent soldier, and a good man. His character appears to unspeakable advantage, when contrasted with that of the far greater number of Napoleon's lieutenants. He was no plunderer, for he left his family not only poor, but considerably in debt. He was no courtier, for he loved his imperial master too much to deceive him with honeyed words. Of his humanity, his benevolent spirit, no better proof need be adduced than this,—that even in Spain, where the French name was deservedly odious, the inhabitants of several towns which had witnessed his administration, assembled voluntarily to offer up masses for the soul of Bessieres.

In Austria, Prussia, Poland, he did all in his power to mitigate the horrors of war, and left many grateful remembrances behind him. Nay, even Russia had reason to praise his humanity. At the conflagration of Moscow, a considerable number of the unhoused and trembling inhabitants sought refuge in the palace he occupied. On their entrance, he and his suite were about to sit down to table. Affected with so much misery, he said to the members of his staff, "Gentlemen, let us seek a dinner elsewhere!" and immediately caused the famished wretches to be

seated at his board. During the fearful retreat from Mara-yaslovetz, his humanity and courage were unceasingly exhibited. He was with the soldiery the object of equal confidence and affection.

Bessieres left a son, whom Louis XVIII. created a Peer of France.

DAVOUST.

ANNAUX, in the ancient province of Burgundy, gave birth to Louis Nicholas Davoust, May 10th, 1770.

His family was noble—according to the continental acceptation of the term,—and early designed him for the army: he was only in his fifteenth year when he obtained his first commission in a regiment of horse. From that regiment, however, he was soon expelled in disgrace, for joining in some desperate acts of insubordination. Thus early did his fierce and lawless character exhibit itself to the world.

The principles of the revolution could not fail to be enthusiastically embraced by one who had every thing to gain and nothing to lose, least of all character, by the change. After the 10th of August, 1792, he appeared at the bar of the National Convention, to give in his adhesion to the king's dethronement, and to demand employment. He was made chief of battalion in a regiment of volunteers, and sent to join the army of the north. He was there at the defection of Dumouriez, and exerted himself zealously to preserve the wavering fidelity of his men. It is said, even, that he persuaded them to fire on the general, the moment he fled to the Austrians. His zeal was rewarded by the rank of brigadier-general;

and in this capacity he distinguished himself during the next five years in the army of the Rhine and Moselle. His conduct, as a soldier, was chiefly remarkable for its vigour and promptitude ; as a man, for a total disregard of humanity and justice.

This general next sailed in the expedition to Egypt, the sandy plains of which he helped to dye in Musulman blood, from the walls of Somanhoot in Upper Egypt, to those of Aboukir. He did not return to Europe with Buonaparte, but waited until after the convention of El Arish. The vessel in which he sailed having anchored on the Sicilian coast, the inhabitants, calling to mind the cruelties of the French in Naples, would have murdered both him and the whole crew, had they not precipitately put to sea. He was then intercepted by the cruizers of Lord Keith, our admiral on that station, who, having detained him about a month, exchanged him, and permitted him to continue his voyage ; and on reaching France, he was immediately made General of Division, and invested with a lucrative command.

With all his ferocity, Davoust knew how to flatter : he could prostrate himself as humbly as any man at the footstool of power, if the abasement were likely to profit him. Of this no better proof can be given, than his forced marriage with the sister of General Leclerc. The anecdote is so characteristic of the style in which Buonaparte played the monarch, long before he assumed the crown, that we transcribe it entire from De Bourrienne.

On the eve of the expedition to St. Domingo, Buonaparte resolved that his brother-in-law Leclerc (the husband of Pauline) should command it. He summoned the general to his cabinet, and made known

his will. "I should be happy, he answered, to serve France again, but, Citizen Consul, a sacred duty retains me here." "Your love for Paulette? She shall go with you. The air of Paris is fit only for coquetry: she shall go with you, I repeat it." "Assuredly I should be concerned to leave her; but this reason alone could not suffice to make me refuse an honourable command. My wife would be surrounded by relatives who love her, and I should have no anxiety on her account: it is the situation of my beloved sister, which forces me to decline what I should otherwise embrace with eagerness. She is pretty, young; her education is not quite finished: I have no dowry for her:—can I leave her unprotected, when my absence may be long, perhaps eternal? My brothers are not here; I must remain where I am. I appeal to your own heart who are so devoted to your family: general, can I do otherwise than remain?" "Very well; but we must marry her without loss of time,—to-morrow for example, and then you can set out." "I repeat, I have no dowry to give her, and——" "And am not I here to serve you? Go, my good fellow, and commence your preparations. To-morrow your sister shall be married—to whom I cannot tell just now; but no matter; she shall be married, and well too." "But—" "I have spoken so as to be understood, I believe; say no more." The general, like his comrades, accustomed to obey, left the cabinet without another word of remonstrance.

In a few minutes, Davoust entered to acquaint the First Consul with his intended marriage—"With Mademoiselle Leclerc? I very much approve your choice." "No, general, with Madame—" "With

Mademoiselle *Leclerc*," interrupted Napoleon (laying a strong emphasis on the name)—"Not only do I think the match a suitable one, but it shall take place immediately." "I have long loved Madame —; she is now at liberty, and nothing shall make me sacrifice her." "Except my will!" replied the First Consul, fixing his eagle eye on the other. "You will immediately go to Madame Courssan's at St. Germain: you will inquire for your future wife; she will be introduced to you by her brother General Leclerc, who is now with my wife; he will accompany you thither. The young lady will come to Paris this very night. You will have the disposal of her portion, which, as I shall give her away, must be something: leave the dowry, &c., to me: the ceremony shall be performed as soon as legal formalities permit: I shall take care to shorten them. You understand me—*obedience!*" Having pronounced these words in the absolute tone peculiar to himself, Napoleon rang the bell, and ordered some one to fetch General Leclerc. When the latter arrived;—"Was I wrong? (said he). Here is your sister's husband. Off, both of you, to St. Germain! let me see neither until every thing is arranged: I hate interested discussions!"

Both generals were equally astonished, but both obeyed. Savage as was Davoust, he quietly submitted: he went to Madame Courssan's, was presented to the young lady, and soon afterwards received her hand. For some years, amiable as she was, he did not treat her well, but her virtues at length won his heart and confidence.

After the mysterious conspiracy of Georges, Piche-

gru, &c., and just before the imperial government was proclaimed, Davoust, in the same pitiful humiliation of spirit, thus wrote to the First Consul:—

“ The cowardly Bourbons—the scorn of all Frenchmen—who for so many years have made common cause with our eternal enemies, have conspired with the English against your sacred person. The time is ripe to destroy their chimerical hopes, and to spare them the guilt of new crimes.

“ Like all other great men, you respect posterity, for which you are amassing an immense inheritance of glory and happiness; and you will not suffer your beneficent designs to be thwarted by civil disorders—the inevitable result of an uncertain and stormy succession of elective rulers. Rendered wise by their own errors,—taught, at last, by their own experience how to profit by the terrible lessons which the history of ancient nations unfolds to them, the whole French people urge you to finish your own work. When you have thus fulfilled the wishes which all France joins in expressing, nothing more will be desired, than that our Emperor may give us the signal, and we will inflict signal vengeance on all traitors.”

Such a man was sure to thrive under such a government. He was ranked among the new marshals; in 1805, he was placed over a considerable corps of the Grand Army; and in consequence of his gallantry at Ulm, Austerlitz, and in the brief campaign of Jena, received the title of Duke of Auerstadt. At Eylau and Friedland, he proved that if dignities are the fit reward of courage, his had been well earned; but his excesses,—those which he not merely permitted, but authorised in the sequel of that war,—

were terrible. Such, too, was the case in 1809 ; the glory which he won at Eckmuhl and Wagram was overclouded by the same dark cruelty.

Davoust, now created Prince of Eckmuhl, spent the three following years in Poland, as commander of the French troops, and governor, in that ill-fated country. Ill-fated we may well call it ; for though France was professedly the ally of Poland, the deeds of her representative were more oppressive, more ruthless, more bloody, than those of Suwarroff, an open enemy. Property, life, honour, freedom, chastity, all were sacrificed. In vain did the Poles reiterate their complaints of his despotism ; in vain did they send a deputation to Paris, to lay their grievances before the emperor ; no redress was even promised, and the outrages continued frequent and galling as ever. In 1812, ambition did for the Poles what justice had attempted in vain ; it rid them of this hateful monster, who accompanied his master into Russia. While there he distinguished himself by his usual bravery, and still more by his usual ferocity and ill-humour. * After the annihilation of the magnificent corps which he commanded, he retreated to Hamburg, where he collected new forces and established his head-quarters.

At Hamburg, Davoust exhibited even more both of the soldier and of the fiend, than he had done on any preceding occasion. He defended the place against the combined attacks of Russians, Prussians, Swedes, and with such gallantry as to leave them little hope of reducing the city by force. But his extortions, his robberies, his oppression, his murders, exceeded all that Europe had wit-

* See the Life of Murat.

nessed since the days of Robespierre. A pamphlet, indeed, was published, in which he was designated the *Hamburg Robespierre*, and in which his atrocities were certified by the signatures of some hundreds of the inhabitants. The forty-eight millions of francs which he levied on the city, and for the payment of which he seized as guarantees thirty-four of the principal merchants, were but a small portion of what he gained by confiscations, and by open or secret plunder. Scores of citizens perished by the hands of the executioner, or by the muskets of the French; many more were dragged from their beds at midnight, to be hurried into loathsome dungeons, until they could raise money enough to satisfy this rapacious tyrant! He refused to surrender the place long after he was acquainted with the abdication of Napoleon; but when General Gerard arrived on the part of Louis XVIII. he submitted. He did more: he signed, and prevailed on his officers to sign, a fulsome address to the restored monarch. He assured the "august Prince, whom all France loved, and whom all France had called to the throne," of his everlasting fidelity, of his never-failing obedience.

Notwithstanding his ardent professions and solemn oaths in favour of the royal government, he was one of the first to join Napoleon at the Tuileries, after the revolution of March, 1815. Made Minister at War, he shewed great activity in support of the sovereign, whom he said an immense majority of the French nation had called to displace the Bourbons. Against those princes he now published a tirade, in shape of an address to the Chamber of Representatives, in which he imputed to them all the evils which his country had suffered.

After the catastrophe of Waterloo, Davoust placed himself at the head of the troops which still adhered to Napoleon, and retreated to Orleans. He then lowered his tone, spake of the evils of proscription, of the necessity of concord, and of oblivion as to the past; but he did not formally submit to the royal government, until the Prussians had advanced to Orleans. The act which he drew up and signed on that occasion, was as hypocritical as any that had already rendered his name infamous. It however saved his head. He retired for a while to his country house; but in 1816 obtained permission to reside in the capital; and, in 1819, he was fortunate enough to procure a seat in the Chamber of Peers. He died June 4th, 1823.

This officer will long be remembered both in Hamburg and Poland, as *the terrible Davoust*. He was, beyond doubt, one of the bravest and ablest of Buonaparte's lieutenants; but this is his only praise. His avarice was fully equal to his cruelty: at one time, his annual income was near two millions of francs; but, like the other great feudatories of the empire, he lost his foreign possessions on the fall of Napoleon. Still he left great riches behind him; a fine estate at Savigny-sur-Orge, and considerable funded property, both of which are now enjoyed by his son, the heir of his peerage.

DESSAIX.

LOUIS-Charles-Antoine Dessaix was born of noble parents at St. Hilaire d'Ayt, Auvergne, in August, 1768.

In his fifteenth year he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant in an infantry regiment, by the officers of which he was noticed for the uncommon gravity of his disposition. In the wars of the Revolution he attracted still more attention for a valour combined with discretion, for the promptitude of his measures, and for his almost unvaried success. His promotion was in consequence rapid. In 1796, he served under Moreau, as general of division; he commanded the left wing at the battle of Rastadt; and whenever he was entrusted with any separate or detached enterprise, the wisdom and decision of his combinations pointed him out as one of the most scientific officers in the French armies.

In the Egyptian expedition, Dessaix contributed powerfully to the triumphs of Buonaparte. He defeated the Arabs of Yambo, and the Mamelukes of Murad-Bey, and thereby reduced the whole of Upper Egypt; where, however, a general of less prudence would have fainted under the burden of victory. Provisions were scarce; the heat was intense; the country wholly unknown; and the enemy, though defeated, never failed to hover on his flanks, to intercept stragglers, and, when resisted, to retire with the speed of the wind. These circumstances were exceedingly discouraging to the army, even to the bravest; but

such was his popularity, and the well-known wisdom of his measures, that he was enabled to preserve subordination.

When Buonaparte left Egypt, he expressed his wish that Dessaix should follow him as soon as an opportunity occurred. The Convention of El Arish enabled him to do so. On his arrival in France, he learned that the First Consul had passed the Great St. Bernard, and was advancing into Italy: "He will leave us nothing to do!" was his impatient observation as he hastened to join his friend. He travelled day and night until he reached head-quarters. The Consul embraced him with great affection, and immediately despatched him with a division to reconnoitre the road to Genoa. Scarcely, however, had he departed, before Melas, the Austrian general, advanced against the less numerous forces of Buonaparte. Dessaix was recalled, but he did not arrive until the French were retreating. He rode up to his friend, consternation visibly painted on his brow, and said: "I think the battle is lost!" "I think it is won!" answered Napoleon; "Push on, I will rally the line behind you." Though Dessaix had travelled ten leagues without halting, he instantly formed his columns, and charged the Austrians with such impetuosity that they gave way in every direction. Just at that moment, a ball struck him in the head, and he fell, to rise no more. "Tell the First Consul," were his last words, "that I die with regret, since I have not lived long enough for glory!"

The death of this beloved chief roused the French to vengeance; the enemy was pursued with fury. When Buonaparte heard of the catastrophe, he was in the heat of the pursuit: "Alas!" said he, "I have

no leisure to weep;" and there is no doubt he felt the loss severely. He caused the corpse to be embalmed, and conveyed to the hospice of St. Bernard, where a monument was raised to the memory of the fallen hero.

Dessaix was of a mild as well as of a decided character; and his integrity was such that, by the inhabitants of Upper Egypt, he was called *the Just Sultan*. "Of all the generals I ever had," said Buonaparte at St. Helena, "Dessaix and Kleber had the greatest talents: their loss was irreparable to France." The former he considered as second only to himself in military merit. "Dessaix thought only of glory," said Napoleon; "he lived on glory. Luxury he despised, and even comfort. He preferred sleeping under a gun in the open air, with his cloak wrapt about him, to the softest couch. Money he totally disregarded."

EUGENE BEAUHARNOIS.

THE father of Eugene, Viscomte Alexander de Beauharnois, was a native of Martinico in the West Indies. At an early age he seems to have been deeply imbued with republican sentiments, for we find him on the side of the North Americans in the war of Independence. The successful termination of that struggle, and the sensation created in consequence throughout Europe, afforded him ground to hope that the example would not be lost on France. With his young wife, Josephine, he returned to that native soil

of his ancestors; and in 1789 was deputed to the States General by the nobles of Blois. He became subsequently a member of the National Convention; and such was the zeal he displayed in the revolutionary cause, that he was twice elected president of that body, and eventually appointed to an important command in the army of the Rhine. But, the democrats at Paris having passed a decree for the dismissal and even banishment of all military officers of noble birth, he was compelled to resign his charge, and ordered to expatriate himself. With a strange infatuation, he disobeyed the injunction, and retired to an estate belonging to his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnois. If he expected that his efforts in the cause of liberty any more than his consciousness of innocence, would protect him from the blood-hounds who hunted down every one obnoxious to the monsters in authority, he was soon fatally undeceived. He was arrested, thrown into prison, condemned on charges too frivolous to weigh even with his judges, and was guillotined July 23d, 1794.

The son, *Eugene*, was born September 3, 1780, in the province of Brittany, and was consequently in his fourteenth year, when the death of his father took place. On the marriage of his widowed mother with Buonaparte (1796) he was placed on the staff of that general, whom he accompanied into Italy and Egypt, and whose rising fortunes he was destined to share. The establishment of the consular government was, as might be expected, highly favourable to his interests. Young as he was, he was entrusted with a brigade of the consular guard, in which capacity he acquired some distinction at Marengo. The arrival of his step-father at the highest of dig-

nities was still more favourable to his ambitious hopes : he was created Prince of the Empire, nominated Arch-chancellor of State, and in June 1805 was raised to the Viceroyalty of Northern Italy.

Eugene had not yet reached his acme of prosperity. At the commencement of 1806 he was declared the adopted son of Napoleon, who procured him the hand of Augusta Amelia, daughter to the King of Bavaria. In the same year the Venetian states were annexed to the Italian kingdom : in a few months afterwards he was created Prince of Venice, and declared successor to the Iron Crown of Lombardy.

The adopted step-son of a childless emperor, the son-in-law of a king, the acknowledged heir of a fine realm, might well congratulate himself on his splendid destinies, and be almost excused if he saw nothing in the future but hope and happiness. He was too young to discover the precariousness of the base on which this fair structure was built. Like other men, he regarded the emperor as invincible, and his own succession to the throne of Italy at least, if not to that of France also, as certain. Little did he know that even then the divorce of his mother was intended to make way for a consort who might furnish the lord of nations with an undisputed heir.

The renewal of the war by the Emperor Francis in 1809, and the irruption of the Austrian troops into Italy under the Archduke John, placed the viceroy in a perilous situation. With a force amounting to no more than sixteen thousand men, he durst not risk a general action. He retreated with considerable loss on Verona ; and the intrenched position of Caldiero enabled him to make a stand against the vigorous assaults of the enemy. But he would soon have been

compelled to capitulate, had not two events concurred to ensure his safety. One was the arrival of Marshal Macdonald to direct the operations of the army; the other was the entrance of the French into Vienna. No sooner was this intelligence known to the hitherto successful Austrians, than they became too dispirited to continue the offensive: they began to retreat, and were pursued in their turn. Macdonald seized on Trieste—Eugene on Clagenfurth. As the latter advanced into the Austrian dominions, he unexpectedly encountered General Jellachich, who with eight thousand men was hastening to Leoben to effect a junction with the Archduke. The viceroy attacked this little band, over which he easily triumphed. He continued his march, but not without apprehensions of an assault by a superior force of the enemy. Napoleon, no less anxious on his account, despatched Lauriston in search of him: the two generals met May 26th; and the viceroy proceeded to Ebersdorf, the head-quarters of Buonaparte, where he was received with marks of great satisfaction. His military talents were highly extolled by the emperor, who asserted that in this campaign he had exhibited all the qualities of a great captain,—a commendation too extravagant to serve its object. He was immediately sent into Hungary to disperse the levies which the imperial princes were raising. As if fortune wished to second the praises of his step-father, he obtained (June 14th) a victory of some importance over the Archduke John at Raab. It must not be forgotten, however, that he was assisted by generals abler than himself; that he had greatly the superiority in number; and that the soldiers he *now* commanded were, for the most part, French veterans. By a coincidence worth remarking,

during this struggle he occupied the same position in which Montecuculli had defeated the Turks near a century and a half before. From this well-contested field, the victor returned to the emperor, whose favourable opinion was still further increased by his gallantry at Wagram.

But at the close of this triumphant campaign, was demolished the fairy fabric which Eugene had so long delighted to contemplate. He was summoned to Paris to learn the mortifying intelligence that an Austrian princess was destined to replace his mother on the imperial throne. This circumstance was distressing in a twofold sense: it for ever destroyed the happiness of a parent to whom he was tenderly attached; and it annihilated his own splendid hopes. He saw, however, that all opposition would be unavailing, and followed Josephine's example of submission. Eugene doubtless recollected that the prosperity of his family was the sole work of Napoleon, who might, without incurring much imputation of injustice, resume a portion of the favours he had so lavishly bestowed. Besides, he was still authorized to cherish the hope of an independent sovereignty, either on the confines of this stupendous empire, or over some one of the many nations which were ready to receive a ruler at the beck of France.

Not many weeks elapsed before he received an earnest of the reward which his prompt compliance with the despot's will might one day enable him to reap. He was declared (March 3, 1810) the successor of the prince-primate in the Grand Duchy of Frankfort. Even if his expectations were to rise no higher, the two sovereignties of Venice and Frankfort,—both hereditary, were enough to satisfy any but the most

unmeasured ambition ; they would render him one of the richest princes in Europe.

In the Russian campaign, the viceroy commanded the Fourth Corps of the Grand Army, and behaved very well in the most trying circumstances : when the king of Naples abruptly left the Grand Army, the command was assumed by Eugene. At Magdeburg, he halted to concentrate the scattered wrecks of this once amazing host, and to wait for the supplies which the emperor had promised to bring. Being pursued by the allies, he ventured to attack them, and he was completely defeated ; but of this defeat not the slightest mention was made in the French bulletins. Nothing indeed can exceed the disingenuousness, not of those documents only, but of almost all the French writings relating to the national history under the imperial sway. The victories are carefully exaggerated, but the reverses as carefully concealed : nay, the most decisive defeats are not unfrequently transferred into considerable successes.

At Lutzen, the Viceroy headed the left wing of the French. But he was soon remanded to Italy, which the emperor foresaw would not fail to attract the hostility of the Austrians.

It was, indeed, high time to provide for the security of the Iron Crown ; the Austrian General, Hiller, was marching on Illyria. In August, the Viceroy took the field with the Gallo-Italian army. At the same time, he addressed a proclamation to the whole population of Italy, to rouse them to resistance against an enemy, who, as he truly stated, had for ages triumphed through their disunion alone. But they were little inclined to obey the summons. If they *must* endure foreign domination, which indeed they had learned to regard as

inevitable, and which their own cowardice, as well as want of union, will probably render everlasting, the mild sway of the Austrians was far preferable to the iron yoke of the Corsican. Hiller advanced, some skirmishing followed, but nothing decisive was likely to happen. The two armies seemed desirous of merely observing each other, and of occasionally executing some unimportant manœuvres; both were well aware that the success of the campaign must be decided elsewhere, and that *their* efforts would have little influence on its fate. The Austrian court, however, was dissatisfied with the dilatory proceedings of its general; he was in consequence superseded by Marshal Bellegarde. This was not the worst for Eugene: the Italian troops began to desert in considerable numbers; and Murat, who had hitherto professed neutrality, openly declared for the allies. The Viceroy in alarm fell back on the Mincio, and fortified himself in a strong position. Yet, though the aspect of things was threatening enough, he had little reason to apprehend any serious attack from either of his enemies. The one had taken the field, not from hostility to the French, but merely to make some sort of show in favour of his new allies; the other perceiving that his countrymen were at the gates of Paris, wisely imitated his predecessor's example by remaining nearly inactive. During this tacit suspension of hostilities, some tokens of good-will passed between the opposite leaders. Bellegarde visited the court of his antagonist, whose infant child he held over the baptismal font; Eugene treated his distinguished guest with all possible courtesy. Both watched with anxiety the momentous events in the west.

When news of the capitulation of Paris arrived,

the Viceroy no longer dreamed of resistance. His hitherto powerful stay had been snatched from under him, and down fell his hopes of succession to the Italian crown. Yet he seems at one time to have expected that the allied sovereigns might be induced to acknowledge his vice-regal, if not his kingly dignity, or at least his right to the Venetian principality. He actually employed his minister to sound the disposition of the senate, and proposed to his officers to sign an address to the arbiters of Europe, in support of what he deemed his claims. But if he had thought that he possessed much favour with senate, army, or people, he was soon to be undeceived. He was regarded by all three with contempt and hatred,—with contempt as being the puppet of the French ruler; with hatred, for the manner in which he had executed that despot's decrees, and for the tone of insult which he had often assumed towards the native inhabitants. The mere suspicion that an intrigue was on foot to secure him in his dignity, produced an alarming insurrection, in which his minister Prina was massacred, and the few senators supposed to be favourable to his views were laden with curses and threats. He feared, with justice, that his life might not be respected any more than his agent's; and having previously collected his most valuable effects at Mantua, he resolved to escape by night from his capital, and flee to the Bavarian court. But his intention became known, or at least suspected: the troops, to whom large arrears of pay were owing, deputed a number of their body to demand the amount of their claims. These deputies, who were French grenadiers, fulfilled their mission with little delicacy to his feelings; indeed, he deserved little, for he had robbed the public treasury of the money which

should have discharged the just debts of the state. They styled him *Monsieur*, and loudly insisted on being instantly paid. To chastise their insolence was out of the question: there was danger even of his becoming a prisoner in the city which had for many years been the seat of his delegated sovereignty. He distributed among them a handful of gold, which they resolved to appropriate to their own use, and departed. Not a moment was to be lost; accompanied by his family, and a select suite, he privately hastened to Mantua, to secure his treasures.

In his way to Munich, the prince had to traverse the Tyrol, and on his reaching Roveredo he met with an unexpected difficulty. The commandant of the place, an Austrian colonel, intimated that the *princess* might pass through the Tyrol with perfect safety, but that *he* could not do so openly without the risk of his life. The Tyrolese remembered that a few years before he had caused some of their most respectable countrymen to be arrested as spies and shot, and they were sufficiently inclined to have blood for blood. His situation was desperate: to return to Milan would be to expose himself to the fury of a soldiery whom he had robbed, and of a people whom he had oppressed. From this dilemma he was extricated by the commandant, who offered him his own uniform, carriage, livery, and servants; urged him to traverse the country with all possible haste, and above all things to beware of speaking French. Eugene followed the friendly advice, and reached Munich without accident.

The prince had not long arrived at the Bavarian court, before he was summoned to France by the death of his mother. He was well received by Louis XVIII., who addressed him, not as *General Beauhar-*

nois, the name announced, but as *Prince*. From Paris he returned to Vienna, to solicit the favour of the Congress. The reception he met with among the members of that august body, proved that his application would not perhaps have been wholly unsuccessful, had not strong suspicion existed that he had found means to acquaint Napoleon, who had just landed from Elba, with the supposed intention of the Allied Sovereigns to transfer him to St. Helena. The suspicion—it might be more than suspicion—was confirmed by a decree of Buonaparte, which enrolled him among the new Peers of France. Being no longer an object of favour with the sovereigns, he retired first to Bareuth, then to Munich, to watch the course of events. In April, 1816, when all his dreams of ambition were over, he and his family took up their abode with his sister Hortensia at Lindau, near the Lake of Constance, and there, we believe, he died, in 1825.

The abilities of Eugene were but of an inferior order. He was chiefly remarkable for an excessive vanity, and for an almost total want of prudence in circumstances which required a sober, clear, steady judgment. As a soldier, he did not want courage: as a general officer, he was about one of the lowest in the French service. The absurd praise of Buonaparte, who would fain have ranked him with his ablest marshals, need not create any surprise; for it is well known that the judgment of that extraordinary man was often warped by prejudice, by personal favour, or spleen. The emperor, indeed, furnished the best confutation of his own extravagant applauses, in sending an experienced general to Italy, whenever the young viceroy was threatened by any serious attack from the Austrians.

In the outset of his administration, Eugene was rather liked. He surrounded himself, however, by a set of needy, unprincipled courtiers, who probably used his name as an instrument of oppression, and became inaccessible to public complaints. During the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, he offended his Italians beyond forgiveness by the asperity with which he upbraided their cowardice. Cowards indeed they are, but he who governs them need not tell them so: if he be wise, he will do all he can to stimulate their bravery, not to exasperate them. In the end, Eugene had become an object of hatred to all,—even to the few senators who would have petitioned the Congress in support of his claims to the Iron Crown. They were willing to sacrifice their hatred to their interests; for under so weak a ruler, their own authority was unbounded, and their spirit of rapacity unrestrained.

One daughter of Eugene, the Princess de Leuchtenburg, is now Empress of Brazil: another is married to Oscar Bernadotte, the heir-apparent of Sweden.

GOUVION ST. CYR

WAS born at Toul, April 13th, 1764. In his youth he was designed for a painter, and he even travelled through Italy to perfect himself in his art. But his inclination towards arms was irresistible; so that when the revolution broke out, he entered into a company of volunteers, and was soon sent to join the French armies on the Rhine.

The promotion of this officer must have been rapid,

for in 1795 he commanded a division. He fought under Pichegru, Moreau, and Massena, by all of whom he was esteemed, not only for his extensive knowledge of tactics, but for his virtues. But with Buonaparte he was never a favourite. He did not, like most other generals, prevail on his troops to petition for an imperial government; nor did he ever willingly appear at court. There was, in fact, a downright simplicity about him, which rendered him little fit for the brilliant circle; and as for flattery, he knew not what it meant. It may therefore be readily supposed that his honours were few. The Legion of Honour was open to him, and he was appointed Colonel-general of the Cuirassiers; but though one of the ablest officers in the army, he was not for many years made a marshal. He expected that dignity as his reward for reducing some fortresses in Spain; but he was soon afterwards superseded by Augereau, and punished with two years' exile from the imperial presence. Throughout the reign of Napoleon he was an ill-used man. He has, however, this consolation, that while most of his brother marshals are remembered only to be cursed in the countries they traversed, he is held in the most respectful remembrance. He is accounted every where, especially in Spain, an honourable and upright man, who scorned to violate the humanities of civilized warfare to gratify his master.

In the close of the Russian expedition, St. Cyr, at length marshal of the empire, commanded the corps of Oudinot, who had been severely wounded. The like soon happened to himself; but this did not prevent him from appearing at the battle of Dresden. He was left in that city, when Napoleon fell back on Leipsic, with sixteen thousand troops; but ere

long it was surrounded by the victorious allies, and he was compelled to capitulate; nor did he return to France until the first restoration. Louis received him favourably, and raised him to the Chamber of Peers. He had nothing to do with the revolution of March 1815; and during the Hundred Days he retired into the country. On the king's return he was rewarded with the Order of St. Louis, and the portfolio of war. In this important office he did all he could to repair the blunders of his predecessor, Clarke, and he succeeded to a great extent. In 1816 he disagreed with his colleagues, and resigned, but he was soon restored by the king. In 1819 he again retired, because he disapproved the ministerial change in the law of elections; and in retirement he has since remained.

GROUCHY.

EMANUEL Grouchy is of a noble family, and was born at Paris, October 28th, 1766.

When the revolution burst forth, the young Marquis de Grouchy was a subaltern in the gardes-du-corps. After some hesitation whether he should emigrate or abide in France, he decided for the republican service, and commenced his career in it as colonel of dragoons. He had served scarcely a year when the decree against all of noble birth banished him from the army. He retired into the country; but such was his impatience of inactivity, that he ere long enrolled himself as a private among the national guards, and marched against the royalists of La Vendée; where he exhi-

bited so much of zeal and ferocity, that in 1795 he was made general of division.

Hoche, the general-in-chief of the armies of the west, had long wished to head an expedition to Ireland. In 1796-7 the directory gratified him by fitting out a considerable armament at Brest; and Grouchy was appointed his second in command. The fleet was dispersed in a storm, and this latter general arrived in Bantry Bay with a portion only of the armament. Instead of making a descent on the coast, he precipitately returned to France. The admiral feared, and with reason, that he should be followed by an English squadron, and compelled to surrender his whole fleet. Hoche himself, on contemplating the means of defence, was not resolute enough to land; and as he stood in the same fear of our cruisers as Grouchy had done, he also quietly returned home.

During the next four years Grouchy was employed in superintending the execution of the Chouans of La Vendée and the *rebels*—that is, the patriots—of Piedmont. Subsequently he greatly distinguished himself in Italy, under his friend Moreau. At the peace he returned to Paris, and was named Inspector General of the Cavalry. He might have had other and even better posts had he not mortally offended the First Consul by loudly asserting the innocence of Moreau. The fidelity with which he adhered to his friend on that trying occasion did him great honour; but it was a fatal blow to his future prospects. The Legion of Honour was for a time closed to him, though open to every one else; for him was no marshal's baton, though the feeble Perignon, the stupid Serrurier, the slow, indecisive Kellerman, were favoured with it. But this was not all: he was

thenceforth employed by the revengeful Corsican in none but the most perilous expeditions ; or in missions which could not fail to cover him with odium.

In the Austrian and Prussian wars (1805-6-7), Grouchy exhibited reckless valour ; but his bloody spirit was most apparent at Madrid, on the terrible second of May. He it was who, when the inhabitants rose against their perfidious oppressors, caused the doors of the houses to be burst open, and every one found with arms—man, woman, or child,—to be massacred. Great as was this slaughter, it did not satisfy either him or Murat* ; the work of death was continued in cool blood. His celebrity as a manager of military tribunals was not forgotten : one was formed in Madrid.

——“ And the Spaniards who were brought before it were sent away to be slaughtered with little inquiry whether they had taken part in the struggle or not. Three groupes of forty each were successively shot in the Prado, the great public walk of Madrid. Others, in like manner, were put to death near the Puerta del Sol, and the Puerta del S. Vicente, and by the church of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, one of the most sacred places in the city. In this manner was the evening of that second of May employed by the French at Madrid. The inhabitants were ordered to illuminate their houses, a necessary means of safety for their invaders, in a city not otherwise lighted ; and through the whole night the dead and the dying might be seen distinctly as in broad noon day, lying upon the bloody pavement. When morning came, the same mockery of

* See the Life of that personage.

justice was continued, and fresh murders were committed deliberately with the forms of military execution during several succeeding days*.”

This acceptable service, and his brilliant valour in the campaign of 1809, so far mitigated the imperial ill-will, that after the peace of Presburg he was made Count of the Empire, Colonel-general of the Chasseurs, Commander of the Iron Crown, &c.; but not even his still more eminent services in the Russian expedition could procure him the rank of marshal. He retired from the service in disgust. After the first abdication, Louis confirmed him in his dignities, but incurred his resentment by depriving him of his command of the Chasseurs. He therefore hastened to Buonaparte as soon as he was once more established in the Tuileries; and was rewarded with the government of Lyons, and three military divisions.

When Grouchy arrived at Lyons, he issued a proclamation to the soldiers and inhabitants, calling on the former to join the *great military family*, and on both to oppose the approach of the Duke d'Angoulême. He went out to meet his Royal Highness, but before he met him, the duke had been compelled to capitulate, on the condition that he should be allowed to embark at Cette for Spain. Grouchy sent for Damas, the prince's aide-de-camp, and declared that he could not ratify Gilly's convention; adding, that his own head must answer for his obedience to the orders he had received. What those orders were he did not explain, but he took care that the prince should be rigorously guarded. The house was surrounded by a numerous party; an officer of gens-

* Southey's Peninsular War, i. 316.

darmes was placed in the duke's own chamber; and the very roof was occupied. He naturally thought that his doom was sealed, and to be assured of the circumstance, he sent Damas to Grouchy. Scarcely had the messenger delivered his errand, when the general exclaimed: "What! is my name associated with a Caulaincourt's?" Damas asked, if such were his sentiments, why had he accepted the odious trust? "I refused it twice," replied he, "but the third time I dared not;"—adding, "besides, I have a large family, and my income is only 20,000 francs." He tore his hair, and lamented sorely, that Monseigneur had not escaped. He now asserted that he had received no instructions respecting his illustrious prisoner; but his agitation shewed that he feared the purport of those which must be on their way to him. He denied that the officer of gendarmes had been placed in the prince's chamber by him, and promised to remove that subject of complaint. When pressed to declare how he would act if orders for the Duke's execution should arrive from Paris, he at first replied that he would obey them; but after a little conversation he engaged to suffer the prisoner to escape, or even to escape with him, rather than shed his blood. The convention was at length ratified, through the intervention of Maret*, and the royal prisoner allowed to embark.

Having received his long-expected brevet, Marshal Grouchy accompanied the emperor into Belgium. June 16th he commanded the French right wing at the battle of Ligny, and was left with a corps 32,000 strong to watch the motions of the Prussians.

* See his Memoir.

On the 17th he received orders to attack Blucher, and prevent that general from joining Wellington on the plains of Waterloo. While he was engaged with a single division only, Blucher contrived to give him the slip, and to reach the field in time to assist in the pursuit of the French. He has been severely blamed for suffering the Prussian to depart; but was he aware of the circumstance? He perceived a considerable body of the enemy before him; he believed the whole Prussian army to be there, and consequently that, by preventing its junction with the English, he was rendering the most essential of services to his master. He led back his army to Paris, with the intention of supporting the claims of young Napoleon; but the popular current could not be stemmed; Louis was restored; and Grouchy was exiled by that monarch. He spent several years in the United States, but was at length (we believe in 1819) permitted to return to France.

JOURDAN.

JEAN-Baptiste-Jourdan was born at Limoges, April 29, 1762. In his sixteenth year he entered the army, and served in the American war. On his return to France, he obtained a lieutenant's commission; and in 1790 became captain of Chasseurs, in the National Guard of his native town. The year following, as chief of battalion, he was sent to join the army of the north under Dumouriez.

From this time, until 1797, he was incessantly employed in Belgium or Germany, and was present at almost every considerable action against the allied

forces. His promotion was now rapid: in 1793 he obtained the rank of general. At the head of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, he obtained several advantages; he took possession of many fortresses, and defeated some corps of the Austrians: but near Ratisbon he was so roughly handled by the Archduke Charles, that he retreated in great disorder towards the Rhine.

The two following years, Jourdan having been recalled by the Directory, sat in the council of Five Hundred: but in 1799 he was again despatched to measure his strength with the Austrian prince. He did so in Swabia, was beaten a second time, retreated, and was replaced by Massena.

In the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Jourdan lent no assistance to Buonaparte: he was in consequence excluded from the Legislative Body, and even banished from the court. Still, as he was not without some portion of military reputation, he was at length received into something like favour. In 1800 he commanded in Piedmont; in 1802 he was called to the Council of State; the year succeeding saw him at the head of the army of Italy; and on the memorable 19th of May, 1804, he was created a marshal: but on the breaking out of the Austrian war (1805) he was once again superseded by Massena,—a disgrace of which he complained, but without effect. In 1806 he governed Naples under Joseph Buonaparte; and in 1808 he accompanied that personage into Spain as his major-general.

Jourdan has the reputation of having sustained more defeats than any other French general. His nickname of *the anvil*, is significant enough of his ill success. He soon found that his talents were

unable to meet the difficulties of his situation. He complained of Joseph, and Joseph complained of him: until, discouraged and disgusted, he demanded and obtained his recall at the close of 1809.

When the Russian campaign was decided, the marshal was not a little chagrined at being compelled to return to Spain—where he conducted the inglorious retreat from Madrid, and was at length overwhelmed in the ruin of Vittoria. This last defeat threw all his former ones into the shade. In his flight from the field he threw down his truncheon, which was found and ludicrously displayed by some of our soldiers. Jourdan did not think himself safe until he reached Paris. There he quietly watched the declining fortunes of his master, after whose abdication he received a command from Louis.

When Buonaparte returned from Elba, Jourdan retired into the country. He was for some time undecided as to the course he should pursue;—but at length consented to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. As he was so notorious for his disasters in war, his services were not required at Waterloo, but he was entrusted with the government of Besançon. He was one of the first to recognise the authority of Louis after the second abdication. In 1817 he was placed over the seventh military division, and the year following was admitted among the new peers.

“Jourdan is a poor general,” said Napoleon at St. Helena. He might have added, “he is a stupid man.” But his heart is better than his head: he governed Piedmont so mildly in 1800, that sixteen years afterwards, the king of Sardinia sent him his portrait, splendidly enriched with diamonds.

JUNOT.

ANDOCHÉ Junot was born of humble parents at Bussy-les-Forges, October 23d, 1771.

At a very early period Junot enlisted into the army, some accounts say in consequence of disputes with his father, whom he insulted and plundered. Of his military exploits nothing is known until the siege of Toulon, when he was a simple grenadier. Here he was fortunate to attract the notice of the young commandant of the artillery. During a heavy cannonade, Buonaparte, having occasion to dictate a despatch, inquired if any one near him could write. Junot stepped out of the ranks, and while penning the despatch, a shot struck the ground close by his side, and covered both with dust. "This is fortunate, Sir," observed the grenadier, laughing, "I was in want of sand." "You are a brave fellow," said Buonaparte; "how can I serve you?" "Give me promotion; I will not disgrace it!" He was immediately made a serjeant; not long afterwards he obtained a commission; and in 1796 was nominated aide-de-camp to his benefactor.

In the campaign of Italy this officer exhibited daring courage, and it is said unequalled rapacity: the former brought him the grade of colonel; the latter enabled him to indulge in his habits of dissipation. In Egypt, too, he served with distinction as general of brigade, and soon after his return was placed over a division. Into the Legion of Honour he entered as a matter of course; but to the particular favour of Napoleon he owed the governorship of Paris, and the

embassy to Lisbon, the latter of which was a most lucrative mission. Having forced the feeble Don John to purchase peace at a high price, he returned to Paris, as if the object of his embassy were fully accomplished, and permanent concord was thenceforth to reign between the two courts; but scarcely had he passed through the German campaign, than he again returned to Lisbon, extorted another large sum from the besotted government, and insisted that every British resident should be arrested, and all British property confiscated. Though Don John was weak, even to helplessness, he was an honest man, and he disdained to make such an ungrateful return to his best allies. He advised the English to wind up their accounts, and leave the country with all possible expedition; and owing to this timely notice, most of them escaped with whatever property their hurry would permit them to collect. But no concessions would have satisfied the tyrant: long before the result of his demands could be known, he had entered into a treaty with the despicable court of Spain for the dismemberment of the kingdom; and forthwith Junot, whom he knew to be unprincipled enough for any enterprise, received orders once more to enter Portugal at the head of a powerful army, to make prisoners of the royal family, and to seize the principal towns and fortresses.

Had Junot been an honest man, he would have indignantly spurned this commission; but he was as little swayed by moral principle or humane feeling as the veriest leader of banditti. He entered this ill-fated kingdom in November, 1807, and though his first act was a proclamation in which he expressed the utmost friendship to the nation, and

averred that he came as the ally of Don John, his subsequent ones were uniformly fiendish. On the march from Alcantara to Lisbon, his soldiers seized cattle, provisions, money—every thing they could carry away. “They pillaged as they went (says Southey), and the very officers robbed the houses in which they were quartered: olive and other fruit-trees were cut down for fuel, or to form temporary barracks; houses and churches were plundered. They burnt or mutilated the images in the churches, and threw the wafer to be trodden under foot.” When they entered Abrantes, they drove before them all the cattle they had been able to collect; they had more than sufficient for their wants, and they sold the remainder in open market. Their general-in-chief ordered twelve thousand pair of shoes to be—gratuitously of course—provided for them; but the poor inhabitants could only furnish between two and three thousand. “These exactions were less intolerable to the Portuguese than the insults and irreligion with which they were accompanied. A colonel who was quartered in a capuchin convent made the guardian pull off his boots, and after robbing the convent of the few valuables which it possessed, threatened to fusillade him if he did not bring him money; the friar had no other resource but that of feigning to seek it, and taking flight. In the church of St. Antonio the altars were used as mangers for the horses*.”

In this way Junot marched on to the capital, but before he reached it the royal family had embarked for the Brazils. His rage was great at finding his prey had escaped him. He put down the regency

* Southey's *Peninsular War*, vol. i. p. 105.

which Don John had appointed, levied oppressive contributions, severely punished all who ventured to speak against his measures, allayed partial revolts by the bloodiest executions,—in short, he held unbounded and unbridled sway over the lives and fortunes of the inhabitants. The dreadful state to which he reduced Lisbon, formerly so flourishing, cannot be better described than in the words of the same historian:—

“ The situation of Lisbon, at this time, is one to which history affords no parallel: it suffered neither war, nor pestilence, nor famine, yet these visitations could scarcely have produced a greater degree of misery; and the calamity did not admit of hope; for whither at this time could Portugal look for deliverance? As the government was now effectually converted into a military usurpation, it became easy to simplify its operations; and most of the persons formerly employed in civil departments were dismissed from office. Some were at once turned off; others had documents given them, entitling them to be reinstated upon vacancies; a few had some trifling pension *promised*. All who had depended for employment and subsistence upon foreign trade were now destitute. Whole families were thus suddenly reduced to poverty and actual want. Their trinkets went first, whatever was saleable followed: things offered for sale at such a time were sold at half their price, while the price of food was daily augmenting. It was a dismal thing to see the Mint beset with persons who carried thither the few articles of plate with which they had formerly set forth a comfortable board, and the ornaments which they had worn in happier days. It was a dismal thing to see men pale with anxiety,

passing through crowds who were on the same miserable errand, and women weeping as they offered their little treasure to the scales. Persons who had lived in plenty and respectability were seen publicly asking alms—for thousands were at once reduced to the alternative of begging or stealing: and women of unblemished virtue till this fatal season, walked the streets, offering themselves to prostitution, that the mother might obtain bread for her hungry children—the daughter for her starving parents: such was the state to which one of the most flourishing cities in Europe was reduced!”

Junot had sent divisions of his troops throughout the whole country to take possession of the fortresses, so that the kingdom lay for a time at his feet. Created Duke of Abrantes by the emperor, his ambitious aspirings looked to a much higher elevation: he considered the Lusitanian crown within his reach. Some accounts say, that he had derived well-founded hopes of such a dignity from the tenor of his master's conversation: however this may be, certain it is that he endeavoured to prevail on the nobles and clergy to solicit a king from Napoleon, that king to be himself. But he was soon rudely awakened from his dreams of royalty. His lieutenants, whom he had placed over the great towns, and who equalled himself in rapacity and cruelty, were not always able to quell the insurrections which desperation daily produced: many of his troops were cut off in straggling parties. Meanwhile an English force, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, had landed on the coast, and was advancing to drive him from the country. He assembled his generals, with their respective divisions, and hastened to oppose the enemy. The battle of Vimeiro was so

decisive, that he was compelled to enter into a convention for the evacuation of Portugal. Before he left Lisbon, however, he and his soldiers plundered to such purpose, that he declared five ships would be necessary for the conveyance of his baggage; in which were included many valuable pictures, fifty-three casks of indigo, some excellent studs of horses, a great number of manuscripts and curiosities from the national museum, and an amazing quantity of specie. To his sore mortification, Junot was compelled to disgorge most of this booty; but still he escaped with sufficient to render him affluent for the remainder of his days. He returned to France, followed by the curses of the Portuguese, and to meet an incensed master, who was little wont to make allowances for miscarriage in any of his generals. From this time until 1812 he remained in complete disgrace.

In the Russian campaign, Junot headed a division, but he gathered no new laurels, and consequently could not obtain the marshal's truncheon*. On his return he was sent to protect the Illyrian provinces against an invasion of the Austrians; but he was now become equally miserable in mind and body: a fever of long duration ended in settled derangement. For some time his freaks caused the amusement of his domestics, but at length he became a mere idiot, and was conveyed to the retirement of his father's house at Montbard, where he arrived July 22, 1813. He had not been in the house more than two hours when he arose from his seat, leaped through a high window, and broke his thigh. The limb was amputated, but an inflammation succeeded, and occasioned his death on the sixth day after his arrival.

* See the *Life of Murat*.

In his person Junot was eminently handsome ; in his manners coarse and brutal ; in his character unprincipled, rapacious, and cruel. But he had a considerable share of moral as well as physical energy, and few men could obey orders better than he. This praise is due to the earlier part of his career ; after his disgrace he appeared a different man. Of all men, however, he was one of the least fit to direct a whole army, and it is not easy to imagine why he was ever intrusted with the chief command. As we have been compelled to say so much ill of him, it gives us pleasure to conclude this sketch with an anecdote which does him honour.

When the general returned from the Egyptian expedition, he went into Burgundy to see his relatives and friends, and to shew them that prosperity had not altered his sentiments towards them. At Montbard, where he had received what little education he possessed, he called on his schoolfellows, whom he saluted with great cordiality ; but his emotion was much greater when he met with his former preceptor, whom he had believed to be dead. He threw his arms around the old man's neck, and kissed him. Surprised to receive such testimonies of regard from a stranger, especially from one so richly habited, the schoolmaster looked foolish, and was unable to utter a word. " Do you not know me ?" inquired the young officer. " I have not that honour, Sir." " What ! not know the idlest, the most dissolute, and worthless of your scholars ?" " Am I speaking to M. Junot ?" inquired the old man, with the utmost naïveté. The general laughed, again embraced his tutor, and on going away, settled on him an annual pension.

KLEBER.

JEAN Baptiste Kleber, among the ablest of the revolutionary generals, was born at Strasburg, in 1745.

In his earlier years Kleber studied architecture both in his native city and at Paris; but the profession did not please him, and he returned home uncertain in what career he should commence active life. A singular adventure decided him. As he was one day sitting in a tavern, his notice was attracted to some Bavarians, who, though quietly partaking of some refreshment, were insulted by a number of young townsmen. He took the part of the strangers, and severely reproached his countrymen for their inhospitable behaviour. These, far from listening to his reproof, became more violent than before, and did not spare himself. His blood rose: he challenged three or four of them, and beat them completely. The grateful Bavarians lamented that one who promised to be a hero, should not belong to the profession in which his merits would be most readily acknowledged and rewarded; drew an animated picture of the military life, and concluded with offering to procure his admission into the school at Munich. He accepted the proposal, and became one of the most distinguished pupils in the institution. In 1772, he obtained his first commission, but his promotion was too tardy for his hopes. In 1783 he was only lieutenant. In some disgust he applied for leave of absence, and returned to Strasburg, where his friends persuaded him to relinquish the service,

and revert to his former profession. The six following years, he was inspector of the public buildings in Upper Alsace—but then the revolution called the aspiring to arms, and he listened to its voice.

In the campaigns which followed, it was impossible that talents like Kleber's could remain unnoticed. Under General Custine he speedily attained the rank of adjutant-general; and in the war of La Vendee, he commanded a division.

The fame which he subsequently acquired in the campaigns of Germany, rendered Buonaparte desirous of his assistance in the Egyptian expedition, and the distinguished share which he had in the success of the French arms in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, is known to all who are conversant with the annals of Napoleon. When the latter returned to France, he was left with the command of the army,—a trust anything but desirable. He had but fifteen thousand troops, and the Turks were recruiting their forces in every direction: yet he had no other alternative than to hold out until reinforcements reached him from France. He defeated the Turks at Damietta: in March 1800, he obtained a more signal advantage over them near the ruins of Heliopolis; and returned to reduce Cairo, which in his absence had revolted. He is said,—we believe with truth—to have acted mercilessly towards the unfortunate inhabitants; but his own days were already numbered.

On the 14th day of June, 1801, Kleber, who had just returned from a journey to Gizeh, was invited to breakfast with General Damas. About two o'clock, P.M. after desiring the other guests to await his return,

he walked out on a long terrace which separated the residence of Damas from his own quarters. He was accompanied by the architect Protain. As both walked slowly along, earnestly engaged in conversation, a man, who had concealed himself in a cistern at the extremity of the terrace, left his hiding-place, cautiously followed them, and, unperceived by either, plunged a poignard into the left groin of Kleber. The victim staggered to the parapet, exclaiming, *Alas I am wounded!* and fell weltering in his blood. Then it was that Protain first perceived the assassin, who, with the bloody blade naked in his hand, advanced towards him. With his cane he defended himself as well as he could; but he soon fell at Kleber's feet, having received six wounds. The assassin then gave the general three other stabs, but he might have saved himself the trouble, the first had done its work. In the mean time a soldier had heard the last words of Kleber, and the alarm was given. The terrace was soon covered with the French, and the assassin was apprehended.

Soleyman, a native of Aleppo, was a youth remarkable for his religious fanaticism. He had made several pilgrimages to the Sacred City; his dearest wish was to be admitted as public reader of the Koran into one of the Mosques; and he could not behold without mortification the presence of the infidels in Syria and Egypt. The fanatic was also a patriot. He burned with indignation at the atrocities committed on his countrymen by the invaders. He loudly declaimed against the apathy of the Mahommedans in suffering the inheritance of the true believers to be thus ravaged; and asserted that if unable to oppose the enemy in the field, every one who cared either

for his home or his religion, should single out some particular victim for the honour of God and the Prophet. His zeal attracted the notice of Ahmed-Aga, who instantly resolved to make him the instrument of Kleber's destruction. This Ahmed had been the favourite of the Grand Vizier, but had been lately disgraced. There was, however, one means by which he could be restored to his master's confidence,—by the death of the renowned general whom the armies of the Sublime Porte had assailed in vain. By acting on the highly-wrought enthusiasm of Soleyman, Ahmed persuaded him that the assassination of so formidable a foe to their country and religion would be the most acceptable of services to the Prophet of God. The poor wretch listened and believed, and undertook the dreadful mission. He reached Cairo at the beginning of May, and took up his temporary abode in the great Mosque. Having waited a whole month for Kleber's return from Gizeh, he became impatient at the delay, and set out for that town. But he was again disappointed: the very day of his arrival the general had departed for Cairo. Faithful to his purpose, which obstacles served only to strengthen, he hastily retraced his steps, and committed the deed in the manner above related. That he need expect no mercy from the French—not less ferocious than the most vindictive of his own countrymen, he well knew; but neither he nor the world expected that he would suffer a death at which humanity shudders. He was impaled alive—and his agonies were ingeniously prolonged during three whole days and nights! The corpse of Soleyman was embalmed, and brought to Paris, to be deposited in the Museum of Natural History.

As an officer, Kleber was worthy of all praise : he combined the romantic bravery of a Lannes, with the cool judgment of a Bernadotte.

LAISON.

OLIVER Laison was a native of Domvillers, but the year of his birth is unknown, and, indeed, so is much of his early life. All that appears certain is, that his father was a humble lawyer ; that he embraced the military profession on the breaking out of the revolution ; and that he began his career as a private in a volunteer regiment.

Military merit he must surely have possessed, or his rise would not have been so rapid where so many brave men were contending for distinction. He obtained his first commission in 1793, and after two years more of active service became general of brigade. If among the bold he made himself remarkable for a courage as dauntless as it was often ferocious, among robbers he was no less distinguished. Unluckily for himself he had not, like some others, the talent of stealing without noise.

Having pillaged and destroyed a rich monastery on the frontiers of Luxembourg in open defiance of the existing prohibitions, he was arrested, and would have been condemned to death—had not one of the deputies from the Convention screened him. He was, however, compelled to leave the army and return to Paris.

One of the most fortunate things that could have happened to this officer was the acquaintance which in 1795 he formed with Buonaparte. He assisted

that general in defending the National Convention against the Sections, and at a later period the service was not forgotten. But such at that time was the bad odour of his name that he was compelled to remain inactive, until he was permitted to join Massena in the army of Switzerland. By that able commander, who knew his merit, he was made general of division, and he certainly justified the promotion by a series of most brilliant services.

On the formation of the imperial government, General Laison received the cross of the Legion of Honour, and the post of governor of St. Cloud.* He behaved so well in the next campaign, that in 1806 he was placed in the government of two provinces, Munster and Osnabruck. In this dignity he continued two years, and enriched himself beyond example.

But his greatest infamy is associated with the invasion of Portugal under Junot in 1808. In the language of Mr. Southey:—"Laison was one of those men after Buonaparte's own heart, who, being equally devoid of honour and humanity, carried on war in the worst spirit of the worst ages, plundering and massacring without shame and without remorse." "He was notorious for rapacity in the most rapacious army that ever disgraced its profession and its country." He spared not "age, infirmity, sex, or childhood." His march from Almeida to Abrantes was accompanied by pillage, flames, and death. At Evora, he surpassed himself: justly does the historian remark, that "the horrors which ensued will be remembered in Portugal while any record of past times shall be preserved there." While

* Another account says, that both these rewards were for his gallantry at Austerlitz.

the infantry were carrying on the work of death within, horsemen were stationed without to cut down all who attempted to escape. “The convents and churches afforded no asylum: not those who had borne arms alone, but children and old men were massacred, and women were violated and slaughtered. The lowest computation makes the number of these victims amount to nine hundred. The clergy and religioners were especial objects of vengeance: they were literally hunted from their hiding places like wild beasts: eight-and-thirty were butchered; among them was the bishop of Morahan. The archbishop’s intercession with Laison obtained only a promise that a stop should be put to these enormities: no attempt was made to restrain them that day nor during the whole night, nor till eleven o’clock on the following morning; and then, by an order of the general, what he called *the lawful pillage* was declared to be at an end: but he contented himself with issuing the order; no means for enforcing it were taken, and the soldiers continued their abominations till every place had been ransacked, and their worst passions had been glutted.”

“Laison promised the archbishop that his property should not be touched. After this promise Laison himself, with some of his officers, entered the archbishop’s library, which was one of the finest in Portugal: they took down all the books in the hope of discovering valuables behind them; they broke off the gold and silver clasps from the magnificent bindings of the rarest part of the collection, and in their disappointment at finding so little plunder, tore in pieces a whole pile of manuscripts. They took every gold and silver coin from his cabinet of medals, and every jewel and bit of the precious metals with which the relics

were adorned, or which decorated any thing in his oratory. Laison was even seen at noon-day to take the archbishop's episcopal ring from the table, and pocket it."*

We have no wish to follow Laison through his revolting career. As he had never a separate command, and was rarely employed on his own responsibility, his movements belonged rather to the superiors in command than to himself. By the Portuguese he will long be remembered by his name of *Maneta* (he had lost an arm). He presided at most of the military executions ordered by Junot. He was with Soult at the time of Napoleon's first abdication; and, like that general, he gave in his adhesion to Louis, who placed him over the Fifth Military Division.

Laison was deeply engaged in the plot for Buonaparte's resumption of the supreme power in 1815. During the hundred days he served his old master zealously, and after the battle of Waterloo he collected his property and fled to Liege, in the vicinity of which he had long before purchased a valuable estate. Here he ended his worthless life in 1816.

LANNES.

JEAN Lannes, who, for his impetuous valour, was called the *Orlando* and the *Ajax* of the French camp, was born at Lectoure, April 11th, 1769.

The parents of Lannes were poor, and intended him for some mechanical pursuit; but he listened only to his own martial temper, and at an early age enlisted

* Southey's History of the Peninsular War, vol. ii. 146, 7.

into the army. For some time he was employed on the Pyrenean frontier, where he exhibited courage sufficient to procure him the rank of chief of Brigade. He was, however, considered as destitute of the qualities necessary in him who is to command others, and for this reason, in 1795, he was deposed by an agent of the Convention. His appellation of Ajax, indeed, seems to have been not inappropriate: if he had all the daring, he had also something of the stupidity, of that Homeric hero.

Mortifying as was this disgrace, it could not damp the ardour of Lannes. He assisted Buonaparte in the affair of the Sections, and accompanied him as a volunteer to Italy. At one of the first actions in which he was engaged, that of Millesimo, he distinguished himself so well that he was made colonel on the field. The bridge of Lodi exhibited a dazzling specimen of his intrepidity. He had taken one ensign, and was about to seize a second, from the Austrians, when his horse fell under him, and twelve cuirassiers raised their sabres to cut him down. Lannes instantly sprung on the horse of an Austrian officer, killed the rider, placed himself firmly in the saddle, and fought his way through the cuirassiers, killing two or three, and severely wounding more. Such a man could not but rise: he was made general of brigade, and soon afterwards of division.

In the Egyptian expedition—at Acre—and above all, at Aboukir—General Lannes was foremost in danger, and in honour. He returned to France with the commander-in-chief, whom he assisted to overturn the directorial government. He accompanied the First Consul over St. Bernard, and added to his already

numerous laurels at the battle of Montebello, which afterwards gave him his title, and at Marengo.

The next service which Lannes performed to his master was one, however, which ought to have been intrusted to any other hands. He was sent ambassador into Portugal, where his fierce demeanour and domineering conduct obtained the promise of every thing he asked from the childish government which the country had the misfortune to obey. On his return he became marshal of France, and ere long Duke of Montebello, and was present at every action of importance, from the combat of Wertingen to the peace of Tilsit. Such was his adventurous spirit, his indomitable fury, that the army, with one consent, bestowed on him the same distinction already awarded to Murat and Ney—*the brave among the brave*. He was, indeed, the emperor's right hand, ready for any enterprise, and as careless of others' lives as his own.

This marshal, notwithstanding his romantic bravery, was not very successful in the Spanish campaign. He took Saragoza, but not until after a long and murderous siege; and when the city at last fell, we are sorry to say, his valour was stained by perfidy as well as cruelty. He promised that the governor, Palafox, should retire unmolested, yet he made him a prisoner, and treated him shamefully. He promised that the garrison should march out with the honours of war,—he made all prisoners. He promised that the inhabitants should be uninjured,—he shot many, imprisoned more, levied the most oppressive contributions, and permitted his ruffian soldiers to plunder with impunity. Sometimes, indeed, Lannes could exhibit uncommon generosity; but he

had no fixed principles, and being led by the impulses of a mind in which ferocity was strangely combined with grandeur, committed, or what is the same thing, allowed to be committed, many actions of a cruel, vindictive character.

After the fall of this place, the heroic defence of which will be immortal, he retired to an estate that he had purchased in the vicinity of Paris. But the war with Austria recalled him to the field. And now, for the first time, his parting with his family is said to have been mournful. His usual brilliant success attended him until the battle of Essling, when a cannon-ball carried away the whole of his right leg and the foot and ankle of the left. The emotion which the emperor testified on the occasion was honourable to both. He constantly attended his sick bed, consoling him, and bidding him hope. But hope was vain—the surgeons declared that nothing could save him. He had always been stern; he was now furious: “Not save a marshal of France and a duke of Montebello!” he exclaimed to the terrified practitioners: “then the emperor shall hang you,—and may you be d—d afterwards!” On the 31st of March, the ninth day after his accident, he seized the hand of Napoleon, and said: “Another hour, and your majesty will have lost one of your most zealous and faithful friends!” And so it proved.

“I found Lannes a dwarf, but I made him a giant,” said Buonaparte at St. Helena. It is true, that from a simple volunteer he was raised by his patron to the highest rank in the army, and in the peerage; but his elevation was the consequence of his own merit. Among all the soldiers of the Revolution there was not a more dauntless spirit. Like

Ney, his rival in bravery, he was vulgar, and even coarse in his manners; but he was more fierce than he, and, unlike him, he was often merciless; and notwithstanding his lofty station, his moral energy, and his chivalric valour, posterity will assuredly rank Lannes among the ruffians of his age.

LEFEBVRE.

FRANÇOIS Joseph Lefebvre, a native of Rufack, of a humble family, was born October 25th, 1755.

The revolution which found him a veteran serjeant, opened to him as well as others the higher career of his profession. But unlike many others he did not stain himself by the excesses of the period: on two occasions he interposed in behalf of the royal family, threatened by a ruffian mob, and on both he was wounded. He well deserved his rapid promotion. In September, 1793, he was raised from the rank of captain to that of adjutant-general; in December the same year he was general of brigade, and the month following of division. He fought under Pichegru, Moreau, Hoche, and Jourdan, in the Netherlands and in Germany, and on all occasions with distinction. At Stockach he sustained for many hours, with eight thousand men only, the assaults of thirty-six thousand Austrians, nor did he give way until he was severely wounded. But bravery was not his only merit: he had great presence of mind, great promptitude of decision, a correct military eye, and he was a good tactician.

This general was of great use to Buonaparte in the revolution of Brumaire. It was he who extricated

Lucien from the infuriated Council of Five Hundred. Perceiving the indecision of Buonaparte, he said, "Only speak the word, and I will soon fetch your brother." "Go, then," replied the other, "and act as you please." At the head of twenty-five grenadiers, he entered the hall of the assembly, and amidst the loudest execrations, quietly and silently laid hold of the terrified Lucien, and brought him away.

Raised to the dignity of marshal, Lefebvre was one of the best supports of the imperial fortunes. In the campaigns of 1805-6-7, he shewed equal intrepidity and skill. After the battle of Eylau he was sent with sixteen thousand men to invest Dantzic, which was garrisoned by twenty-one thousand regulars, exclusive of a numerous militia. The place was strong by nature, and rendered still more so by art, and not many days after the trenches were opened, twelve thousand Russians arrived to re-inforce the garrison. The besiegers were thus compelled to divide their forces, otherwise they would have been placed between two fires. The action with the Russians (May 15, 1807) was a very sharp one; and Lefebvre would certainly have been worsted had not Lannes and Oudinot advanced to support him. In fact the whole siege was of the same character: the fortress was defended with unparalleled obstinacy. One day the besieged made an impetuous sally, and after a violent struggle gained possession of a redoubt on which a battery had been erected to cover the works, and which it was of the highest importance to the French to regain. The marshal hurried to that part of the field, placed himself at the head of his grenadiers, saying, "Now for our turn, my children!" and rushed to the attack. As the balls showered thick around him, his brave fol-

lowers wished to protect him by forming a rampart of their own bodies; "No! let me fight as you do!" was his dauntless reply as he led them on. The redoubt was retaken, and all who had defended it were either killed or made prisoners. At length it was evident that the place could hold out no longer; when with the generosity belonging to his character, he wished that Lannes and Oudinot, who had so opportunely assisted him on the 15th of May, should be present at the capitulation, and enter with him. They, however, were too high-minded to divide his triumph; and to end this generous contest, they both repassed the Vistula. On the 24th of the same month Dantzic capitulated on conditions alike honourable to the marshal, and to General Kalreuth, the governor.

Lefebvre, now Duke of Dantzic, was one of the numerous and able French generals, who fought and gathered few laurels in Spain. In the German campaign of 1809, at Thaur, Abersberg, Eckmühl, and Wagram, and among the dangerous passes of the Tyrol, he maintained the honour of the French arms. In the Russian campaign he headed the imperial guard, but was seldom called into action. In those of 1813 and 1814 he faithfully adhered to the declining fortunes of his master. Louis made him a peer, but after Buonaparte's return he dishonoured himself by consenting to support the usurper in the new Chamber of Peers. By this weakness—we are unwilling to call it by a heavier name—he had justly forfeited all claim to the king's favour. In 1816, however, he was confirmed in his rank of marshal, and in three years more was recalled to the upper chamber. He died September 1820, leaving no issue.

Lefebvre was a disinterested man, a stranger to the arts of extortion unblushingly practised by almost every French general of his time. In 1796 he was so poor that he could not pay the expenses of his son at college, and the youth was compelled to return home. After the peace concluded in 1799, he thus wrote to the Directory: "The definitive conclusion of peace will enable the country to dispense with my services. I beg you to assign me a pension that I may live in comfort. I want neither carriage nor horse, but bread only. You know my services as well as I do: I shall not reckon my victories, and I have no defeats to mention."—"Before I retire from the profession, I am exceedingly anxious that the patriotism, the bravery, the talents and services of both my aid-de-camp and officers of artillery should be rewarded," &c. The general who asks only bread for himself, and leaves the more splendid rewards to others, must win our respect.

The duke had an estate at Combaut in the department of the Seine-and-Marne. In an apartment of his mansion there was a chest at least twenty feet long, the contents of which many visitors were anxious to see. One day the duchess opened it in presence of a female friend: it was found to contain all the successive garments which she and her husband had worn since their marriage. The oldest were coarse plain habits; the more recent ones bore the insignia of ducal rank. "My husband and I," said the lady, "have taken pleasure in preserving these garments: there is no harm in looking on them from time to time:—people should never forget what their history has been."

On Napoleon's first abdication, Lefebvre proceeded

to Paris, and was introduced to the Russian emperor. "You were not under the walls of this city, marshal, when we arrived?" "No, Sire, we had the misfortune to arrive too late." "*Misfortune!*" observed the prince smiling; "you are sorry then to see me here?" "Sire, I cannot behold without admiration a conqueror who, though so young, uses his victory with moderation; but because he is the conqueror of my country, neither can I look on him without anguish." "I honour you for such sentiments," said Alexander; "they add to my esteem for the Duke of Dantzic."

MACDONALD

Is the son of a Highland *dunnie-wassel* (or poor gentleman), of the Clanronald sept, who was among the first to join the standard of Charles Edward Stewart, in 1745. Having been educated for the Catholic Church, he was master of three languages, French, English, and Gaelic, and attended the adventurer as interpreter throughout his expedition. After the battle of Culloden he escaped to France, where he settled. The son was born in the little town of Sancerre, November 17th, 1765.

At an early age he entered as lieutenant into the Irish regiment of Dillon. He embraced, but not to extravagance, the principles of the revolution. His education had been more liberal than that of military men generally—of the French military especially—and he was not so dazzled by the new light, as to be insensible to the dark spots which deformed even its dawn.

After the battle of Jemmapes, Colonel Mac-

donald began to attract the notice of Europe. He was present at most of the actions which were fought in the Low Countries. As general of brigade, he led the van of the army of the north ; and contributed to the conquest of Holland, by passing the Vahal on the ice, in defiance of a furious cannonade from the batteries of Nimeguen.

Appointed Governor of Rome (1798), General Macdonald endeavoured to restore the public tranquillity, in a city which had long been the theatre of strife between the partisans of the old and new order of things, and in this capacity he acted with stern severity. Not only did he banish the ecclesiastics, but he put to death all who asserted the independence of the state. At Frosinone he had the barbarity to massacre all the armed inhabitants, and to burn their houses to the ground. Such conduct would have created no surprise in an Augereau, or Davoust, or Massena: but from this phlegmatic thinking officer, mankind had looked for different things. It is some consolation to think, that if this was the first, it was also the last stain of the kind on his character. Mack approached, and he abandoned the Eternal City, but returned to it on the defeat of that general. He once more left it, to carry into effect the iniquitous designs of his government on the kingdom of Naples ; but he was ere long driven out of Italy by Suwarroff.

Macdonald took part with Buonaparte, on the 18th Brumaire ; and was rewarded with some important missions, from the last of which—the embassy to Copenhagen—he did not return until 1803. Then his favour with the First Consul ceased. He had the honesty to reprobate, in no measured terms, the con-

duct pursued towards Moreau; and some officious persons having reported his words to Buonaparte, he was immediately ordered to retire into the country, or at least to appear no more at court. He obeyed without complaint, though he did not witness without resentment the omission of his name in the list of marshals in 1804. He remained in obscurity until the Austrian war of 1809, when he was sent to direct the inexperienced Eugene Beauharnois in the defence of Italy. He pursued the Austrians into Hungary, and had the principal share in the victory at Raab. But it was at Wagram that he exhibited the greatest intrepidity. He forced the enemy's centre, though it was defended by two hundred pieces of cannon. The manner in which he performed this eminent service called forth the applause of the emperor, who embraced him, and created him a marshal on the field of battle. "From this day forward," said the emperor, "let us be friends!" This was some reparation for the wrong he had sustained, but the old prejudice still lingered in the breast of Napoleon.

The new marshal was next intrusted with the government of Gratz, where his conduct formed an honourable contrast to what it had been at Rome. Not only did he preserve rigorous discipline among the troops, but he won the esteem of the inhabitants to such a degree, that, on his departure, they begged him to accept 100,000 francs, as well as a box of jewels for one of his daughters. He nobly refused both, observing that if they considered themselves under any obligation to him, they had other means of returning it, by taking care of three hundred sick soldiers, whom he was compelled to leave behind.

In Spain and Russia, the Marshal (now created

Duke of Tarentum) equalled the best of Napoleon's lieutenants. The campaign of Saxony found him at his post of danger and honour. He was at Lutzen and Bautzen; but the most signal of his services was rendered at Leipsic. After gallantly withstanding the assaults of the enemy (October 18th, 20th, 1813), and that too in spite of the Saxon defection, his was the perilous duty of protecting the French rear during the retreat. The fierce attacks of an overwhelming enemy, with the destruction of the bridge over which the fugitives had hoped to escape, exhibited a scene of massacre and drowning—a scene unrivalled for horror, except by the passage of the Berezina. Macdonald plunged into the Elster, and saved himself by swimming, while the illustrious Poniatowsky, “the last hope of the Poles,” his associate in covering the retreat, sank to rise no more. Macdonald faithfully adhered to the emperor, until the abdication of Fontainebleau; and exerted himself so warmly in the endeavour to procure good terms for the fallen chief and his family from the allied princes, that Napoleon could not but think with compunction of the little favour he had ever shewn this marshal, in comparison of what he had lavished on others, who now deserted him in his hour of need. At parting, he presented his own sword to Macdonald. “Take it,” said he, “it is a soldier's gift to his comrade. Duke of Tarentum, I wish I had known you sooner, as well as I do now.”

Like the other marshals, the duke of Tarentum was caressed and loaded with honours by the new government. Nominated a peer of France, he made in the Chamber two suggestions, distinguished alike for their wisdom, justice, and importance. He

proposed that the emigrants whose possessions had passed into private hands, should be indemnified by the formation of a fund, to which twelve millions of francs shall be annually contributed ; and, in like manner, that the grants of the imperial government should be held inviolate. Both were rejected ; but with him rested the praise of having proposed measures which would have conciliated two powerful and discontented parties, and perhaps prevented the disasters that followed.

When the ex-emperor returned to trouble France, the marshal continued honourably faithful to the royal cause. He proceeded to Lyons to join *Monsieur*, in repelling the invader. He soon found, however, that the troops were secretly resolved to desert their standards. He harangued them, but to no purpose ; they preserved a gloomy and ominous silence. He placed two battalions behind some barricades which had been hastily erected to defend the passage of the Rhone. The men quietly remained in the position assigned them ; but no sooner did they hear the cry of *Vive l'Empereur !* raised by the advanced guard of Napoleon's little army, than they eagerly scrambled over the barricades, and, in spite of their commander's entreaties, flew into the arms of their ancient comrades. He was forced to retire, and would have been taken prisoner by his own troops, had not some of them, more honourable than the rest, insisted on his evasion being unobstructed. He returned to Paris, where he again hoped to make a stand ; but on the emperor's approach, he was again abandoned. Resolved, however, to continue his fidelity to the very last, he accompanied the fugitive Louis to the frontiers of the kingdom.

During the Hundred Days, the duke would accept no command under Napoleon. He remained in the capital, and enrolled himself among the grenadiers of the National Guard. In this uniform he appeared at court after the restoration of the king. He was soon made Arch-chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and Governor of the Twenty-First Military Division; and afterwards Major-general of the Royal Guard.

If Macdonald is not one of the greatest, he is certainly among the most respectable of the French marshals. He is a brave soldier and a skilful general; and in his personal conduct he has shewn both moderation and independence. He enriched himself by no rapine; he hesitated not to brave Napoleon's anger in behalf of his friend Moreau; and shewed himself superior to the revenge which ensued. His fidelity to Napoleon himself in the midst of apostacy will ever be honourable to his character—a character on which, indeed, we can trace but one stain,—his cruelty to the revolted inhabitants of the Roman State.

Marshal Macdonald passed some months in this country in the year 1820: visited, with great attention, the localities of Charles Edward's campaign in Scotland; and shewed much kindness to his relations in the Highlands and Hebrides; most of whom he found in very humble circumstances.

He inhabits in Paris the splendid hotel of the Legion of Honour, and has a princely chateau on the banks of the Loire. He has daughters, but no son to inherit his title.

MARMONT.

AUGUSTE-Frederique-Louis-Viesse de Marmont is one of the most respectable by birth of Napoleon's marshals. His family is noble, and has for ages been distinguished for its military propensity. He was born at Chatillon-sur-Seine, July 20th, 1774.

Like most of his ancestors, Frederique from his earliest infancy was designed for the army. In his fifteenth year he entered it as sub-lieutenant in a regiment of infantry; but convinced that promotion would be more rapid in the artillery, he soon abandoned the former service for the latter. At Toulon he attracted the notice of Buonaparte; and when that general was invested with the command of the army of the interior, Marmont hastened to Paris, and was appointed his aide-de-camp.

Throughout the campaigns of Italy, Egypt, and Syria, Marmont was at the side of Napoleon, and was one of the few selected to return with him to France.

In the arduous passage of Mount St. Bernard, and in the affair of Fort St. Bard, Marmont greatly distinguished himself. He commanded the artillery at Marengo; and at the close of the campaign became general of division.

In the wars of 1805-6-7 Marmont served with equal honour; and in the course of the German campaign of 1809 he obtained a marshal's truncheon, and the title of Duke of Ragusa. After this he was ordered to replace Massena in the command of the army of Portugal; but this was a situation above his abilities.

Soon after his arrival in Spain, Marmont effected a junction with the army of Soult, and their combined forces marched to relieve Badajoz, then besieged by Wellington. The English general was not sufficiently strong to oppose them, and retreated towards Salamanca, our marshal following him. For a time they watched each other, neither being willing to strike the first blow ; but a blunder of Marmont at length threw the initiative into the hands of Wellington. He was at dinner in his tent when information was brought him that the French were extending their wing, probably to out-flank him. " Marmont's good genius has forsaken him !" said Wellington, and instantly mounted his horse. The French could not withstand the impetuous onset of our troops : they were driven from their positions, and the disorder of their flight was much increased in consequence of a wound which deprived them of Marmont's services early in the action. For the details of the great battle of Salamanca we must refer to the history of Napoleon*.

The wound of Marmont was so severe, (his arm was obliged at length to be amputated), that he could not follow his master next year into Russia. He was not even recovered when Napoleon precipitately returned from that disastrous campaign ; but he insisted on sharing in the dangers of the one about to open. Marmont held a command at Lutzen, Bautzen, Leipsic ; and afterwards defended, step by step, the territory of France against the formidable masses of the enemy which swept over it from the

* Seven thousand prisoners, eleven guns, and two eagles, were taken. One of the eagles was sold by a Connaught regiment for a bottle of rum !

Rhine to the capital. We arrive at the most important period in the life of this marshal.

Napoleon had charged Marmont and Mortier with the defence of Paris; but how could such an object be attained by a few thousands of troops against the combined hosts of the allies? Both marshals resisted, however, until Joseph Buonaparte abandoned the capital, desiring the Duke of Ragusa to conclude a convention for its surrender, and to make what terms he could. Accordingly he and Mortier agreed to evacuate the city, and save it from the horrors of an assault.

The Duke of Ragusa took post, after the capitulation, at Essonne, with about 12,000 men. Here he received the declaration of the allies, and the decree of the conservative senate, proclaiming that Napoleon no longer reigned. On this he entered into a negotiation both with the provisional government, and with Prince Schwartzberg; and at length agreed to march within the cantonments of the allies; thereby renouncing all idea of continuing the war. For his troops he stipulated that they should be allowed a safe retreat into Normandy; and he obtained a guarantee for the freedom and honourable treatment of Napoleon's person, should the emperor fall into the hands of the allies.

Before, however, the corps which the marshal commanded could be marched away, Macdonald, Caulaincourt, and Ney visited him at his head-quarters on their way to Paris. They were the bearers of Napoleon's act of abdication, and were authorized to add *his* name to the commission of which they were members. Their object was to procure the best terms they could, both for France in general, and for the

marshals in particular (of whom Ney was the acknowledged representative); and, above all, to obtain the assent of the allies to the proclamation of young Napoleon, under the regency of the empress. Marmont's situation was delicate: he complained of his having received no summons to attend with his brother-officers at Fontainebleau when the emperor signed the instrument of abdication; and mentioned the separate convention into which he had already entered. The Duke of Tarentum remonstrated with him on the impolicy of disunion among the great officers of the army at so critical a time; intreated him to suspend the execution of his convention; and to hasten to Paris with the three commissioners present for the purpose of assisting at the important conference about to be held. He consented, and as he stepped into Ney's carriage, ordered Count Souham, who, like all the other generals of his corps (two excepted), was privy to the convention, to remain stationary with the troops until further directions. But he had scarcely reached the capital, before an unexpected circumstance hastened the execution of the treaty. The emperor summoned Souham to his presence. Had he heard of the secret convention? was the question which naturally suggested itself to the general's mind. In some alarm he hastily assembled all who were privy to the transaction; and it was instantly resolved to fulfil the condition of marching the troops within the lines. These brave men, ignorant of the nature of the movement they were commanded to make, suspected that some flank attack on the allies was meditated; and proceeded with alacrity. Their rage at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by the enormous hosts of the

allies appeared in a violent commotion, which, however, was soon appeased.

By Louis XVIII. the Duke of Ragusa was made a Peer of France, and Captain of the Garde-du-Corps. When Napoleon landed from Elba, he was denounced as a traitor for the part he had acted in the drama of the abdication. He accompanied the king to Ghent, and thence, for the benefit of his health, he resorted to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he remained until the second restoration.

In 1817 the Duke of Ragusa, as the king's lieutenant, was despatched on an extraordinary mission to Lyons. Three months before an insurrection had broken out both in that city and in Grenoble, and had not been quelled without difficulty; considerable discontent still subsisted among the people. By his lenity towards the mistaken instruments of the insurrection, and his rigour towards the local authorities by whom it had been violently suppressed and savagely revenged, he succeeded in restoring tranquillity. Since that time he has attended alternately to his duties in the Chamber of Peers, and to agricultural pursuits, of which he is very fond. He is particularly distinguished for his success in the improvement of wool.

The reputation of Marmont as a general is not of the first order; though he is on all hands acknowledged to be an admirable officer of artillery. In private life he is said to be haughty, and fond of vain shew, but his character bears no stain either of rapine or of cruelty.

MASSENA.

ANDREÁ Massena, the ablest of these marshals, was born at Nice, May 6th, 1758. Left an orphan in his infancy, and unprovided with the gifts of fortune, his education was very imperfect. At an early age a near relative, the captain of a merchant vessel, introduced him to a maritime life; but he soon became disgusted with the sea, and entered as a private soldier into a regiment in which another relation was captain.

Young Andreá was so regular in the discharge of his military duties, that in time he was made a *corporal*; and when, long after, he became marshal of France, he spoke of the superior satisfaction he had derived from this first promotion. In a few years he was made serjeant, then adjutant; but he could not obtain a sub-lieutenant's commission. Under the old system—a system which had nearly destroyed the military spirit of the kingdom—epaulettes were not awarded to merit, unaided by birth or patronage. After fourteen years' service he ceased to hope, left the army in disgust (1789), married, and settled in his native city. But the spirit-stirring events of the revolution recalled him to the sphere he had abandoned. The privates were allowed to choose their officers; and his advancement was astonishingly rapid. He rose to be general of division in 1793; and had by this time established a high character for skill as well as bravery.

His history now began to be inseparable from that

of Napoleon. He was present at every action of note in Italy ; and so effectual was his co-operation with the commander-in-chief throughout these stupendous campaigns, that on one occasion the latter wrote to him, " Your corps is stronger than those of the other generals ; your own services are equivalent to six thousand men, and should be reckoned as such." Massena was selected to convey to Paris the ratification of the peace concluded with the Austrian emperor ; and his reception by the Directory was in the highest degree flattering.

Under the pretext of avenging the assassination of General Duphat, but in reality to annihilate the papal power, the republican forces had taken possession of Rome. The government had for some months remained with Berthier, but the conflicting passions of that city required a firmer hand to govern them, and Massena was despatched thither. His mission, however, proved any thing but agreeable to the French soldiery in Rome. Of all the officers in the army, he was the most unpopular with the men. His avarice was unsatiable ; he plundered not only the conquered inhabitants, but the troops he commanded. Not a garment, not a cup of wine, not a mouthful of food could reach the private soldier, without paying a tax to his rapacity. He had his agents in every regiment to claim what he called his due, and these fulfilled their charge with a fidelity which covered him with execration. Complaints were frequent and loud, but for the most part ineffectual. At a later period, indeed, Napoleon, in plain terms, offered him two millions of francs if he would forego his favourite system of peculation. Massena received the money, and

soon resumed the same odious course.* In any other general, this would have been unpardonable; but his military talents gave him complete impunity. On his approach to Rome, he learned that the officers had assembled in the Pantheon, and signed an address to him, in which they insisted on the suppression of this plundering system; and this address was presented to him as he entered the city. Furious at this presumption, he commanded all who had put their names to the paper to leave Rome the following day. Not one obeyed him. He perceived that his authority was no longer recognized, resigned his command to the next senior general (Dallemond), and returned to Paris. The delinquents were too numerous to fear either his vengeance or that of the Directory.

During the absence of Buonaparte in Egypt, Massena was employed chiefly on the eastern frontiers of France. He had the direction of two great armies—that of the Danube and the Helvetian—so that his command extended from the Iser to Dusseldorf. But the tide of victory had turned; and while Suwarroff swept his brother generals from the face of Italy, he himself was so severely handled by the Arch-duke Charles, as to be alarmed lest France itself should be

* On one occasion, however, the emperor punished him in this way. He was not dispossessed of the command which he had so greatly disgraced; he was not stripped by a judicial sentence of his infamous gains, but Napoleon drew a bill on Massena's banker for two or three millions of francs, to be provided for from the funds of the general. The banker dared not refuse the imperial order, nor did he like to honour it without the authority of Massena. "Pay the money," said the despot, "and let him refuse to give you credit for it if he dare!" Massena, of course, allowed the item without making the least demur.

invaded on the side of Switzerland. Fortunately for him, a misunderstanding arose between the allied generals, and enabled him to gain a considerable advantage over one of the wings of the Austro-Russian army at Zurich. Had more unanimity subsisted among the allies,—had Suwarroff not been thwarted in his purposes, the Russian and Austrian legions would probably have entered Paris fifteen years before the abdication of Fontainebleau.

The return of Napoleon changed the scene. While he crossed the Alps, Massena was charged to defend Genoa, which was invested by the Austrians, and blockaded by the English. This general made some desperate sallies, in one of which he was successful, in another most unfortunate. At length he capitulated, but not until the provisions were exhausted, and the inhabitants rose in a body to insist on a surrender. He had the additional mortification to find that had he held out a few hours longer, the victor of Marengo would have hastened to his relief. The next three or four years were passed by the general either at Paris or at the magnificent chateau of Ruel, built by Cardinal Richelieu, which his plunder had enabled him to purchase. A republican by principle, he was not fond of appearing at the court of the first consul; and at the meetings of the Legislative Body, of which he was now a member, he was more inclined to oppose than to support the measures of government. There is no doubt that he disliked Buonaparte, by whom he was disliked in return; but policy taught both to dissemble; and Massena, at length sinking all his theories and scruples, became Marshal of France, on the same day that Napoleon proclaimed himself emperor.

In the Austrian war of 1805, the new marshal was intrusted with the defence of Italy, which was invaded by the Archduke Charles. As his forces were superior in number to those of his rival—so at least they are said to have been by all but the French themselves—he lost no time in assuming the offensive. In October he forced the passage of the Adige at Verona, and occupied the town of St. Michael. When he learned the capitulation of Ulm, he resolved on a bolder movement—that of assailing the whole Austrian line, which was strongly posted near Caldiero; and though the enemy fought nobly under the eye of their favourite commander, he completely succeeded. The Archduke was routed with great loss, and driven out of Italy. Then followed the peace of Presburg, which afforded Napoleon an opportunity of wresting Naples from the feeble hands of Ferdinand IV., and transferring it to those of his brother.

In 1806, Massena accompanied Joseph Buonaparte in the march to Naples, and directed the operations of the whole army. But little opposition was made: with the exception of those who dwelt in the rugged fastnesses of Calabria, the inhabitants tamely submitted to the invaders. As Lord Nelson had observed of them on a previous occasion, “They did not lose much honour, for God knows they had not much to lose—but they lost what little they had.”

1807.] From Naples Massena was summoned to the grand army then opposed to the Russians in Poland. He reached Osterode just after the battle of Eylau, and was immediately placed over the right wing, which he commanded with his usual skill and courage. At the close of the campaign, he was made Duke of Rivoli, and presented with a considerable sum

for the better support of his new dignity. This proof of favour somewhat surprised those who were aware of the coldness that had so long subsisted between him and Napoleon: but the emperor, finding more obstinate enemies than he had expected, was now anxious to bind this great officer effectually to his interests.

The new duke now appeared at court; but he soon became disgusted with it. Etiquette he despised; the amusements of the palace he felt to be the dullest things imaginable; and flattery he had never learned to practise. One day, while hunting with Berthier and a numerous party of officers, a portion of small shot from the gun of the grand huntsman accidentally penetrated his left eye, and destroyed its vision for ever. Massena had exposed his person in fifty fields of battle, and had had many horses shot under him. But this was the first time he was wounded:—

“ Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
The earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.”

In the campaign of 1809, Massena commenced his brilliant services by falling on the Austrian flank at Pfaffenhausen. At Landshut and Eckmuhl he ably supported the emperor; but it was at Ebersberg, where he fought alone, that he displayed the full audacity of his temper. This is a village with a strong castle, situated on the precipitous and rocky margin of the Traun, and from its position towards the river deemed impregnable. It might well appear so to the French, defended as it was by more than thirty thousand men, and a formidable train of artillery; and being accessible only by one bridge. The impetuous marshal, however, stormed and took it, in a manner which astonished Napoleon himself.

The villages of Asperne and Essling occupy two extremities of a plain on the banks of the Danube. Both were in possession of the French when the Austrians advanced to the attack, May 21st, and a sanguinary struggle ensued, which lasted till nightfall. Next day, the marshal, at the head of a small force, conducted the defence of Asperne. The village was soon on fire, and every avenue choked with the dead: the market-place, the church, the steeple, every house, every corner, every burning ruin was taken and retaken several times in succession. All his aides-de-camp were wounded or killed, but though he was ever in the front, neither fire, ball, nor sword touched *him*. To his obstinate resistance, more than to any other cause, did that portion of the French army which lay on this side the Danube owe its preservation. His new title, *Prince of Essling*—it should rather have been of *Asperne*—showed the sense which the emperor entertained of this splendid service. Well might Napoleon say, while leaning on the shoulder of Massena, *Behold my right arm!*

While superintending one of the numerous operations undertaken on the banks of the same river (in the vicinity of which the French remained about forty days), the marshal's horse stumbled, and brought him suddenly to the ground. The accident injured him so much, that he could not sit on horseback for some time afterwards. In all the battles which followed, he appeared on the field at the head of his corps, in a calash. His state of health was considered so precarious, that he was everywhere accompanied by a gentleman of the medical staff, even in the thickest of the fight. The agitation of this doctor, as the balls flew around the calash, was amusing to the veteran.

In this way he fought at Engedorff and Wagram, at Kornenburg, Stokeren, Hellebrun, Schongraben, Gartendorff, and Znaim. At the last of these places, the struggle was obstinate, and success long doubtful. Resolving to head the attack against a corps of Hungarian grenadiers, the marshal insisted on being placed on horseback; and the moment after he had left the vehicle, a cannon ball pierced it in the very place he had occupied.

The Prince of Essling, on his return to Paris, did not witness without dissatisfaction the disgrace of Josephine, with whom he had always lived on terms of great intimacy: respecting her for her kindness of disposition, her talents, and, above all, for her readiness to remove the suspicions which her husband often entertained of his best servants. Henceforth he appeared at court even less frequently than before.

In 1810, "the favoured child of victory"—such was the distinction awarded to the Prince of Essling by the emperor himself—was charged with the commission to "drive Wellington into the sea." He repaired to the Peninsula, and taking the command of an army full 80,000 strong, opened his campaign by investing Ciudad Rodrigo, one of the keys of Portugal. The garrison mustered little more than four thousand, yet the place was not reduced until it had sustained a vigorous siege of three months. To be so long detained before a fortress, defended by so trifling a number, was sufficiently galling; but he took care in his despatches to represent the garrison at about three times its actual amount. Of his own loss he says not a word; but the Spaniards did not probably overstate it at three thousand four hundred. Still less does he mention another circumstance which

must cover his name with infamy. He promised that the garrison should march out with all the honours of war ; yet he made them all prisoners ! He promised to respect the liberty and property of the inhabitants : and he shut up the junta in foul dungeons, confined the clergy in the church of St. Juan, and levied a heavy contribution on the city.

Almeida, next to Elvas the strongest place in Portugal, was next invested ; and the explosion of the powder magazines, which destroyed a considerable number of the garrison, soon led to its surrender. Perhaps it might have held out much longer, had the garrison (consisting entirely of natives) shewn as much heroism as that of Ciudad Rodrigo. Massena now pursued Wellington, whose troops were greatly inferior in number, and half of them Portuguese, on whom he could not at this period rely. Wellington could not afford to risk his men on the doubtful chance of a battle,—not even if assured of victory. His supplies were far distant, while those of the marshal were near at hand. Hence he retreated, slowly and in perfect order, towards Torres Vedras. On one occasion, and but one, Massena ventured to interrupt this retrograde movement. This was on the heights of Busaco, where, without making any impression on the English and Portuguese, he lost two thousand killed, and a far greater number wounded. After this specimen of the spirit which animated the retreating army, he was in no hurry to renew the experiment. Still the enemy *was* retreating,—he hoped to the ships which were lying in the Tagus. As he advanced he found a desert : the Portuguese almost everywhere retired with whatever they could carry off. He persevered in the expectation of

soon occupying the capital ; but what was his surprise on finding that the allies had suddenly halted, and waited for him to do his worst ! They occupied a position of which he had never heard, but to which their general had always determined to retreat, in case he should be assailed by an unequal force. He reconnoitred the works, and was at once convinced, that an attack here would be much more fatal to him than that of Busaco. His rage knew no bounds : his situation was, in truth, critical. Not only were select bands of the allies hovering about his flanks, but the peasantry had risen in his rear, breathing vengeance for the excesses he had committed in his march. The course of that march might be traced in smoke and ruins,—Massena's revenge, no doubt, for the patriotic flight of the people, and their careful removal of all provisions ; and the stragglers who fell into his hands had either been put to death, or to tortures worse than death. His communications with Spain were cut off : before him lay an enemy whom he durst not assail : small but resolute bands of guerrillas, from time to time, annoyed his men. This harassing kind of warfare, the approach of famine, the progress of sickness, the fear that Wellington might soon be reinforced so as to act on the offensive, made him desirous of striking a bold blow, if possible, to retrieve his fortunes. He tried to lure the English general from his lines, but in vain. He threatened to carry the war over the Tagus—to extend his flanks towards Oporto ; but all these demonstrations had been foreseen, and were foiled with scarcely an effort. Mortified beyond expression, he was forced to retreat to Santarem, where he hoped to maintain himself until the reinforcements for which he had written

should arrive. Wellington now pursued Massena in his turn; and after remaining a few days at Santarem, the marshal became convinced, that if he wished to save the remnant of a diminished and sickly army, he must continue his retreat into Spain.

“ This celebrated movement, decisive of the fate of the campaign, commenced (says Sir W. Scott) upon the 4th of March. There are two different points in which Massena's conduct may be regarded, and they differ as light and darkness. If it be considered in the capacity of that of a human being, the indignant reader, were we to detail the horrors he permitted his soldiers to perpetrate, would almost deny his title to the name. It is a vulgar superstition that when the enemy of mankind is invoked and appears, he destroys in his retreat, the building which has witnessed the apparition. It seemed as if the French, in leaving Portugal, were determined that ruins alone should remain to shew that they had once been there. Military license was let loose in its most odious and frightful shape, and the crimes which were committed embraced all that is horrible to humanity. But if a curtain is dropped on these horrors, and Massena is regarded merely as a military leader, his retreat, perhaps, did him as much honour as any of the great achievements which formerly had made his name famous. If he had been rightly called Fortune's Favourite, he now shewed that his reputation did not depend on her smile, but could be maintained by his own talents, while she shone on other banners. In retreating through the north of Portugal, a rugged and mountainous country, he was followed by Lord Wellington, who allowed him not a moment's respite. The movements of the troops, to those who understood

and had the calmness to consider them, were as regular consequences of each other, as occur in the game of chess." *

None were more ready than Wellington himself, to express high admiration of Massena's masterly retreat. It must not, however, be forgotten, that the glory was divided with Marshal Ney. That heroic captain commanded in the rear, until the French were beyond the reach of danger; and to him was in a great measure owing their escape from utter destruction. Massena himself was disgusted and dispirited: Ney and he quarrelled; and after a few unimportant movements, in which no good fortune attended him, he insisted on his recall.

Notwithstanding his audaciously lying bulletins, the emperor discovered that he had lost half of a fine army, without inflicting any injury on the enemy; and in consequence, Massena was not permitted to take part in the Russian expedition, though he solicited the honour with eagerness. During 1812 he remained in Provence with the eighth military division; nor were his services ever again required to support the sinking fortunes of the emperor. Thus deeply had Napoleon been offended with the disastrous result of the Portuguese campaign.

On the restoration of Louis XVIII., Massena was confirmed in his command, and he was at Toulon, when Napoleon disembarked at Cannes. "Prince," wrote the emperor, "hoist the banner of Essling on the walls of Toulon, and follow me!" The marshal hesitated; he felt indignant at the affronts to which Buonaparte had subjected him, and no less so at the

* Scott's Napoleon, vol. vii. p. 136.

little consideration he had received from the Bourbons. He appears to have watched the event with indifference; and did not hoist the tri-coloured flag at Toulon, until Bordeaux, Thoulouse, Montpellier, and most other places, had given him the example—until, in fact, the royal cause was desperate.

During the Hundred Days, the prince took no part in the military preparations of Napoleon. After the second abdication, and before the arrival of Louis, he was intrusted with the command of the Parisian National Guard; but he conducted himself in this situation with coldness and indecision, and, soon after witnessing the second return of the royal family, retired for ever from the busy world. He died April 4, 1817. His funeral was magnificently attended. Over his tomb in the cemetery of Est, is an obelisk of white marble, bearing the inscription, *MASSENA*. Round his grave rest the remains of many French officers, who were his companions in life, and who appear as if they acknowledged his superiority in death.

“Massena,” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “was a superior man: he was eminently noble and brilliant, when surrounded by the fire and disorder of battle. The sound of the guns cleared his ideas, and gave him understanding, penetration, and cheerfulness. . . . He was possessed of rare courage, and of remarkable obstinacy, and his talents seemed to increase whenever danger was most imminent. When defeated, he was always as ready to renew the contest as if he had been the victor.” If he did not on all occasions exhibit the romantic valour of a Ney, a Murat, or a Lannes, he was superior not only to them, but to every marshal of France, in comprehensiveness of views, and in the formation of those intri-

cate combinations, on which the fate of battles generally depends. He stood next to his master as a commander in chief. The vices which sullied his character were abominable: he was avaricious, rapacious, cruel, and mean.

The Prince of Essling has left a son, the heir of his riches and titles.

MONCEY.

Bon-Adrien-Jeaunot Moncey was born at Besançon, July 31st, 1754. His father was by profession an advocate, and his education was, in consequence, rather liberal. One day he suddenly left his studies, and enlisted into a regiment of infantry; but his discharge was soon purchased by his family. A second time he escaped from home, and enlisted; but, finding little hope of advancement, he soon after bought his own release, and returned to Besançon, where he gave himself up to the same pursuits as his father. The dry study of the law, however, once more disgusted him; and yet a third time he returned to the service in the humble capacity of private.

In 1790, at the age of forty-six, Moncey was but a sub-lieutenant of dragoons. Fortunately for him, however, when the Revolution opened, he was draughted into a battalion of light infantry; and thenceforth his promotion was rapid beyond his hopes. In 1791 he was captain, in 1794 chief of battalion; and in the course of the next two years, he had risen to be general of division, and received the command of the Eleventh Military Division at Bayonne. On the formation of the consular go-

vernment, he was transferred to the Fifteenth Division at Lyons; where his moderation was such as to draw on him the ill-will of the Jacobins. But he soon left that city, at the head of 20,000 men, to join in the war of Italy. He passed Mount St. Gothard, seized on Bellinzona and Placentia, and fought at Marengo, Monzabano, and Roveredo.

During the next five years the life of Moncey contains nothing remarkable. His promotion, however, was not the less rapid. In 1801 he was placed over the gendarmerie; in 1804 he became marshal of the empire; and subsequently president of the Electoral College of Doubs (his native department), and Duke of Cornegliano. With all our respect for this officer, it would be difficult to say what were the services which merited such splendid rewards.

1808-9.] The marshal was now recalled to the dangers of active warfare; but his operations in Spain were not brilliant. He defeated the inhabitants in three partial actions, but was repulsed before Valencia, and compelled to retreat. Some time afterwards he besieged Zaragoza, with no better success; and was in consequence recalled to France.

Few French generals, during the revolutionary and imperial sway, have passed through the world with as little notice as Moncey. Humane by nature, he is unstained by the horrible crimes of his period: honourable in his principles and upright in conduct, he carefully abstained from every species of rapacity or oppression, and aimed only at doing his duty in an unostentatious manner. The chief reason why he was not more frequently or prominently employed may, perhaps, be found in his sense of justice. But Moncey was, in truth, a cautious rather than a bold gene-

ral; and therefore not well adapted for Napoleon's rapid and audacious system of warfare.

The Duke of Cornegliano was present in the Russian expedition, and in the following campaigns in Germany. In 1814 he was left at Paris with the National Guard, to watch over the public tranquillity. When Napoleon abdicated, he sent in his adhesion to the royal government, by which he was continued in his post of inspector-general of the gendarmes, and was made peer of France and minister of state. On the return of the emperor, however, who nominated him member of the New Chamber, he did not refuse the honour, for which reason he was excluded when the House of Peers was re-modelled by Louis. His refusal to preside over the trial of Marshal Ney was still more resented by the court: he was degraded from his honours, and confined. But it was remembered that he had also refused to serve under Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and that whatever might be his errors of the understanding, he had evinced none of the heart; and in three months he procured not only his enlargement, but the restoration of all his dignities.

In 1823 the marshal was intrusted with an important command under the Duke of Angoulême in the invasion of Spain. As nothing but treachery, imbecility, and cowardice was exhibited by the constitutional generals, the progress of the French resembled a triumphant march rather than a warlike expedition; but of the little honour that was to be won, the aged Moncey merited and received his full share.

MOREAU.

JEAN-Victor Moreau was of respectable parentage, and born at Morlaix in Brittany, August 11th, 1763.

While he was studying the law, in compliance with his father's wish, at Rennes, a serious misunderstanding arose between the authorities of the province and the court. The Cardinal de Brienne, in attempting some important changes in the magistracy, experienced a resistance which he had not been prepared to expect. The provincial parliament, supported by the great body of the people, and especially of the legal faculty, came forward in defence of ancient rights. In this war of words, not unfrequently of blows, young Moreau distinguished himself on the popular side; so much so, that he was usually called *the Parliamentary General*. The cardinal issued orders for his apprehension; and not only did the people openly assist him, in eluding the emissaries of power, but a number of resolute students formed themselves into a body-guard for the defence of their intrepid companion. Very soon afterwards, nevertheless, we find both Moreau and the inhabitants of Rennes opposing, as keenly as they had before defended, the parliament of the province, and openly espousing the cause of the court. The reason of this change doubtless was, that the former body was unfriendly to the Convocation of the States General—a measure which the king had been induced to sanction, and which the nation at large regarded as the forerunner of liberty.

The crisis which every one saw approaching altered the destination of Moreau. He had always disliked the law, and had once run away to enlist into a regiment which was quartered at some distance from his native town. His father had purchased his discharge, and compelled him to resume his studies. Now, however, he was old enough to follow his own inclination; and, eagerly accepting the command of a battalion of volunteers, Moreau hastened to join the army of the north.

From the day when this young officer arrived on the frontiers, he devoted his leisure hours to the theory of war; and with such success, that he ere long became celebrated as the best tactician in the service. The commander-in-chief, Pichegru, was his staunch friend; and before the year 1794 opened, he had risen to be general of division.

Moreau had never much attachment to the governments which successively trampled on his country, least of all to that of 1793. He reconciled himself to the service by the reflection that he was fighting for France—not for the ruffians who disgraced her name; but he soon learned to his cost what it was to serve under such a tyranny. While he was running the race of victory; while at the head of a separate corps, twenty-five thousand strong, he reduced Menin, Ypres, Bruges, Ostend, and Nieuport, the isle of Cassandria, and the fort of Ecluse,—his aged father was imprisoned by the revolutionary authorities of Brest, and was finally beheaded. The charge urged against the elder Moreau was one which seldom failed to be fatal: he was denounced as an *Aristocrat*, that is, one who did not approve the excesses committed by the Terrorists, though he

might be friendly enough even to a republic, much more to a limited monarchy. He appears to have been an amiable and benevolent man, less anxious to join in political factions than to do good to all his countrymen: among the inhabitants of Morlaix he was honourably known as "the father of the poor."

The general, though much affected at the murder of his father, continued to serve the murderers. It is no justification to say that he was dissuaded from resigning by Pichegru: this only proves that right principles had less effect than ambition. Still, it was not without evident reluctance that he continued to obey the orders of the existing administration; and when that authority was subverted by the revolution of July 1794, and a milder, though not less rapacious government succeeded, he pursued the brilliant career before him with new energy. To his honour he was not forgetful of the old humanities of war: he did not refuse to give quarter, though enjoined to massacre all who surrendered, especially the English.

After assisting Pichegru in the conquest of Holland; Moreau, as commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine and Moselle, opened the campaign of 1796, by the defeat of Wurmser, the Austrian general. In defiance of the enemy he passed the Rhine by night, dispersed all who opposed him, and hastened to measure his strength with the Archduke Charles, whom he forced from the field, though not without great loss. That heroic prince, however, retreated only to concentrate his forces, and never failed to return to the attack with undiminished courage. At length Moreau found, that after one of the most brilliant campaigns on record, he was so weakened by his very success, that he could no longer

oppose the fresh masses brought against him, but must think of retrograding. Hence his famous retreat through the Black Forest and over the Rhine, —a retreat which filled all Europe with admiration. Though the country through which he returned was often rugged, abounding with defiles, and intersected by rivulets,—advantages which were eagerly seized by the insurgent peasantry who hovered about his flanks, harassing him at every step, and cutting off whatever stragglers they met; though his rear was constantly menaced, and often assailed, by the forces of the Archduke, now much superior in numbers, he successfully repelled every attack, triumphantly fighting his way to the Rhine, which he crossed in spite of all opposition. This masterly series of movements added more to his glory than the greatest victories he had won.

The next campaign had hardly opened before some light troops of the French seized a waggon laden with the baggage of Klingin, an Austrian general. Among that baggage was found a casket filled with letters, which, though written in conventional characters, Moreau found means to decipher; and which clearly proved that a secret understanding had for some time subsisted between his friend Pichegru and the Bourbon princes.

This discovery placed the general in an embarrassing situation: he had to choose between the sacrifice of his friend and the duty he owed to his Government. For some time he hesitated which alternative to adopt; but when he learned that Pichegru was arrested by Augereau, at the instance of the Directory, (18th Fructidor) his hesitation ended. He then despatched the papers to Paris; arrested several officers who were

compromised in that correspondence ; and issued a proclamation to his army, in which the plots of Pichegru were denounced. This was after the lapse of four months. His conduct, on this occasion, enraged the royalists, who had previously regarded him with respect and hope, and it at the same time destroyed his credit with the republicans, who could not reconcile so long a silence with a sincere attachment to their cause.

The Directory summoned him to Paris to account for the delay. The explanations which he attempted to give were justly considered as subterfuges ; and, finding himself regarded with coldness and suspicion, Moreau demanded and obtained permission to retire. He would doubtless have been visited with some heavier penalty, had not the Directory stood in fear of his popularity with the army. The disgrace of Pichegru had not been effected without extraordinary measures, which they were not disposed, and which indeed they would probably not have been permitted, to adopt in the present case.

Moreau, however, was too useful a man to continue long unemployed. After having distinguished himself nobly in the disastrous campaign of Italy (1799), he was recalled to oppose the Austrians on the Rhine. Before he proceeded to his command, he hastened to Paris to receive his instructions ; and while here, it is said, and we believe truly, that he was invited to subvert a government which both disgraced and trampled on the country ; and, after some hesitation, refused, as Bernadotte had done before him. The spirit that durst any thing was at hand ; and, unlike Bernadotte, Moreau assisted Buonaparte in effecting the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. Perhaps, how-

ever, he had not penetrated the real designs of that ambitious chief;—at all events, he seemed soon to repent of what he had done. A marked coolness arose between him and the First Consul; yet this did not prevent his being confirmed in the post assigned him by the Directory. On this occasion Buonaparte shewed himself nobly superior to all petty considerations; he knew that no other general was so well qualified, either by experience or local knowledge, for a campaign beyond the Rhine. Moreau accordingly hastened to his head-quarters at Munich, and opened the campaign in the depth of winter. Opposed to him was the Archduke John, a prince possessed of many admirable qualities, but of no military experience, who was directed by one Laver, an officer of no great reputation. Such was the wretched policy of the court of Vienna. The Archduke Charles was the only Austrian general capable of opposing Moreau; he was, indeed, a match for any general of the time, with the single exception of Buonaparte; yet, for no earthly reason that can be discovered, he was kept aloof while the fate of his country was entrusted to such feeble hands. The result might easily be foreseen: Moreau triumphed at Hohenlinden, Buonaparte at Marengo—perhaps the two most splendid victories that Europe had seen since the commencement of the revolutionary wars; and the peace of Luneville soon riveted the fetters of the continent.

On his return to Paris, Moreau was received with great outward respect by the First Consul. The question was even agitated of a marriage between him and Pauline Buonaparte; but he had the good sense to decline the honour intended him. He

chose rather to marry a high-minded royalist lady, who, doubtless, thenceforth spared no pains to convert him. Buonaparte and he behaved for a time with apparent cordiality to each other; but both were too ambitious to continue very long on terms even of external amity. From his retirement at Grosbois, Moreau watched the motions of the consul with a jealous eye; and complained, perhaps with as much envy as patriotism, of his undisguised approaches towards despotism. Though these complaints were uttered to reputed friends only, they seldom failed to reach the Tuileries. Buonaparte retaliated by underrating the military successes of Moreau, whom he styled *the retreating general*. This stung him to the quick. "The First Consul is a general at ten thousand men a-day!" retorted Moreau. When he heard that a descent on the English coast was seriously intended, he ridiculed the "fleet of nut-shells," as he called the gun-boats of Boulogne. He laughed as openly at the Legion of Honour, and indeed flatly refused to be a member of it. "The fool!" said Moreau, "does he not know that I have belonged to the ranks of honour these ten years!"

The dislike, for such it soon became, which the First Consul and the victor of Hohenlinden bore to each other, created much sensation in the capital. In the latter the royalists now believed they had a friend, willing, and probably able, to oppose the progress of the other towards the crown; on the contrary, the republicans were willing to flatter themselves that he who had denounced Pichegru, must in heart be attached to their cause. Both parties, however, agreed in regarding him as one, who, from his reputation and abilities, might be successfully backed

against the Corsican. Moreau, in a word, was considered at the Tuileries as the most formidable of all the many persons who agreed in desiring to prevent the consummation of the Consul's ambition; and his destruction was resolved on.

In February, 1804, the inhabitants, not only of Paris, but of all France, we might add of Europe, were astounded by the intelligence that Moreau was arrested on a charge of high treason; that he was implicated in a plot formed by Pichegru, George Cadoudal, and others, for the restoration of the Bourbons; and that his trial, in conjunction with that of many other conspirators, would soon take place. He was accordingly imprisoned in the Temple, but his trial did not commence until the close of May, Buonaparte doubtless wishing to ascertain by this delay, in how far he might proceed with safety against one whose popularity he had so long dreaded.

The appearance of General Moreau at the bar, in the midst of a set of rude assassins, electrified all who were present. His demeanour was calm and dignified. There was not the shadow of evidence against him, except that he had been *once*, or at most *twice*, in Pichegru's company, since that General returned to Paris. That even Pichegru had ever entered into a plot for murder was altogether unproved; that Moreau had ever heard of the very existence of such a plot, there was no attempt to shew; and, notwithstanding all the influence of the consul, he was absolved by a majority of *seven to five*. The president refused to register the verdict; the regicide Thuriot went further: "You wish to procure the liberation of Moreau," cried he: "*he will not be liberated!* You will force the government to some decisive blow; for this affair

is rather political than judicial, and sacrifices are sometimes necessary for the safety of the state!" Still further went another judge (by name GRANGER), who said that state-necessity called upon them to condemn Moreau, if even he were innocent. "You may safely find him guilty," cried Hemart; "he will be pardoned." "And who will pardon us," answered an honest judge, "for a verdict contrary to our own consciences?" Meantime several of the judges had left the room to consult with Savary, who was in an adjoining apartment. They returned, and one of them, more cunning than the rest, proposed, that as the object of the prosecution was merely to humble the pride of the prisoner, he should, for form's sake, be pronounced *guilty*, but *excusable*, and sentenced to three months' confinement. Fearful that, unless some compromise were made, Moreau might be sacrificed in his dungeon, like Pichegru, or murdered by a mock tribunal, like the heir of Condé, four judges, who had voted for his innocence, were weak enough to adopt this unprincipled proposal. Savary now insisted that the imprisonment should be extended to two years. The judges deliberated a few moments, and adopted his suggestion, by a majority of *nine to three!** Thus ended this judicial jugglery; but the sensation excited among the soldiery was such as to alarm Napoleon; and he was well pleased when Moreau petitioned that the two years' imprisonment might be commuted into two years' exile. The general accordingly repaired to Cadiz, and there embarked for the United States.

The next eight years were chiefly passed by Mo-

* Two of these three were afterwards deposed by an Imperial decree on the most frivolous pretences, and the third would have been so also, had it not been represented to the tyrant that he was not aware of his will on the occasion.

reau on an estate which he had purchased at Morrisville, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, and sixty from New York. Every winter he spent some weeks in the latter city. As he had been compelled to pay the expenses of his promotion, he was not rich ; but his circumstances were easy enough to render his situation every way comfortable. His society was eagerly cultivated by the liberal and the wise ; and his opinions were listened to with great deference. Some of them may be recorded here.

He predicted the fall of Buonaparte. "The sacrifice of so many armies," he said, "must at length reduce the empire to such a state, that it would be unable to resist the enemies roused by the mad ambition of its chief. The time would come when exasperated Europe would drag the despot from the throne."

He often compared Buonaparte with Charles XII. of Sweden, and expressed his conviction that uninterrupted success would prove the ruin of the one, as it had done of the other. On one occasion he said : "I believe Charles has been judged with too much severity : I think he would have been the greatest captain of his age, had he lost the battle of Narva. That battle inspired him with too much contempt for the enemy, and with too much confidence in his own troops. He possessed in too high a degree the qualities which constitute a great captain, and he was the victim of that excess."

"Buonaparte is covering the French name with opprobrium : soon no one will consent to bear it. My unfortunate country will be laden with the curses of the whole world. If Providence do not interfere in behalf of the French, they may one day be in the same condition as the Jews,—conquered, dispersed, and branded with the anathema of nations."

“ No prudent general will *attack* the enemy, unless he is almost sure of success. It is very rare indeed, that both generals have the same interest to risk the engagement; the abler one will force the other into it. Thus the great art is, how and when to give battle, not to receive it. The Great Frederic had the enemy often within his reach, but he knew how to restrain himself: an action imprudently commenced against the Russians, was near proving his destruction. The battle of Hochstett, which should have been carefully avoided, occasioned evils that were sensibly felt during the ten following years.”

It is impossible to peruse these sentiments—the result of great observation and experience—without being struck with the conformity between the character of Moreau and that of Wellington. Both acted on a system of tactics, which, however slow in operation, inevitably leads to success. Neither would commit any thing to chance; and both were ever ready to take advantage of the slightest mistakes of the enemy. Such generals will ever be ranked among the true and legitimate masters of the art.

The military reputation of Moreau stood so high, that, on the approach of the great struggle between the French and Russia, the Czar made every effort to secure the benefit of his talents. So early as the opening of the campaign of 1812, the most brilliant offers were made him through his old friend the Crown Prince of Sweden. For some time he declined to take up arms against his country; but when he was informed of the reverses of Napoleon in Russia, and of the prodigious efforts making, both by him and the allies, for the campaign of 1813, he hesitated no longer. He embarked June 21,

accompanied by a Russian officer, and anchored July 24, in the road of Gottenberg. Thence he proceeded to Stralsund, where he was met by Bernadotte, and where the plan for the approaching campaign was decided on between these two famous captains.

The reception of Moreau by the allied armies and their sovereigns was enthusiastic. The Russian emperor, in particular, sought his friendship, and made him his bosom counsellor. It may, however, be doubted, whether this European homage consoled his heart. Meeting one day with a Swiss officer of high rank in the Russian service, who had formerly fought under the tricolor flag—"What singular chance," said he, "has brought you and me together under the banners of the Czar?" "Singular it doubtless is (answered Jomini); but there is this difference between us—I am not a Frenchman." Moreau turned from him in silence.

In drawing up the plan of the campaign, he had attached the highest importance to the possession of Dresden. It was accordingly assailed, August 26, 1813, by the Grand Allied Army; but the unexpected arrival of the French emperor, at the head of a formidable force, suspended its fate; and both armies prepared for a general action on the following day.

In the heat of that bloody struggle, and at noon-day, Moreau was behind a Russian battery, which was exposed both in front and flank to the fire of the French. Near him were two of our countrymen, Lord Cathcart and Sir Robert Wilson. He was in the act of communicating to the Russian Emperor some observations he had made in reconnoitring the left wing of the French, when a cannon-ball struck his right knee, and passing through the body of his

horse, carried away the calf of his left leg. He fell into the arms of his aide-de-camp, but soon recovered his power of perception. Seeing the tears fall from the eyes of his imperial friend, he faintly uttered: "Though I am little more than a trunk, my head and heart are still your majesty's!" He was immediately borne away on the lances of the Cossacks to the tent of the emperor, where his right leg was amputated by Dr. Wylie. During this painful operation, he smoked a cigar with great composure; scarce a muscle of his countenance was moved. The doctor then examined the left, and uttered an exclamation of alarm. "What, must I lose this too?" cried Moreau, "Well, well! set to work!" This second torture he bore with equal fortitude. The allies had been repulsed, and the bleeding, maimed general was compelled to be moved into Bohemia, through roads exceedingly rugged, exposed to constant and heavy rains. He was carried in a litter, by forty Croäts, who relieved each other by turns. At length the escort made a halt at Laun, where he wrote, in a firm hand, a letter to his wife. At this time he appears to have entertained some hope of recovery; he felt so much easier, that he testified a desire to be conveyed to Prague; but the medical gentlemen in attendance very properly opposed it. They knew but too well that his case was hopeless.

During the night of September 1st, he became sensible that his end was near. At seven o'clock the following morning he requested a Russian officer who attended him, to write, while he dictated, a letter to Alexander:—

"Sire—I descend into the grave with the same sentiments of respect, admiration, and devotedness,

which I have never ceased to feel towards your majesty since I had the happiness of approaching you ———.”

Here he ceased—the officer thought to reflect on what he should next say. He made a sign for a glass of water to be brought him, but expired the moment he raised it to his mouth! The intelligence was immediately conveyed to Alexander, who received it with much emotion: “He was a great man! (said the Czar)—he had a noble heart!”

The corpse of the general was embalmed at Prague, and interred with great magnificence in the Catholic church of St. Petersburg. Alexander himself wrote to Madame Moreau, exhorting her to rely on his friendship, and inviting her to spend the remainder of her days in his dominions. He presented her with half a million of roubles, and settled on her an annual pension of thirty thousand more.

Moreau will always be ranked among the greatest captains of an age fruitful beyond all others in military talent. He was a cautious and skilful, rather than enterprising general. His manners were simple, unaffected, and pure to a degree seldom found in French officers. Humane, generous, and beloved by his comrades, his character was rather yielding than energetic; a circumstance that neutralized his hostility to the tyranny of Buonaparte. The only stain which the Buonapartists themselves attempt to fix on his memory is the fact of his accession to the allied cause, and charity will whisper that he might justly look on that as the cause, not only of European independence, but of French freedom.

MORTIER.

EDOUARD-Adolphe-Casimir-Joseph Mortier was born at Cambrai, 1768.

In 1791 he obtained the rank of captain in a volunteer regiment, and was ever afterwards engaged in the active duties of his profession. Under Pichegru, and Moreau, and Massena, on the Rhine and in Switzerland, he fought up his way to the command of a division. He was no less a favourite with Buonaparte, who rewarded him, for the zeal with which he seized on Hanover at the breaking of the peace of Amiens, with a marshal's truncheon.

In 1805-6-7 Marshal Mortier added greatly to his reputation; but tarnished his laurels by the rigour with which he obeyed the arbitrary injunctions of Napoleon, in the last of these years, at Hamburg. From this plundered and oppressed city he returned to the grand army, and continued his services until the campaign closed on the woody plains of Friedland.

Mortier, now Duke of Treviso, was next summoned to Spain, where he met with no success. In the still more disastrous Russian expedition, he seems to have declined from his former bravery: at least we hear of nothing he did, except blowing up the Kremlin. In the Saxon campaign, his courage returned, and on the soil of France he struggled to the last against the overwhelming masses of the allies. He submitted to Louis XVIII., and was confirmed in his honours and posts: he turned traitor on the return of Buonaparte, and on the second Bourbon resto-

ration was deservedly shut out from the Chamber of Peers. His other honours, however, remained; ere long an important military command was bestowed on him; and in 1819 he was restored to his peerage.

MURAT.

JOACHIM Murat possesses other claims to our notice, besides merely his having risen from the very dregs of society to the kingly dignity. The prominent part which he took in some of the mightiest events of his time; his close connexion with the most wonderful personage of modern history; his chequered life; his romantic and tragical end—render him by far the most remarkable of the imperial captains.

He was born March 25, 1767, at the little village of Bastide Frontonière, then in the province of Périgord, but now in the department of Lot. The father was the keeper of an *auberge*, or humble country inn; who, having once been steward to the Talleyrands, enjoyed, in some measure, the patronage of that ancient and wealthy family.

In his earliest youth, Joachim exhibited signs of that daring spirit which distinguished him above all his contemporaries, Nelson and Ney excepted, in after life. The exquisitely skilful and fearless horsemanship of the boy was the talk of the neighbourhood. He was the first in every violent exercise—in every feat of daring. That the parents of so mettled a youth should have so far mistaken, or disregarded, his prevailing bias, as to destine him for the ecclesiastical state, may well surprise us. Perhaps, however, they saw little



MURAT.

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hope of pushing him on in the army, whereas the influence of the Talleyrands might serve him in the church. Through them, accordingly, he was admitted into the college at Cahors ; and thence, after the usual time, he removed to Toulouse to finish his education. But study was more than irksome to Joachim. He had too much vivacity of disposition to pursue what he considered as the dull routine of scholastic learning ; and abandoned to more patient minds the prizes which he had neither the wish nor the capability of obtaining. Hence, he was no great favourite with his teachers ; but in his view this was amply compensated by the admiration of his fellow-students. This daring, open, generous, passionate libertine was more the object of their regard than if he had evinced the most splendid proofs of genius.

In his twentieth year, the *Abbé Murat*—as he was usually designated—fell in love with a pretty girl of Toulouse, —fought a duel for her, carried her off, and lived with her in retirement until his little stock of money was exhausted. The *éclat* which accompanied this adventure for ever put an end to his ecclesiastical expectations—perhaps he intended it to have this effect. His last sous being spent, he threw off the sacred habit, and enlisted in a regiment of chasseurs, then passing through Toulouse. His personal appearance was greatly improved by the change : his martial look, his proud demeanour, his firm, decided step, his stature, equally lofty and noble, were exhibited to the greatest advantage under his new garb. His conduct, however, was so insubordinate, that he was ere long dismissed from the regiment in disgrace. He returned to his native village ; but still thirsted after arms, and some time afterwards

procured his enrolment into the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. He joyfully left his paternal roof a second time, and with his companion, Bessières, afterwards duke of Istria, hastened to Paris.

Here Murat soon distinguished himself as one of the most violent enthusiasts of equality and stern republicanism. These notions he gloried in defending against all who dared to impugn them. His zeal furnished him with perpetual quarrels; and in one month he was known to fight six duels.

Murat, now a major, was of use to Buonaparte in the affair of the Sections; and when the young general was appointed to the command of the army in Italy, he placed him on his personal staff. If ever man possessed an instinct almost infallible in selecting from the mass of human beings such as were best adapted for his tools, it was the Corsican; and in no instance was his choice happier than in this. Among a brilliant staff, none was more distinguished "than the handsome swordsman" (*le beau sabreur*), either for gallantry or bravery. "Honour and the ladies" (*honneur et les dames*) was as much engraven on his heart as on his trenchant blade. From this era may be dated the astonishingly rapid rise of his fortunes. Throughout the Italian campaign, Murat was conspicuous in every action; and having well earned the rank of general of brigade, he was chosen by Buonaparte to accompany him on the Egyptian expedition.

But neither he nor many of his companions were prepared for the new kind of warfare which awaited them on the sands of Egypt. So long as legions only were to be routed, or fortresses to be stormed, no one advanced more merrily to the attack; but the ha-

rassing assaults of the Mamelukes, who, with the rapidity of the wind, rushed forward or retreated, and the immense extent of desert plain, had something in them that both irritated and dispirited him. He had not that moral force which can bear reverses without repining: he had courage, not fortitude. Death he feared not, and to wounds he was apparently insensible; yet through a strange inconsistency in the human mind, he was overwhelmed by evils of much inferior magnitude, and of very temporary duration. To him there was something in the everlasting silence of the wilderness infinitely more appalling than in the loudest thunder of artillery. Besides, he was wearied, and burning with thirst. Both he and Lannes were seen in the madness of desperation to dash their cockades on the sands, and trample them under foot. It is even said that they were concerned in a plot for returning with the army to Alexandria in spite of Napoleon. But the clouds of Mamelukes or Arabs which appeared from time to time on the boundary of the horizon, and sometimes approached near enough to skirmish, encouraged the invaders to advance, in the hope that by one vigorous effort the conquest of the country might be achieved.

After the decisive battle of Aboukir, in which the Turkish forces were all but annihilated, Joachim, who had headed the horse in the decisive charge, became a greater favourite than ever with his general. He was one of the officers whom Buonaparte resolved to attach, at whatever price, to his personal fortunes. He returned with the youthful conqueror to his native land. If the attachment of the latter was founded on a consideration of the services to be performed by the other, that of Murat appears at this period

to have been equally disinterested and involuntary. He felt the ascendancy of his chief to be as irresistible as it was unaccountable; and devoted himself with heart and mind to his service. The signal assistance which Murat rendered in the subversion of the Directorial, and the formation of the Consular government, procured him not only the rank of general of division, but the hand of Caroline, the youngest and most ambitious of Napoleon's sisters. In 1808, he accompanied his brother-in-law over the St. Bernard, and shared in all the successes which followed. He concluded a brilliant series of services by commanding the cavalry at the decisive battle of Marengo, which snatched the domination of Italy from Austria, and transferred it to France; for his gallantry on which occasion he was presented with a valuable sword by the consular government.

When Napoleon ascended the imperial throne, he had no better support than in his brother-in-law, who successfully strove to render the innovation popular among the soldiery. This was effected by showering honours on the chiefs, and by promises of still greater favours. His zeal was rewarded, if not beyond his hopes, certainly beyond his deserts. He was successively made general of the first division; commandant of the national guard, with an income of sixty thousand francs; marshal; grand admiral, and prince of the empire, and grand eagle of the Legion of Honour. To invest this daring Hussar with the dignity of grand admiral was ridiculous enough. But the Parisians were still more entertained in seeing a creature of the revolution, who had abandoned the priestly robe for the soldier's uniform—who had been

most active in destroying the pope's power, and who, like Menou, would have assumed the turban, and adored Mahomet, had an order to that effect been issued from head-quarters—in seeing Prince Murat gravely distribute the blessed bread on Easter Monday to the parishioners of our Lady of Loretto in one of the fauxbourgs of the French capital! Like his imperial master, Joachim was ready to perform in any farce—if the hire were good; but his affections were fixed on the tragedy of war.

In the campaign of 1805, Murat, by his reckless valour and his amazing success, attracted the admiration of all Europe. The year following he was invested with the Grand Duchy of Berg and Cleves, and acknowledged as a Sovereign Prince by the great continental powers. The Grand Duke had little time to devote to the duties of administration, but in that little he contrived to render himself popular among his new subjects. He conciliated their affection and respect by a mild spirit of government, and by his deference for existing usages. If he was vain and weak in mind, he was not depraved in heart: so his love of splendour was gratified he cared little about interfering with the old institutions of the district; and we know that the regret of the people was considerable when he left them for the more dazzling, but less solid advantages offered him by the crown of Naples.

In 1808 the grand duke was required to head the army destined to end the domination of the Spanish Bourbons. Accordingly he crossed the Pyrenees, and on the 23d March, (four days after the mysterious abdication of Charles IV.) entered Madrid with a formidable display of force. The prince of the Astu-

rias, in virtue of that abdication become Ferdinand VII., endeavoured to obtain from the French general the recognition of his title. But Murat was too well acquainted with the secret views of the emperor to sanction Ferdinand's wishes. His situation was one of much delicacy, and required qualities which he little possessed—soundness of judgment, a great power of persuasion over the rival parties, and above all, an evenness of temper not to be ruffled by disappointment or contradiction. He well knew that if he exhibited premature hostility to the claims of the prince—still more, that if he gave the slightest intimation of Napoleon's intention to subvert the dynasty—the whole kingdom would simultaneously rise to massacre the invaders. In accordance with his instructions he was therefore compelled to adopt a series of duplicities and treacheries, unexampled, perhaps, in the very worst ages of the world. The grand duke did all he could to persuade the Bourbons to go to Bayonne, and with the aid of Savary, he at length succeeded. At best his notions of right and wrong were loose, his zeal was quickened by the hope that in case the Spanish royal family were persuaded to abdicate, the vacant crown would adorn his own brows. He had already been constituted Lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and continued to exercise all the plenitude of royal power in the manner he considered best adapted to promote his master's interest and his own, which he regarded as inseparable.

But the grand duke used less caution in his proceedings than the importance of the case demanded. His imprudent mien and conversation, coupled with the hasty seizure of the fortresses, and the departure

of the king, queen, and Ferdinand, for Bayonne, at last satisfied the Spaniards that the French had entered their country as enemies. They smothered their resentment until the last members of the royal family were forced from Madrid; and then burst forth their long-stifled rage: the population arose with the avowed purpose of exterminating the French, many of whom were slaughtered before a force sufficient to quell the insurrection could be collected. The grand duke inflicted a terrible vengeance; he ordered his soldiers to cut down all the armed inhabitants; but for some time that order was not very easy to execute. The contest was furiously supported on the part of the populace, who fought from street to street, until forced by frequent discharges of grape-shot to seek refuge in the houses. The doors were then broken open, and the struggle even then was horrible. It ended at length through the intervention of the Council of Castile, and of some Spanish nobles who paraded the streets to stop the effusion of blood. The next day a military tribunal was formed under General Grouchy, to pass sentence on such as had excited the insurrection; and after condemnation great numbers of the unfortunate Spaniards were marched away to be shot in cool blood in the Prado, and other public places.

This must ever be deemed the foulest blot on this soldier's memory. These executions were murders, for which no human ingenuity could devise even the shadow of an apology. But they produced an effect little foreseen by Murat: they roused the whole country to determined and immitigable vengeance.

The Spanish crown might not improbably have been conferred on Murat, had his political been at all com-

mensurate with his military talents. But his conduct had been so little guarded, so impolitic, so violent in regard to a people whom it was his chief duty to conciliate, that he was now justly considered by Napoleon as the very last person to whom so great a trust should be confided. Lucien Buonaparte wisely declined it; it was then forced upon Joseph; and Murat received the succession to the throne of Naples.

Joachim *Napoleon* (the cognomen was adopted in this fashion by all the princes of the imperial family) was received by his new subjects with all the demonstrations of joy characteristic of a change-loving people. Though the Neapolitans are the most cowardly perhaps of nations, they can admire bravery in others; hence a great portion of their delight at being transferred to the rule of one whose fame in war was so eminent. The favourable impression was deepened by the noble person, splendid costume, and military frankness of their new sovereign.

One of the king's first acts was not calculated to lessen his popularity. It was to drive the Anglo-Sicilian garrison from the (so deemed) impregnable little island of Capri, which lay within sight of his palace. The defence made by the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, is spoken of contemptuously by all the French writers; but we must not hastily believe them on this subject. Another measure, still more welcome, was the abolition of arbitrary imprisonments, and the suppression of the extraordinary, that is, arbitrary tribunals. But Murat's chief care was to increase the numbers and improve the condition of his Neapolitan troops. He raised them from 16,000 to more than 60,000; but to make cowards warriors lay beyond his power. An attempt on the island of Sicily,

—partly, perhaps, for reasons not hitherto explained, but chiefly from his own rash temper and the cowardice of his troops, proved unsuccessful. This disappointment soured his temper; nor was it likely to be sweetened by a circumstance, to the meaning of which he could no longer be blind. He could not procure the recall of the 20,000 French who held military possession of the country. His very ministers were in the interest of Napoleon. This high-spirited man took fire, and in the first fury of his rage would perhaps have been mad enough to declare war against France, had he not been restrained by the counsels of his queen. He now, however, bent all his anxiety to winning the love of his subjects; but though he to a great extent succeeded in this, it availed him nothing. He soon found that they were insensible to national honour,—degraded in every view, and fit for nothing but slavery.

The king, perceiving that he could neither dismiss his foreign masters, nor find in his own subjects any defence against the imperious will of Napoleon, now retired to his palace of Capo-di-Monte, where the bitterness of his feelings brought on a severe illness. His malady exasperated his rage; he abused his ministers, his queen, his oldest servants that approached him. Instead of removing, many about him thought it their interest to fortify his suspicions: he passed the whole day in perusing the reports of his secret agents of police, or in listening to delators. He was even so forgetful of common prudence,—to say nothing of dignity,—as to make confidents of the vilest spies, who were not backward in boasting of his favour. This behaviour, at once mean and weak, lowered his popularity. He was also capable, while

under the dominion of these fitful humours, of playing the capricious despot: the benefit which he awarded to-day, he might recall on the morrow.

It is impossible to say how far the breach might have extended, had not Napoleon looked forward to the terrible struggle of 1812. Perhaps Murat, like Louis of Holland, might have been so annoyed with intolerable vexations as to prefer a private life to the mortification of wielding a powerless sceptre: perhaps a mere decree in the *Moniteur* might have reduced him to his original nothingness. But in so desperate a contest as Napoleon foresaw, he could ill dispense with the services of him whom he had truly called "his right hand," and "the best cavalry officer in the world." Many who were aware of the misunderstanding between them, and how wholly the resources of France, immense as these were, must be absorbed by the peninsular war and the projected expedition, expected that Joachim would disregard the imperial summons, and thus attempt to free himself for ever from his subjection. Others, however, who were better acquainted with his martial inclinations,—the impatience with which he had borne near four years of (to him) inglorious peace,—and above all, with the ascendancy which the emperor held over his spirit, little doubted what course he would adopt. Joachim joined Napoleon at Dresden with 10,000 of his best troops, and was immediately placed over the whole cavalry of the grand army.

He was the most active of the French generals in the pursuit of the various corps of the Russian army as these retreated through Poland and Lithuania. On the arrival of the French at Smolensko, he opposed the project of an attack on that city, on

the ground that, as it was about to be abandoned by the Russians, there could be no use in risking lives to reduce it. He went on—and condemned plainly the imprudence of proceeding farther at so late a season of the year. What the reply of Napoleon was, no one has recorded, but it stung the brave soldier to the quick. “A march to Moscow (cried Murat) will be the destruction of the army;” and having said so, he furiously spurred his horse towards the side of the river which a Russian battery on the opposite bank swept of all who dared approach. Here for some time he stood immoveable, like one resolved to die, and waiting for the ball which should despatch him. He ordered his officers to withdraw, and all obeyed except Belliard. “Every one is master of his own life (said this general): as your majesty appears resolved to dispose of yours, I must be permitted to die at your side.” This devoted fidelity at length prevailed on him to retire from his perilous situation.

The desperate action of Valontina exhibited a striking instance of the ascendant held by the king of Naples over the troops. He had ordered Junot to traverse a wood and marsh which lay on the flank of the Russians, and attack them, while he vigorously pressed them in front. As he was charging them with his wonted fury, he was surprised to find that the projected diversion had not been effected. He galloped almost unattended towards the position which Junot still occupied, and censured that officer’s inactivity. The general answered, that he could not prevail on the Westphalian cavalry to advance in the face of such perils. Without uttering another word, the king placed himself at their head, urged them along,

charged and routed the Russian sharpshooters: then turning to Junot he coolly observed, "There—thy marshal's baton is half earned for thee—do the rest thyself!"

After this action, the corps of Ney was too exhausted to remain longer in the van, and it was replaced by that of Davoust. The king had soon reason to regret the loss of his former associate, whose courage was boiling as his own. Davoust was methodical, cautious, and consequently unwilling to join in what he conceived to be the desperate measures of Murat. This want of harmony between them ultimately ended in deep resentment, which neither could always smother. On one occasion it broke out in the presence of the emperor. The king bitterly upbraided Davoust for a caution which he termed more ruinous than the wildest daring; complained how inadequately he was supported in his most important movements;—and, in fine, intimated his readiness to settle the dispute at a private meeting, so that the army might not suffer from their contentions. The other retorted by censuring the rashness of Murat, who, he said, was lavishly wasting both the ammunition and lives of the soldiers. "Let the king of Naples," he added, "do what he pleases with the cavalry, but so long as the first corps of infantry is under my orders, its safety shall not be compromised without need." The emperor, without giving any decision, endeavoured to reconcile them by extolling the services of both; and earnestly exhorted them to a better understanding in future. But unfortunately his words had little effect when the rival chiefs were not under his immediate eye.

It was said of Murat by Napoleon, that when he advanced to the charge, he resembled a paladin of old more than a modern soldier. In his costume he imitated the ancient knights; his noble port shewed majestically under the chivalric garb; add to this his more than mortal daring, and we shall not wonder that the very Cossacks raised a shout of admiration when he approached them. A striking example of this occurred, September 4th. The king with a few squadrons had left Giatz, followed at some distance by the Grand Army; in his march he was much annoyed by clouds of Cossacks, who hovered about the heads of his columns, and from time to time compelled them to deploy. This troublesome series of interruptions at length incensed him to such a degree, that he galloped up to them unattended, and, in an authoritative voice, cried out: "*Clear the way, vermin!*" It is a fact equally extraordinary and incontestable, that these wild sons of the desert were so awed by his manner, as involuntarily to obey the command; nor did they again block up the way during the whole of that day's march.

At length the French army reached the heights which overlook Moscow. Glancing at his soiled garments the king did not think them worthy of an occasion so important as that of entering the Sacred City. He retired to his tent, stripped, and soon came out arrayed in the most magnificent of his costumes. His tall plume, seen over everything, the splendid trappings of his steed, and the inimitable grace with which he managed the high-spirited animal, as he advanced towards the Cossacks, who were under the walls of the city, produced a loud peal of applause from those wild warriors. As an armistice had been

agreed on during the evacuation of the city by the Russian rear, he remained for two hours in the midst of his new admirers, who called him *their hetman*, and pressed round him with tumultuous enthusiasm. His vanity was so much gratified with the homage of these children of the wilderness that he distributed among them first all the money he had about him, then all he could borrow from the officers of his staff, and lastly both his own watch and those of his companions.

When Napoleon abandoned the retreating army at Smorgoni, Murat was left in command; but his moral courage appeared to have fled with success: he was unequal to the duties of so trying a situation. When the wretched, worn-out remnant of the Grand Army was near Posen, an officer just arrived from Naples sought a private interview with the king. What passed between them has never transpired. It has been said that the messenger delivered him a letter, acquainting him with the queen's projected usurpation of his authority. Letters also reached him from Napoleon, full of reproaches for the errors he had recently committed. Irritated at the reverses of the army, at what he called the ingratitude of the emperor, at his own want of influence over the generals, and most of all, probably, by the intelligence he had just received from Naples, Murat hastily quitted the fugitives on January the 17th, 1813, and was succeeded in the chief command by the Viceroy Eugene. He travelled day and night on his return to Naples.

Whatever were the motives which induced him to abandon his charge, the step itself drew forth strong expressions of indignation and contempt from the em-

peror. In a letter to his sister the queen, he says : " So the king has forsaken the army ! Your husband is a very brave man in the field of battle, but when the enemy is not present, he is weaker than a woman or even a monk. He has no moral courage." And in another to Murat, January 26, he remarks : " I am unwilling to speak of my dissatisfaction with your conduct ever since my own departure from the army ; it is the necessary result of your feebleness of character. You are a good soldier in the field, but out of it you have neither strength nor character. I suppose you are not one of those who think the lion is dead. If you do, you will find yourself wofully deceived !"

Murat's resentment at this language did not, however, prevent his joining Napoleon in the Saxon campaign ; there was still a possibility at least that the emperor might ultimately triumph. He fought nobly at Dresden and Leipsic ; but soon after the terrible issue of the last-mentioned battle precipitately abandoned the cause of his brother-in-law at Erfurt.

For some time after his return to Naples the king assumed no open or decided part. He secretly negotiated with the Austrians, and augmented his army, but gave no intimation of his ulterior objects. At length on the 11th January, 1814, Count Neupperg, the Austrian emperor's agent, concluded, in that sovereign's name, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Murat. By that treaty Austria recognised his right to the dignity he held, and he engaged to furnish thirty thousand troops in furtherance of the common measures against his imperial relative ; and without even waiting for the ratification from Vienna, Murat at once assumed the offensive

against Prince Eugene, marched southward, and seized on Ancona and Bologna.

Though this warfare was one chiefly of manifestos, it completely put an end to French influence in Italy; and accordingly, upon the abdication of Buonaparte, Murat looked forward to his own recognition by the Congress at Vienna. But he was regarded with little favour by that august body. As has been said of Talleyrand, Joachim had acted by his friends as if they might shortly be his enemies, and to his enemies as if they might soon become his friends. Austria, however, really wished to acknowledge his kingly character, and England was prepared to do the same, though with more reluctance: both powers feeling that, after the negotiations concluded with him, less was inconsistent with honour. The measure, however, was forcibly opposed by Talleyrand, on the part of Louis XVIII. That able minister contended, that to have a creature of Napoleon on a throne so important as that of Naples, must be injurious to the security of the neighbouring states, and might be so to the general tranquillity. While the king was awaiting the result with anxiety, and probably fearing the reports of General Nugent and Lord W. Bentinck, who were acquainted with the hollow interest he had taken in the common cause, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and triumphantly returned to the French capital. Murat, with the thoughtless precipitation which characterised him through life, instantly put an army of 50,000 men in motion, and advanced on Tuscany. In his proclamation of March 31st, 1815, he exhorted all Italians to arm for the independence of their country—for the destruction of all foreign influence over them. The idea of rescuing the entire soil of Italy

from external domination, and of uniting all the states into one powerful kingdom, was magnificent: such an attempt would have been worthy the genius and power of a Napoleon; but Joachim was never meant for things of this order. Priests and nobles fled everywhere at his approach; and the self-styled emancipator of Italy was joined by none but a few of the rabble, and a handful of brainless enthusiasts. The Austrians and the English assailed him at the same time, and compelled him to fall back towards his own kingdom. Most of the men composing his royal guard, with the second and third divisions of his regular troops, forthwith disbanded themselves and went home. The combats (if indeed they deserved such a name) of Capraro, Ponte-Corvo, Mignano, and San Germano, consummated the ruin. Seeing that all hopes of resistance were vain, and that the enemy were resolved not to treat with him, Joachim quitted his wretched remnant of an army, and returned *incognito* to his capital, which he entered May 18th. As he embraced his queen, he exclaimed with emotion, "All is lost, Caroline, except my own life, which I have been unable to throw away!" Thus ended one of the most rashly projected and wretchedly conducted of campaigns.

During the king's short stay in the capital, the public tranquillity was as undisturbed as if no enemy had been marching against it. He tried to rouse the Neapolitans to some uncommon exertion in his behalf by promising them a constitutional system as liberal as the wildest Carbonaro could have desired:—but the bait did not take;—the people remained as silent and as sullen as before; and on the evening of the following day, Joachim (with a few attendants—

all in disguise) left Naples, and sailed for Ischia. While here he heard of the capitulation of the remnant of his army which he had intrusted to Carascosa; that in their articles not one word had been inserted in favour of himself: in brief, that Ferdinand had been acknowledged with as little ceremony as if no Joachim were in existence. Thus betrayed on all sides, he resolved to sail for France, and throw himself on the generosity of Buonaparte. He landed at Cannes on the 25th, and despatched a courier to acquaint the emperor with his arrival. All the reply he received was a cold recommendation "to remain where he was until he was wanted." Joachim burst forth into furious invectives against the ungrateful Corsican, for whom, he said, he had lost his army and his crown: language which certainly confirms the opinion of the allied powers that there had been some understanding between the two, though each had been too selfish to care sincerely about anything beyond his own advantage. On reflection, the ex-king appears to have satisfied himself that the anger of the emperor was but assumed, and that he should soon be called to Paris. To be within easier reach, therefore, of Napoleon's government, he set out for Lyons, June 25th, meaning to await in that city an improvement in his prospects. But while changing horses at Aubagne, near Marseilles, Joachim learned the disasters of Waterloo; and on this, hastily retracing his steps, he returned to the house he had before occupied in the neighbourhood of Toulon.

The situation of the fugitive, after the second abdication of the emperor, became hourly more critical. He wished to visit Paris for the purpose of seeing personally the allied sovereigns, but the roads leading

into the interior were closed to one who was considered as the ally of the fallen usurper. Though Toulon still held out, there was little doubt that it also must soon re-acknowledge the authority of Louis, and, in consequence, cease to be an asylum for him. He thought of escaping to England; but though Lord Exmouth would willingly have received him on board, that admiral would not answer for the measures which the allies might adopt respecting him. He next applied, through Fouché, for permission to settle in Austria; and the Emperor Francis generously agreed to receive him, on condition of his laying aside the royal title. Murat instantly despatched a messenger to say that he accepted the condition, and that he waited for the necessary passports.

The ex-king now thought his plans for the future finally arranged, but fortune had ordered far otherwise. While he lay in a little village, quietly expecting the arrival of the passports, he was alarmed by the intelligence that a band of men had left Marseilles with the resolution of taking him dead or alive, and thereby earning the large sum set on his head by the Bourbon government. He instantly fled, attended by a single valet, to a lonely retreat a few miles from Toulon, and near the borders of the sea. Every night some one of his friends privately left Toulon (now in the power of Louis) to acquaint him with what was passing in the world. The burden of their tale was ever the imminent risk of his detection, as well as of the safety of his few devoted adherents being compromised. If he could reach Paris all would be well; for there the allies would readily treat with him. To proceed by land was fraught with danger: it was at last settled that he should go by sea, in a vessel bound

for Havre ; and as he could not embark at Toulon, it was agreed that the vessel should take him up by night on a solitary part of the coast.

At night-fall (August 12) he left his retreat, and hastened to the coast. About the same time the captain, with whom he was to sail, left his vessel, and proceeded in a boat to the appointed spot. But fortune seemed to delight in persecuting the fugitive. After he and the seaman had vainly sought each other during a considerable portion of the night, the sea began to swell so much as to endanger the frail boat, and the captain, relinquishing all hope of seeing the ex-king, reluctantly returned to his vessel. In the mean time the latter traversed the sandy beach, vainly endeavouring to send his voice to the mariners who were seeking him : it was answered only by the howling of the wind, or the dashing of the waves. At length dawn appeared, and he perceived the ship out at sea. To remain longer on the beach was perilous : he fled into the woods, and for two days remained there without nourishment or rest. His garments were drenched with rain, and he was exhausted with hunger and lassitude. He perceived a solitary cabin—he knocked, and was welcomed by an old woman to such humble fare as was in her power to offer. He gave himself out as belonging to the garrison of Toulon ; that he had lost his way, and stood in need of refreshment and repose.

While the wanderer was devouring the eggs which the good woman had prepared for him, the owner of the cabin entered ; he was a French soldier from the garrison of Toulon ! The old man welcomed him with as much cordiality as his wife had done, but watched him more intently. His whole appearance,

his manners, his evident wish to escape observation, struck the veteran; who at last remembered having seen similar features on certain coin. The truth flashed on him; he arose—not to betray his guest—but to fall at the wanderer's feet, to swear fidelity, to offer his services and his life in behalf of the exile. The old woman, in her sudden agitation, dropped the kitchen utensil she held in her hand, and followed his example; and Murat, deeply affected with their behaviour, raised, embraced, and blessed them both.

One night the ever-watchful dame perceived the light of a lantern approaching her cabin. Alarmed for the safety of her guest, she instantly awoke him, concealed him in a hole outside the dwelling, and covered him with vine-branches. She returned to the bed he had just left, arranged the covering as if no one had lain under it, and was undressing herself when a loud knock was heard at the door, and in rushed about sixty gendarmes, who, after ransacking the hut, spreading themselves among the vines, and passing several times close by his hiding-place, at length departed to renew the search in other places.

The hunted recluse felt too much for his hosts to compromise their safety by remaining longer where he was. His friends at Toulon were made acquainted with his wishes through the soldier, and hired a skiff to convey him to Corsica. On the evening of the 22d of August he embarked on a lonely part of the beach, and, attended by three faithful adherents, sailed for that island. A high wind arose, the sea swelled, and the destruction of the frail vessel seemed inevitable. This was not the only danger: at day-break they fell in with a trader plying between Corsica and

France; they hailed the captain, and offered him a considerable sum if he would receive them on board, and convey them to the island; but he, probably, taking them for pirates, not only disregarded their proposal, but strove to run them down. They at last fell in with the packet-boat from Toulon to Bastia; and were readily received on board. No sooner had they left their skiff than it sank,—as if fortune was pleased in multiplying the dangers of the fugitive for the mere purpose of extricating him from them.

The reception of Murat by the Corsicans was most hospitable. Some officers of the garrison, indeed, were not disinclined to seize him, and deliver him up to the French government; but so devoted were the inhabitants to the near relation of their illustrious countryman—that the bare attempt would have led to an insurrection. He was enthusiastically cheered whenever he appeared in public, and crowds assembled before his house to greet him with their acclamations. But it had been well for him if he never had heard them: they awakened within him a train of feeling which led him to his ruin. “If,” said he, “this people, to whom I am a stranger, receive me with such joy, what may I not expect from my own subjects? The latter were accustomed to applaud me as warmly whenever I returned after a short absence to my capital.” He was confirmed in this dangerous impression by the reports of several persons recently arrived from Naples, who represented the whole population of the kingdom as discontented with the existing government; and, after some hesitation, Murat resolved on the hazardous experiment of once more appearing among his Neapolitans.

It has been supposed that the government of Fer-

dinand employed agents to inveigle this weak, credulous, but daring man, into a snare deliberately laid for him. This, however, is a charge so monstrous that it ought not to be received without strong evidence. The ex-king's characteristic rashness, and the successful example recently set him by his imperial relation, may have been sufficient to prompt him. He was braver than Napoleon, and he believed himself both as able and as popular as he.

With some difficulty the ex-king had raised from thirty to forty thousand francs, hired six brigs, and enrolled about two hundred men for the expedition, when the necessary passports arrived for his passage to Austria. The conditions were in the hand-writing of Metternich, and as favourable as he could have desired. He had only to lay aside his kingly title, to promise obedience to the laws, and engage never to leave Austria without the emperor's permission. In return he might assume the title of count, and retire with his family (which had escaped into Austria) to any part of Bohemia, Moravia, or Upper Austria; he might inhabit town or country, and live in the splendour becoming his rank. His friends urged him to be contented with this, and relinquish his mad undertaking;—but he declared that the die was cast—that he would descend on the Calabrian coast. Accordingly, on the evening of September 28th, he embarked at Ajaccio to pursue the conquest of his kingdom. The garrison of the port were aware of his design, and might have prevented the embarkation; but Joachim was so popular among the soldiers that not a shot was fired after him till the vessels were beyond the range of the guns: then, in compliance with the suggestion of

the commandant, who informed them that it was necessary to make some sort of demonstration to lull the suspicions of the French government, they fired "long and loudly." This was enough: it enabled the officer to make a satisfactory report of the zeal testified by the garrison in the service of his Most Christian Majesty.

The naval commander of the expedition was one Barbara, who owed every thing in life to the ex-king, and who was in consequence considered worthy of implicit confidence.

The little squadron was retarded by contrary winds, and did not arrive in sight of Calabria before the evening of October 6th. That night the vessels were dispersed in a heavy gale, and at day break the king's was the only one which stood off the coast. But in the course of the morning it was joined by another, and not long after by a third. One of his officers proposed that the three should double the promontory of Paolo, where they would most likely have fallen in with the rest; but the proposal was over-ruled by Barbara, on the ground that they would run a risk of being intercepted by the Sicilian cruizers: nor, unfortunately, was this the only traitor. When night came, and Murat had given orders for the barks to proceed towards Amantea, one of the three captains quietly slipped away, and sailed back to Corsica with fifty of the best soldiers.

When daylight appeared, and this vessel was missing, his few faithful followers seized the favourable opportunity, and urged Murat to sail for Trieste, and claim the hospitality of the Austrian. To their great joy he assented; ordered a bag, containing five hundred copies of the proclamation he had intended for

the Neapolitans to be thrown into the sea; and directed Barbara to steer for the Adriatic. The latter objected his want of water and provisions for so long a voyage, and offered to procure them at Pizzo, which was then in sight. This was assented to, but just as he was departing, he requested that he might be furnished with the passports, in case the authorities of the port should attempt to detain him. This strange demand awakened, as well it might, the suspicions of Murat. In vain did he labour to convince the wretch, that the passports could only lead to the discovery of the voyagers: the traitor persisted in refusing to go on shore without them. His object in wishing to secure them was probably to deliver them up to the authorities of Pizzo; so that when the fugitive was captured and put to death, their existence might safely have been denied. Whether the intended victim suspected this, or whether he resolved to try what effect the attempt might produce, he suddenly asserted his determination to go on shore himself! There was such downright madness in the thing, that his attendants would have been justified in confining him to the cabin, until the necessary provisions were procured, and the vessels far on their way to Trieste. His mind—never very firm—was now in a high state of excitement and agitation. They saw he was resolute, however, and they insisted on accompanying him, and on sharing any fate that might befall him. He ordered them to appear in full uniform; and at the same time directed the captain to keep close in shore, so as to be ready to receive them, in case they were compelled to re-embark.

It was about mid-day on Sunday, the 8th of October, that he set his foot on the beach—being followed

by twenty-eight soldiers (including officers), and three domestics. Some mariners recognized him, and shouted "*Joachim for ever !*" A few idle spectators joined the little band, as it proceeded towards the great square of Pizzo, where the soldiers of the district were then assembled to exercise. The ex-king considered this a fortunate circumstance : like a greater man in a similar situation, he boldly approached them, while his followers unfurled his standard, shouting "*King Joachim for ever !*" But the cry was repeated only by one peasant. The soldiers readily recognized his person, but preserved an obstinate silence.

One would have thought this example sufficient ; yet he would continue his way to Monte-Leone, the capital of the province—conduct which can only be explained by a temporary aberration of mind. The road from Pizzo to Monte-Leone is rugged, precipitous, and difficult ; and the little party had not made much progress, before they were pursued by one Trenta-Capilli, a captain of gendarmes, who headed a number of his men, and some other adherents of the place. (Joachim had never been a favourite with Pizzo, the trade of which he was accused of having injured.) By paths known only to themselves, some of their body gained the advance of the party, while the rest followed : thus were the adventurers placed between two fires. Murat, still in the hope of making a favourable impression, now advanced towards his assailants, and hailed them : the only answer was a shower of balls. One of his officers was killed, another wounded ; but he would not suffer his companions to return the fire. His situation was desperate : he saw that his only chance of safety was by reaching the sea ; and, leaping from rock to rock, from precipice

to precipice, while the shot whistled around him, he at length reached the beach. The treachery of Barbara could no longer be doubted: both vessels were at a considerable distance from the shore, indifferent spectators of his danger! A fishing-boat lay on the beach: he endeavoured to push it into the water; but was unequal to the effort. Some of his companions now joined him, but before they could embark, all were surrounded by the infuriate mob. Resistance was evidently vain: he surrendered his sword, begging only that his brave followers might be spared. But he spoke to the deaf: some of those faithful men were cut down at their master's side; the rest were hurried away with him, and cast into the same prison. Here the gendarmes searched him; and after depriving him of his money, his jewels, his letters of credit, they, unfortunately for him, found on his person a copy of his proclamation, which he had taken from one of his officers, and which he had imprudently neglected to destroy.

Joachim spent a few hours amidst his companions, most of whom were wounded, in a manner highly honourable to his heart—labouring to console them—as if he had no sorrows of his own. But he was soon removed from the common room, into one more private, and more suited to his past dignity; and there waited on by General Nunziante, whose duty it was to interrogate him officially as to his disembarkation at Pizzo. The conduct of this officer was honourable and delicate: he knew how to combine fidelity to his master with a deep sympathy for the fallen.

One of the ex-king's first steps was to write to the Austrian and English ambassadors, then at

Naples, to interest them in his behalf. The letters were detained by the Neapolitan government until the writer was no more.

Orders now reached Pizzo to try *General Murat* as an enemy to the public peace, not by a civil tribunal, but by a military commission. This order was of course equivalent to a condemnation. Nunziante was unwilling to believe that such a measure would be persisted in, and suspended the proceedings until the commands of the court should be more fully known. On the evening of the 12th, however, his worst fears were confirmed: the members of the commission arrived, and brought with them a royal decree, which allowed the prisoner only *half an hour* after the sentence should be pronounced. The breathless haste of the ministers is not difficult to be explained: they no doubt either feared an insurrection of the people in his favour, or that if the foreign ambassadors heard of his detention, the accomplishment of their purpose might be thwarted.

It would be ridiculous to treat of such a trial as falling within any ordinary rules; but certainly the licence was pushed far in this case, for not one of the members of the commission was competent, under the existing law of Naples, to sit in judgment on an officer of the rank conceded to *General Murat*. They were eight in number—one adjutant-general, one colonel-commandant, two lieutenant-colonels, two captains, and two lieutenants; nor is it much to the credit of those officers that most of them had been indebted for their commissions to him of whose destruction they were the instruments.

Joachim declined the competency of the court—first as a sovereign prince, next as a marshal of France.

He said to his advocate :—" This tribunal is every way incompetent, and so contemptible, that I should be ashamed to appear before it. You cannot save my life, but you will allow me to save the royal dignity. The end in view is not justice, but condemnation : the members of the commission are not my judges, but my executioners. Speak not in my defence, I command you." But remonstrance and protests were vain : the commission sat, and proceeded.

In this last painful scene Murat behaved with more dignity than might have been expected. When, according to usage, the tribunal despatched one of their body to ask his name, age, country, &c., he hastily cut short the vain formula : " I am Joachim Napoleon, King of the Two Sicilies : begone, Sir !" He afterwards conversed with perfect coolness and evident satisfaction of all that he had done for his kingdom. He said, and said truly, that for whatever there was of good in the system of administration, the Neapolitans were indebted to him. He then briefly adverted to his present situation. " I had expected (said he), to find in Ferdinand a more humane and generous enemy : I would have acted very differently had our situations been reversed."

While Murat was thus speaking to the officers around him,—all of whom addressed him by his kingly title, and otherwise treated him with great respect,—the door opened, and one of the commissioners entered to read the sentence : he heard it unmoved. He then requested to see his companions,—this was refused ; but permission was given him to write to his wife. His letter was affectionate and affecting ; he inclosed in it a lock of his hair, and delivered it unsealed to Captain Stratti—another gen-

tleman in the service of the reigning king, who exhibited the same honourable feeling as Nunziante.

When the fatal moment arrived, Murat walked with a firm step to the place of execution,—as calm, as unmoved, as if he had been going to an ordinary review. He would not accept a chair, nor suffer his eyes to be bound. “I have braved death (said he) too often to fear it.” He stood upright, proudly and undauntedly, with his countenance towards the soldiers; and when all was ready, he kissed a cornelian on which the head of his wife was engraved, and gave the word—thus, “*Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!*”

Thus perished one whom death had respected in two hundred combats,—and most of whose errors must be ascribed to a wretched education, and a lamentable want of self-government, moral energy, reflection, and patience. Murat was the child of impulse and feeling,—not of reason and judgment. Mental discipline might have concentrated his powers, but hardly without destroying the romance of his character. As a soldier, he had never a superior, but he was no general; as a king, he was liberal, even indulgent, though often arbitrary from passion or caprice, and profusely extravagant from his fondness for show: as a man, he was generous and open-hearted; as a politician, wavering, ill-advised, and weak. In his domestic relations he was loved more than respected. Of his wife, whose general talents were far superior to his own, he was fond;—as a father, affectionate; as a friend, warm-hearted and faithful.

Murat's widow still resides in Upper Austria, under the name of Countess of Lipano. Of his two

daughters, the eldest, Marie, is married to the Marquis Popoli, of Bologna; the younger, Louisa, to Count Rasponi, of Ravenna. He left also two sons: the elder of whom is a citizen of the United States, and said to be a youth of very superior promise.

NEY.

MICHAEL Ney, a poor tradesman's son, was born in the little town of Sarre-Louis on the borders of German Lorraine, January 10, 1769. The country in which he was reared had then but recently become, and has again ceased to be, an integral portion of the French monarchy; and the inhabitants, amidst all their political changes, have continued to bear the Teutonic impress on their manners and sentiments. There was little of the Frenchman about Ney.

He seems to have been educated with more care than is common with youths of his humble condition, as, at thirteen years of age, we find him employed in the office of a public notary. But this sedentary life was but ill suited to his habits; and after some time he ran off and enlisted into a regiment of hussars. In this congenial sphere, his activity and boldness were soon rewarded: at the battles of Nerwinde, Louvain, Valenciennes, and Grand Prés, he distinguished himself so highly that he was rapidly promoted through the subordinate ranks; in 1793 he was made lieutenant, and in the year following had his company. It was also in 1794 that he became known to General Kleber, by whom he was appointed to head a body of 500 *partisans*.

These partisans were very different from the regular troops. They received no pay, but subsisted by plunder: knowing very little of discipline, they yet exceeded all other men in the impetuosity of their attacks, and were ready for any enterprise, however daring or desperate. To execute missions of extraordinary peril,—to traverse the enemy's lines, to reconnoitre his positions and strength, to cut off his convoys, and to destroy or make prisoners such separate detachments as they might encounter—such were their usual tasks; and it was in this adventurous service that Ney acquired the surname of the *Indefatigable*. His promotion corresponded with his fame; in three or four years more he had fought his way up to the command of a division.

November 1799.] The city of Mannheim was separated from the French army by the Rhine, and defended by a numerous garrison. Its position is so advantageous, that it may be termed the key of Germany on that frontier; it abounded with provisions and stores of every description, and on every account to gain possession of it was an object of extreme anxiety with the French. But by open force the attempt was not likely to succeed,—at least not without heavy loss. Besides the soldiers within the walls, a great number were cantoned outside the city, down to the river side; all were alike ready to resist the passage of the French, and if defeated on the open plain, they could all retire within the fortifications. While the generals were deliberating as to the best mode of making the attack, it struck Ney that a small trusty band might cross the river, march round the enemy's cantonments, reach the foot of the walls on the other side without observation, and take the place

by surprise before a sufficient force could be collected on that unexpected point of attack. Before hazarding such an attempt, it was most necessary to reconnoitre accurately the situation of the enemy, and General Ney, distrusting professional spies, resolved to go in person. Accordingly one evening he assumed the disguise of a Prussian peasant, passed the river, and the following day was admitted into the city, where he ascertained the strength of the garrison and fortifications at various points, and made himself fully acquainted with the nature of the ground, and the position of the troops encamped on the plain. Had he been detected in such a step—so rash in an officer of his rank and importance—he could have expected no other than the ignominious death of the spy; but the German was his native language, his manners were not above those of his assumed character, and he escaped without suspicion. On his return he selected one hundred and fifty of his boldest men, accompanied by whom he again passed the Rhine at eight o'clock in the evening. At eleven he reached the walls, and fell furiously on the outposts. The garrison made a sortie which was instantly repulsed, and Ney entered at the same time with the fugitives. Amidst the darkness and confusion all around, the smallness of his force could not be recognized: the fury of his attacks spread terror and dismay among the defenders, and after a short but desperate struggle, he obtained possession of the place. This achievement put the seal to his celebrity: from the beginning he was held in high esteem by the First Consul, and he was one of the marshals of *the creation*, (*i. e.* one of those who received their batons at the commencement of the *Empire* of Napoleon.)

On the breaking out of the war with Austria, the marshal left Boulogne with the sixth corps, crossed the Rhine into Alsace, and fought the well-contested battle, in memory of which he was, two years afterwards, created Duke of Elchingen. His station was on the right of the grand army, and his opponent the Archduke John, whom, after a series of brilliant successes, he chased from the Tyrol, and whose rear he cut in pieces at the foot of Mount Brenner, just as Napoleon conquered at Austerlitz. The peace of Presburg, which soon followed, probably saved the Archduke from utter destruction. — But the campaign of 1806-7 was that which, above all preceding ones, raised the fame of this marshal. Such had been his conduct during the whole of this extraordinary campaign, that the veteran conquerors of the Continent unanimously dignified him with the title of *Bravest of the Brave*.

1808.] The next theatre on which we find this great soldier is the Peninsula; but of that war he had soon experience enough to be convinced that it must, in the end, prove disastrous; and with his characteristic bluntness he did not hesitate to express his views to the emperor. A remarkable conversation between the two is given us by a French officer of rank, who was himself present. — After a grand review of troops at Madrid, the emperor entered the room where Ney and many other officers were assembled: he was in the best spirits from some favourable despatches he had just received. “Every thing goes on well (said he): Romana will be reduced in a fortnight: the English are defeated, and will be unable to advance. In three months this war will be finished!” None of the other generals ventured to reply, but the

duke of Elchingen shook his head, and with a dissatisfied look, said : “ Sire, the war has lasted long already, and I cannot perceive like you that our affairs are much improved. These people are obstinate ; even their women and children fight : they massacre our men in detail. Certainly the contest has a bad aspect. To-day we cut the enemy in pieces ; to-morrow we have to oppose another twice as numerous. It is not an army we have to fight ; it is a whole nation : I see no end to the business.” While he was speaking, the emperor regarded him with a fixed look : when Ney had ceased, he turned to the other officers and said : “ This country is a Vendée—but have I not subdued Vendée ? The Calabrians were formerly insurgents—wherever there are mountains, there will be insurrections,—but now the kingdom of Naples is peaceable enough. Here the people are instigated to resistance by the clergy ; but the Romans subdued them ; so did the Moors, and they are not to be compared with their ancestors. I will strengthen the government, I will bind the grandees to my interests, and fire on the rabble. If Julius Cæsar had been daunted by difficulties, would he have conquered Gaul ?—The population is said to be against us :—this Spain is but a solitude ; not five inhabitants to a square league. But let the question be decided by numbers,—I will bring all Europe over the Pyrenees.”

Thus spoke Napoleon in the pride of unbounded power ; and impartiality obliges us to acknowledge that he would as surely have subdued Spain as did the Romans, the Goths and the Moors, had he not been prevented from bringing the whole of his resources

to act in this warfare, by his quarrels with Austria and afterwards Russia.

But though the Duke of Elchingen had sagacity enough to augur any thing but success from the present impolitic struggle, he laboured as sedulously as if success were certain. He was not engaged in any general action, but he destroyed many of the guerrilla parties, overran Galicia and the Asturias, defeated Sir Robert Wilson, and cut off many convoys of the allies. When Massena undertook the campaign of Portugal, Ney accompanied the expedition, and in his march reduced first Ciudad Rodrigo, then Almeida. But the campaign was worse than useless to the French : famine, and the impossibility of forcing the lines of Torres Vedras, compelled them to retreat. That retreat, however, was a most brilliant one ; and conferred as much honour on the Duke of Elchingen, who commanded the rear, as the proudest victory he had ever gained. He sustained unmoved the incessant assaults of Lord Wellington's overwhelming forces, though the corps which he commanded consisted of no more than 6000 men ; and thus enabled the whole army to retire in perfect order to Miranda del Corvo. Presently, however, a dispute occurred between him and the commander-in-chief, whom he flatly refused to obey, and for this act of insubordination Ney was divested of his command, and ordered to return to France.*

* Colonel Napier (*History of the Peninsular War*, vol. i. p. 496) has an anecdote about his brother, which does honour both to Soult and to Ney. At the battle of Coruña, Major Napier was wounded and made prisoner. "He was returned among the killed. The morning after the battle, the Duke

The glory of this memorable retreat was the only considerable advantage derived by the Marshal from his services in Spain. Such a train of ill success may have soured his temper: it is evident that, from whatever cause, he was less attentive, than might have been expected, to his duties as military governor in the conquered districts; and his name consequently became extremely unpopular among the Spaniards. He himself was indulgent enough, but he appears to have held but a feeble rein over his ruffian followers. Out of the field he had less energy than even Murat, and was treated with little respect by his very domes-

of Dalmatia, being apprized of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon, desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which (from the system of refusing exchanges) would have been destruction to his professional prospects. The marshal also obtained for the drummer (who had saved him from being murdered by a French soldier) the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The events of the war obliged Soult to depart in a few days from Coruña, but he recommended Major Napier to the attention of Marshal Ney; and that marshal also treated his prisoner with the kindness of a friend, rather than the rigour of an enemy, for he quartered him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Nor did Marshal Ney's kindness stop there; for when the flag of truce arrived, and he became acquainted with the situation of Major Napier's family, he suddenly waived all forms, and instead of answering the inquiry by a cold intimation of the captive's existence, sent him, and with him the few English prisoners taken in the battle, at once to England, merely demanding that none should serve until regularly exchanged. I should not have dwelt thus long upon the private adventures of an officer, but that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity, and the demand is rendered imperative by the after misfortunes of Marshal Ney."

tics. "On the embattled plain," says a French general, his companion in arms, "he was wholly unrivalled, but he was singularly feeble, even timid, when no danger was near. I have often seen him give way to an insolent valet in his own house!"

1812.] The expedition to Russia soon followed the duke's return to France. He was entrusted with the command of the third corps, and had an active share in whatever successes were obtained by the French in that ill-fated campaign. Like Murat he soon perceived that to penetrate, at so late a period of the year, into the heart of Russia, must endanger the safety of the invaders, and, as on a former occasion, he spoke his mind freely to Napoleon, in the council held at Smolensko. After using many forcible representations on this subject, he concluded by advising the emperor to winter at Smolensko, and to entrench the remainder of the army on the borders of the Dwina and the Dnieper. Napoleon listened with more attention than satisfaction to this prudent counsel. "Duke of Elchingen," he replied, "I am well aware that in bravery and attachment to my person and interests you have no superior; but you do not know the Russians: they are not like the Germans,—they will receive us with open arms; they sigh for our arrival as earnestly as the Jews for the coming of their Messiah. I will give freedom to the people civilized by Peter the Great; I will put the finishing hand to his great work, by providing the Russians with the Code Napoleon." The courtly Caulaincourt chimed in with the emperor's opinion, and was in consequence much caressed. This incensed Ney, who ominously remarked:—"Would to heaven the honied words of this diplomatic general may not prove

more injurious to the army than the most bloody battle!"

At the battle of Borodino, or, as the French call it, of the Moskwa, the most sanguinary in modern times, the Bravest of the Brave surpassed himself, and nobly earned the princely title with which his imperial master rewarded him on the field. But the most valuable service he ever rendered France was in the deplorable retreat from Moscow. His station was in the rear—the post of danger and of honour—and he was the chief, if not (excepting Napoleon himself) the only hope of the troops. In the story of this flight, for such it was, every thing is so wonderful, that posterity would disbelieve the details, if one contemporary voice had been raised against them. That with a handful of worn-out followers, destitute of every necessary, he should repel the assaults and arrest the progress of untired, well-provided, and countless legions; that, while his heroic little band was daily diminished by hunger, cold, lassitude, he should yet bid defiance to the whole Russian host; in a word, that Ney's desperate valour should have secured the escape of any remnant of the Grand Army, must ever command the astonishment of the world. At one time, after leaving Krasnoi, the whole Russian army lay between him and Napoleon; but though he had only three thousand men, he resolved to cut his way through the intervening legions. When summoned by Miloradovitch to capitulate,—“A marshal of France never surrenders!” was his only reply, as he fearlessly led his devoted companions against the destructive batteries of the Losmina. He then made a circuit at midnight to the banks of the Dnieper, which he crossed on blocks of ice, in spite of all opposition,

and finally, with fifteen hundred men, joined the emperor. Well might Napoleon be unable to find language sufficient to express his admiration of the hero:—"What a man! what a soldier! what a vigorous chief!" While he still feared that the marshal had fallen into the hands of the Russians, he declared that he would willingly give three millions of francs for his ransom. His joy may well be conceived when Ney returned and received his embrace. The latter had soon afterwards the nearly undivided honour of saving the wreck of this once mighty host at the passage of the Berezina.

In the campaign of 1813, Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, he contributed powerfully to the success; but he and Oudinot received a severe check at Dennewitz from the Crown Prince of Sweden. From that hour defeat succeeded defeat; the allies invaded France;—and, in spite of the most desperate resistance, triumphantly entered Paris in March, 1814. Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by Napoleon to negotiate with Alexander in behalf of the king of Rome, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he could do was to remain a passive spectator of the fall and exile of his chief.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was more fortunate than many of his brethren: he was entrusted with a high military command, and created a knight of St. Louis, and a peer of France.

But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted: during the

many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favourite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew, nor wished to know, the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it, not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity.

His wife had been reared in the court of Louis XVI., and had adorned that of the emperor. Cultivated in her mind, accomplished in her manners, and elegant in all she said or did, her society was courted on all sides. Her habits were expensive;—luxury reigned throughout her apartments, and presided at her board; and to all this display of elegance and pomp of show, the military simplicity, not to say the coarseness, of the marshal, furnished a striking contrast. His good nature offered no other obstacle to the gratification of her wishes than the occasional expression of a fear that his circumstances might be deranged by them. But if he would not oppose,

neither could he join in her extravagance. While she was presiding at a numerous and brilliant party of guests, he preferred to remain alone in a distant apartment, where the festive sounds could not reach him. On such occasions he almost always dined alone.

Ney seldom appeared at court. He could neither bow nor flatter, nor could he stoop to kiss even his sovereign's hand without something like self-humiliation. To his princess, on the other hand, the royal smile was necessary as the light of the sun; and unfortunately for her, she was sometimes disappointed in her efforts to attract it. Her wounded vanity often beheld an insult in what was probably no more than an inadvertence. In a word she ere long fervently regretted the court in which the great captains had occupied the first rank, and their families shared the almost exclusive favour of the sovereign. She complained to her husband; and he, with a calm smile, advised her never again to expose herself to such mortifications if she really sustained them. But though he could thus rebuke a woman's vanity, the haughty soldier felt his own wounded through hers. To escape from these complaints, and from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he retired to his country-seat, in January (1815),—the very season when people of consideration are most engrossed by the busy scenes of the metropolis. There he led an unfettered life; he gave his mornings to field sports; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as, from their humble condition, rendered formality useless, and placed him completely at his ease.

It was here that on the 6th of March he was surprised by the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the

minister at war, who ordered him, with all possible despatch, to join the sixth division, of which he was the commander, and which was stationed at Besançon. In his anxiety to learn the extent of his instructions, Ney immediately rode to Paris; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Buonaparte from Elba.

Ney eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. In his last interview with Louis, his protestations of devotedness to the Bourbons, and his denunciations against Napoleon, were ardent—perhaps they were sincere. Whether he said that Buonaparte *deserved* to be confined in an iron cage, or that he would *bring* him to Paris in one, is not very clear, nor indeed very material. — We reluctantly approach the darker shades in the life of this great officer.

On his arrival at Besançon, March 10th, he learned the disaffection of all the troops hitherto sent against the invader, and perceived that those by whom he was surrounded were not more to be trusted. He was surrounded with loud and incessant cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* Already, at Lyons, two members of the royal family had found all opposition vain; the march of Napoleon was equally peaceful and triumphant. During the night of the 13th Ney had a secret interview with a courier from his old master; and on the following morning he announced to his troops that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign,—that the emperor was the only ruler France would acknowledge! He then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his indisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.

Ney was soon doomed to suffer the necessary consequence of his crime—bitter and unceasing remorse. His inward reproaches became intolerable: he felt humbled, mortified, for he had lost that noble self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, that unspeakable and exalted satisfaction, which integrity alone can bestow: the man who would have defied the world in arms, trembled before the new enemy within him; he saw that his virtue, his honour, his peace, and the esteem of the wise and the good, were lost to him for ever. In the bitterness of his heart, he demanded and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. But there he could not regain his self-respect. Of his distress, and we hope of his repentance, no better proof need be required, than the reply, which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to have believed that he had emigrated: “*I ought to have done so long ago (said Ney); it is now too late!*”

The prospect of approaching hostilities soon roused once more the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for a while less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. From the day of his being ordered to join the army on the frontiers of Flanders (June 11), his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe, that on no occasion did the Bravest of the Brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field, by the dense

and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication, and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. Perhaps he hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; if so, however, the royal ordinance of July 24th terribly deceived him. He secreted himself with one of his relatives, at the chateau of Bessaris, department of Lot, in the expectation that he should soon have an opportunity of escaping to the United States. But he was discovered, and in a very singular manner.

In former days Ney had received a rich Egyptian sabre from the hands of the First Consul. There was but another like it known to exist, and that was possessed by Murat. The marshal was carefully secluded both from visitors and domestics, but unluckily this splendid weapon was left on a sofa in the drawing-room. It was perceived, and not a little admired by a visitor, who afterwards described it to a party of friends at Aurillac. One present immediately observed, that, from the description, it must belong to either Ney or Murat. This came to the ears of the prefect, who instantly despatched fourteen gendarmes, and some police agents, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the chateau; and Ney at once surrendered himself. Perhaps he did not foresee the fatal issue of his trial; some of his friends say that he even wished it to take place immediately, that he might have an opportunity to contradict a report that Louis had presented him with half a million of francs, on his departure for Besançon.

A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclina-

tion to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one, who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers were directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was over-ruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France. This the prisoner himself overruled; “*I am* a Frenchman, (cried Ney), and I will die a Frenchman!” The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles, by saying: “Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?” His last interview with his lady, who was sincerely attached to him, and with his children, whom he passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern. “Marshal,” said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, “you should now think of God: I never faced danger without such preparation.” “Do you suppose (answered Ney) that any one need teach me to die?” But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added, “Comrade, you are right. I will die as becomes a man of honour and a Christian. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice!”

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of De-

cember 7th, the marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—"Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy! *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the men, and, striking his other hand on his heart, gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the "Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable, enemy. Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonoured themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

Ney left four sons, two of whom are in the service of his old friend, Bernadotte.

OUDINOT.

CHARLES-Nicolas Oudinot was born at Bar-sur-Ornain, April 2, 1767.

Like most other striplings, he was at first enamoured with the order of things produced by the revolution, but it soon brought excesses which he did not approve. Bar was plundered, and would have been burnt, had not young Oudinot and others formed themselves into something like a military force, and driven away the ruffian mob. In the pride attendant on this success, he resolved to become a soldier. He obtained a commission, and by his bravery, unusual even at that period, rose rapidly through the subordinate ranks to be general of division.

This officer had so distinguished himself under Hoche, Pichegru, Moreau, Massena, and Buonaparte—on the Rhine, in Switzerland, and in Italy, that the army wondered at his not being included in the creation of marshals in 1804. He was, however, made count of the empire, and presented with one million of francs. His valour at Wagram procured him the higher title of Duke of Reggio; in 1809 he at length obtained the baton: and he commanded the 12th corps in the Russian expedition; in the course of which he received many severe wounds, which, however, did not prevent his sharing all the dangers and difficulties of the retreat.

For some time after his return to the capital, the duke remained in a languishing state; and as soon as he could venture abroad, he hastened to the theatre of war in Germany, to support the declining for-

tunes of his sovereign. He greatly distinguished himself at the victory of Bautzen; but his want of success in the battle against Bernadotte at Grosbeeren was so displeasing to the emperor, that he was immediately superseded by Ney. Notwithstanding this unmerited disgrace, he did not refuse to serve under that marshal; and it was probably some consolation for him, that even the *bravest of the brave* was soon forced to retreat at Dennewitz, before the same able commander.

The abdication of the emperor having released him from his oath of allegiance, the Duke of Reggio, who had long abhorred the despotism of Napoleon, gladly offered his services to Louis XVIII., by whom he was made colonel-general of the grenadiers, and entrusted with the important military government of Metz. When Napoleon returned again to trouble France, he continued honourably faithful to the royal cause. He would have given battle to the invader, but his troops openly declared for their old leader. During the Hundred Days he steadily resisted all the overtures of Buonaparte; never appearing at court, but passing his time at his country-seat. On the second restoration of the Bourbons he was rewarded by the chief command of the Parisian National Guard, the orders of St. Louis and of the Holy Ghost, a place among the peers of France, and a seat in the cabinet.

The last military service of Oudinot was in the invasion of Spain, under the Duke of Angouleme, in 1823; and while governor of Madrid, he exerted himself with humane activity to arrest the fanatic course of the advocates of despotism, who, with the priests at their head, were yearning for the destruction of the constitutionalists.

PICHEGRU.

CHARLES Pichegru was born in 1761, at Arbois, a little town romantically situated about nine leagues from Besançon.

Of a poor and obscure family, young Charles would, in most Protestant countries, have had few opportunities of mental improvement; but Arbois had a college for secular priests, and a monastery for friars, at both of which he could study gratuitously. He did so, and to such effect, that the superiors of the latter order prevailed on him to teach philosophy and the mathematics in their establishment at Brienne. This circumstance may have given rise to the report that he was a member of the order; but he took no vows; his vocation was widely different. At Brienne, he was the tutor of Napoleon Buonaparte.

In 1783, he forsook Euclid and Aristotle for Vauban and Cohorn, and entered as a private into a regiment of artillery. He was soon made serjeant; in 1789 adjutant; and in three years afterwards, was placed over a battalion of volunteers, and sent to join the army of the Rhine. Here he distinguished himself so well, that in a few months he was promoted—not only to the rank of general of division, but to the chief command of the army. Such an instance of rapid advancement is without precedent in military annals: it must have been owing to the partiality of St. Just and Lebas, the two representatives of the people, (or rather of Robespierre,) no less than to his talents as a soldier.

When Pichegru assumed this important charge, he found the army in a dreadful state of disorganization. He restored something like discipline; removed some officers, whom he replaced from the ranks; and in a very short space of time dispelled the despondency which a train of disasters had inspired. He had adopted a new system of tactics, which tended more than all other things to give confidence to his troops. He made more use of tirailleurs and flying artillery than any preceding general, and his rapid, incessant attacks did not allow the Austrians time to breathe. Wherever there was an enemy in the field, there was he; but he was averse to waste either his time or his forces in long tedious sieges. He beat whole armies, and the submission of the fortresses followed almost as a matter of course.

It is impossible to say by what process the mind of this general reverted to the interests of the royal family, or at what period the change was consummated. He certainly detested the existing state of things: he saw that violence, rapine, murder, deformed the face of his country; and he was not sure of his head a single day. All this would, doubtless, weigh with him; but more than all, perhaps, the rewards which an imitator of Monk might hope to enjoy under the restored monarchy. His conversion was nearly completed, when, in 1795, a secret emissary of the Prince of Condé ventured to visit him at his head-quarters at Altkirk.

Pichegru readily undertook to promote the royal cause, but condemned the plan which the Bourbons had formed, as one that would inevitably ruin any one concerned in its execution. He insisted on

being allowed to follow his own judgment, promising to communicate with the allied generals, and to act in conjunction with them. He formed a design of his own, so judicious that it promised complete success. He had even begun to act on it, when by some means the Directory received secret information of his scheme, and on the instant summoned him to Paris. He obeyed, confident alike in the weakness of the government, the imperfect information it had obtained, and his own popularity. He was right in his surmises that the Directors durst not lay hands on him. They deprived him, indeed, of his command, but offered him the embassy to Sweden, which he flatly refused. He on this retired to the abbey of Bellevaux, near his native town, where he passed several months in uninterrupted tranquillity, and where he would probably have continued to remain, had not the Department of the Upper Saône returned him its deputy to the legislative body in 1797.

The directors did not regard without much apprehension the accession of this friend of the Bourbons to that assembly: what must have been their feelings when they found he was elected its president? They watched, therefore, with keen eyes the nature of the propositions he made to his colleagues, and were soon satisfied that these tended to the organization of a force which should counteract the influence of the regular troops, and gradually pave the way for the restoration of the monarch. Their alarm rose to such a pitch, that in spite of all their jealousy, Buonaparte was called on for his advice and assistance; Augereau was dispatched to the capital; the revolution of the 18th fructidor was effected; and

Pichegru, with many other deputies, consigned to the Temple. To reconcile the public to so extraordinary a proceeding, a correspondence, which Moreau* had intercepted, was published; and soon after the directors sentenced Pichegru and about fifty other deputies to transportation.

The general, after spending eight weary months in a fortress of Guiana, at last effected his escape, in company with seven of his fellow exiles. They seized the centinel a little after midnight, while his comrades slept; they bound and gagged him; took whatever arms they could find in the guard-room; silently left the fort; and safely reached Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam. By the good offices of the Dutch, they were provided with a passage to England; and landed at Deal, September 23, 1798, from whence Pichegru hastened to London to join the numerous royalists who had obtained a refuge in that capital; and who were at this period engaged in innumerable plots for the restoration of the Bourbons.

In January, 1804, Pichegru, at length resolved to strike a decisive blow, was landed on the French coast by an English cutter. He was there met by Georges Cadoudal, Montgaillard and Joyaut, and all four hastened to Paris. The design of Georges was to assassinate the First Consul, nor would any of the Chouan's own friends have shrunk for an instant from committing such a crime, for they were fierce, savage men, inaccessible alike to justice or pity in the execution of their desperate project. But there is little probability, and no evidence, that General Pichegru was prepared to take part in such revolting extremities.

* See his Life.

The conspirators, however, had been already betrayed by their own associate Montgaillard, and they were all closely watched after their arrival in Paris. No doubt the police was privy to at least two interviews of Pichegru with Moreau; the moment the latter was arrested, a diligent search commenced after the other. Pichegru was now a wretched outcast: he wandered from house to house, skulking in obscurity, and venturing abroad only in the darkness. Sometimes he passed the whole night in the open air: this sort of life was worse than death; nature required support, and he ventured at length to take refuge in a house, the owner of which promised to protect him. But the fellow was in the interests of the police: he betrayed his guest; and at midnight a commissary, attended by twenty-four gendarmes, burst open the door of Pichegru's apartment and proceeded to seize him. The dauntless soldier struggled nearly a quarter of an hour with the men; but he at length became exhausted, suffered himself to be bound, and was conveyed to the Temple.

Pichegru ere long heard, in his dungeon, of the Duke d'Enghien's murder, and of Moreau's apprehension; on which he is said to have most solemnly declared, that that general was entirely innocent of the charges brought against him. Had such a declaration been made in open court, Buonaparte would have been compelled to release Moreau, for whose destruction he yearned. Pichegru, therefore, was destined never to appear in court; and, after having been interrogated several times by the dark agents of the tyrant—not in the sanctuary of justice, but in the dungeons of the Temple—he was at length, on the morning of April 7th, found dead in his prison. He



H. Grevedon del.^t

Eng^d by E. Finden.

SOULT.

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had died by strangulation: his black silk handkerchief was tightened round his throat, by means of a small stick thrust through the folds, and used as a tourniquet; and, in spite of all the declarations of the government, the suspicion that he had not died by his own act was, and continues to be, universal. Rumour went so far as to assert that he had been strangled by four of the Mamelukes whom the First Consul had brought from Egypt. The catastrophe of Captain Wright who, in a few days afterwards, was also found dead in prison, his throat cut from ear to ear, and who was in like manner accused of self-destruction, increased the dark suspicions of the public.

Pichegru was a brave soldier and an able general: we can assign him little further praise. He had been the friend of Robespierre, and he had betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Directors—conduct which their contemptible administration can never justify. There is reason to hope that he was not in the bloody secret of Cadoudal; but it is certain that his fate excited little sympathy for himself, however deeply it added to the infamy of his suspected murderer.

SOULT.

THOUGH Jean-de-Dieu Soult is one of the ablest of Napoleon's marshals, his active career has been so exclusively military, that a detailed account of it would afford little entertainment to any other than a professional reader. For this reason less space can be devoted to it on the present occasion than its importance would otherwise deserve.

The origin of this great soldier is mean. He was born March 29th, 1769, at St. Aurans, in the department of Tarn. In his sixteenth year he entered the service, and after spending some time in the royal regiment of artillery, became sub-lieutenant of grenadiers. Under Hoche, and then under Jourdan, he distinguished himself by a bravery always subservient to a sound discretion. Nor were his talents more strikingly exhibited on any of these early occasions, than at the battle of Fleurus. Soult was chief of the staff to General Lefebvre, who headed the advanced guard of the army of the Moselle. When the right wing under Marceau was routed, and that general himself forced to fall back on Lefebvre's division, he entreated, in an agony of despair, a succour of four battalions, that he might make an effort to recover his lost position. "Give them to me," said he to Lefebvre, "or I will blow out my brains!" Lefebvre consulted Colonel Soult, who observed, in a loud voice, that such a step would endanger the safety of the division. Marceau knew nothing of Soult, and was equally surprised and indignant that an obscure aide-de-camp should presume to decide on such a subject. "Who are you?" cried Marceau. "Whatever I am," answered Soult, "you perceive I am calm, which I am sorry to say you are not." The indignation of the General was increased by this cool superiority of Soult, whom he threatened to fight the day following. "Very well," answered the latter; "I shall never fear to speak the truth either to you or any other man; but at the same time, I have no wish to treat you with disrespect. Do not kill yourself, general, but lead on your men to the charge, and you shall have the four bat-

talions as soon as we can spare them." The result proved the wisdom of Soult's advice. The division of Lefebre was almost instantly assailed by the Prince of Coburg; and a bloody conflict ensued, in the midst of which both Soult and Marceau fought like lions. Towards evening this obstinately contested battle appeared to Lefebre to be so much to the disadvantage of the French, that he was inclined to make a retrograde movement; but the design was opposed by Soult. "If I am not mistaken," said the latter, "from what I can judge of the enemy's second line, the Austrians themselves are preparing to retreat." An order from Jourdan to charge confirmed the eagle glance of this soldier: Coburg *was* retreating, though in very good order. After the battle, Marceau, whose anger had given way to admiration, observed to Lefebre: "The chief of your staff is a meritorious officer: he will soon be noticed." He held out his hand to Soult: "Colonel, forgive the past. Though my rank authorizes me to give you instructions, *you* have this day given me a lesson which I shall never forget. It is you, in fact, who have gained the battle." The two officers embraced, and, to the honour of both be it said, thenceforth they were steadfast friends.

From this time to the peace of Amiens the reputation of Soult daily increased. In 1794 he was made general of brigade; and in 1798, of division.

The First Consul knew Soult by report, and one day inquired of Massena whether he deserved his high reputation. "Both for judgment and courage," replied the veteran, "I can recommend him as one who, in my opinion, has scarcely a superior." The consequence of this honest praise was, that he was entrusted with the command of the Chasseurs of the

Consular Guard, and thenceforth honoured with the personal esteem of Buonaparte. From the same date may be reckoned the enmity of Berthier, who, destitute of military talent himself, could never behold without jealousy the homage which the First Consul paid to such qualities in others.

When the invasion of England was resolved on, Soult was placed over the army encamped from Boulogne to Calais. The discipline which he established was severer than had ever been known to exist among the French troops: from day-break to night-fall he was on horseback inspecting their various evolutions, or superintending on foot their labours in the entrenchments. Many of them complained, and one day even the First Consul expressed an apprehension, that they would in the end sink under it. The general replied: "Such as cannot withstand the fatigue which I support myself, will remain in the depots; but such as *do* stand it, will be fit to undertake the conquest of the world." Soult well knew the vast designs which occupied the mind of the First Consul; and he, on his side, perceived that such a man as Soult would be one of his firmest supports,—the ready and able instrument of his most unprincipled designs. Of the eighteen generals who were invested May 19th, 1804, with the marshal's truncheon, none was judged more deserving of it than General Soult.

When the marshals surrounded Napoleon to receive his instructions at Austerlitz, all that he said to Soult was: "To you, Marshal, I have only to observe, *Act as you always do!*" In the heat of this battle, an aide-de-camp arrived with an order that he should instantly gain the heights of Pratzen. "I will obey the Emperor's commands as soon as I can,"

answered the Marshal, "but this is not the proper time." This kindled the rage of the Emperor, who despatched another aide-de-camp with a more peremptory mandate. He arrived just as Soult was putting his column in motion. The manœuvre had been delayed only because the Russians were extending their line to the left, and so weakening their centre which was in possession of the heights. Complete success attended the Marshal's attack. Buonaparte, from his eminence, perceived at once the reason of the delay and the brilliancy of the movement. He rode up to Soult, and in presence of the whole staff, who the moment before had heard him violently exclaiming against his disobedience, said, "Marshal, I account you the ablest tactician in my empire!" "I believe it, Sire," replied the other, who knew how to flatter, "since your Majesty has the goodness to tell me so!" At another time, still in the heat of the battle, the Emperor said, "Marshal, you have covered yourself with glory to-day: you have exceeded my expectations from you!" And soon afterwards, when some of his generals demanded fresh instructions, he replied: "Go and receive them from Marshal Soult! He it is who directs the action!"

At Eylau the French army was in a critical situation. Augereau had been routed, the march of Davoust had been impeded, Ney and Bernadotte were at a distance; and the Emperor was so much discouraged at the heavy loss he had sustained, that he wished to fall back, to effect a junction with his other corps. "Beware of doing so, Sire!" exclaimed Soult with vivacity. "Let us remain the last on the field, and we shall have the honour of the day. From what I have seen, I suspect the enemy will retreat

during the night." The emperor complied with his Marshal's suggestion, the wisdom of which was fully justified by the event, and he was soon rewarded with the ducal fief of Dalmatia.

But the Marshal was now called to a scene where his triumphs were to be short lived, and where disgrace was generally to attend his ablest measures. In 1808 he entered Spain. His first duty was to pursue Sir John Moore, whose retreat he harassed, but whom he dared not openly attack until the English reached Coruña. Under the walls of that city, he furiously assailed Sir John, in the view of preventing the embarkation of our troops; but after a very smart action, in which the English General fell, he was completely repulsed. His next step was to invade Portugal; and that he might obey the instructions he received with the more alacrity, he is understood to have been promised a portion of the kingdom in sovereignty. For some time he met nothing like a combined opposition: Oporto was taken and pillaged, and many other towns suffered from the rapacity of his troops. But to subdue the country was beyond his power. The very peasantry, ill armed and undisciplined as they were, arrested his progress, and at last the British, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, advanced against him. Our General marched with such celerity that the Marshal was surprised at the passage of the Douro, and was near being made prisoner in Oporto. Forced to abandon his artillery and baggage, he commenced a most embarrassing retreat through mountainous tracts until he reached Lugo, the siege of which he compelled the Spaniards to raise.

After the disaster of Talavera, Soult hastened to effect a junction with Ney and Mortier, and in his

turn pursued Wellington, who could not make a stand against the combined strength of the three; but the pursuit was not continued beyond the confines of Spain.

On his return from this fruitless expedition, the Duke of Dalmatia overran Andalusia. He took Seville, but he failed before Cadiz. His behaviour to the conquered inhabitants was harsh, rapacious, and even cruel; but on the other hand he is allowed to have restrained his soldiers from unnecessary violence. When Massena entered Portugal, destined to meet with as little success as *he* had met before, Soult reduced Badajoz, the key of the Guadiana, where he left a garrison and returned into Andalusia. That fortress, however, being soon invested by the allies, he advanced to its relief; and on the 16th of May, 1811, gave battle to Sir William Beresford, who headed a few thousands of the allied forces. Unfortunately for him, as for all his brother marshals, Frenchmen never crossed bayonets with the British without losing the day. So it was on the present occasion, and Soult's mortification was the greater that Wellington was not his victor. But he was soon joined by Marmont, and both united were too strong for the allies, who once more retired into Portugal.

During the next two years Soult remained in the fertile provinces of southern Spain. Here his army revelled in abundance: he levied heavy contributions, and in many other respects acted with great severity towards the inhabitants. After the loss of the battle of Salamanca by Marmont, all the French troops in Spain, except the corps of Suchet, were concentrated at Burgos, to oppose Wellington, but that cautious

general again retired into Portugal, where the enemy was in no hurry to follow him.

From this diversified scene Soult was now recalled to support the tottering throne of his master in another region. He was present at the battle of Bautzen, and every day the emperor treated him with greater confidence. While at Dresden news arrived of the defeat of the French at Vittoria, and threw Napoleon into considerable embarrassment. He saw that southern France was uncovered, and that there was need of an able leader to oppose the triumphant career of Wellington. There were but two marshals whom he could entrust with so important a charge,—Ney and Soult, (for Massena was in disgrace.) Ney was superior in personal daring, and more beloved by the army, but in coolness of judgment he was inferior to the other.—Soult, therefore, was ordered to depart, as the emperor's lieutenant, on this arduous mission. The destination was not very agreeable to himself, and was hateful to his lady. With all his strength of character, he was what the vulgar would call a *hen-pecked husband*. She wished him to refuse the trust, and when she could not prevail on him to do so, she herself resolved to try what effect her representations might have on the emperor. She sought and obtained an interview, in which she pleaded her husband's shattered frame, his need of repose, and complained of the injustice of sending him back to a country where blows only were to be found. "Madam," replied Napoleon, "recollect I am not your husband; but if I were, you would not dare to treat me thus." He ordered her to assist, not to thwart, her husband in his duty, and begone. There was no remedy, and Soult was constrained to obey.

The first attempt of the duke was to relieve Pampluna, but he was twice repulsed there ; and perceived that he could neither avert the invasion of France, nor even materially retard the advance of the allies. If Wellington made a less rapid progress than he might otherwise have done, he checked the impatience of his troops only because he knew the fate of France was not to be mainly decided in the south, and was unwilling to spill more blood than was necessary. Still he advanced, cautiously but surely, in the expectation that he might be required to communicate with the allies of the north. To do Soult justice, he did all he could to fulfil the tenor of his instructions. For two successive days he obstinately defended his entrenched camp of Bayonne ; but when the English manœuvred to turn his position, he continued his retreat. February 27th (1814) he again assailed the allies, and was again defeated at Orthez. Having published a furious proclamation in behalf of Napoleon, he made another stand under the walls of Toulouse, but with no better success. Though Soult perceived clearly that the imperial cause was lost, and the restoration of the Bourbons inevitable, he was one of the last to submit to the necessity of the times.

Nevertheless the Duke of Dalmatia was immediately confirmed, by Louis XVIII., in his rank and dignities, and entrusted with the government of the Thirteenth Military Division (of Brittany) ; and in December the same year he received the portfolio of the ministry at war. From this time every thing confirms the suspicion that, though a confidential minister of the king, he was not ignorant of the plot for the return of Napoleon. So general was this

suspicion at the time of the conspiracy in the north conducted by Drouet and Lefevre Desnouettes, that he was obliged to resign his place, in which he was succeeded by the notorious Clarke. All doubts as to his treachery seemed to be banished, when he accepted from Buonaparte the dignity of peer and the functions of Major-General.—He fought at Fleurus and Waterloo, but with much less distinction than might have been expected from his former fame; and his name deservedly figured in the list of July 24th.

In February, 1816, he retired to the duchy of Berg, the native country of his lady, where he remained three years, his time being chiefly passed in the composition of his memoirs, which the world may one day hope to see. On the 28th of May, 1819, he received the royal permission to return to France, and in July, 1821, his marshal's staff was restored to him.

Soult will ever be ranked among the ablest of Buonaparte's captains. His was a life of incessant activity from the first breaking out of the revolution to the second return of the Bourbons; and throughout that long period few generals have been equally successful. His, in fact, was an uniformly brilliant career, until he measured his sword with one who was destined successively to humble not only the greatest of the French marshals, but their far greater master. We are sorry to have observed the association of inhumanity and rapine with qualities so splendid. Something should be allowed for the difficulties of his situation. He received almost no supplies of provisions or money from France, during the whole of the blackest part of his history—the war in the Peninsula. But there is an atrocity which can never

be palliated—that *Edict* which he published in 1809, rebuking some of his officers for leniency towards the inhabitants of that unfortunate country, and proclaiming that none were fit for serving in such a war but men “of impassible character.”

At St. Helena, Napoleon is reported to have said: “Soult is a good minister of war, or major-general, but not fit to command in chief;” but, though no one will say that he had the military talents of a Massena or Bernadotte, this *dictum* appears to be as unjust as ungrateful.

To the Duke of Dalmatia war has been no less profitable than to the other marshals. Like them he has purchased valuable estates, and is in possession of an income sufficient to confer additional splendour on his high rank in the army and the peerage.

SUCHET.

LOUIS Gabriel Suchet, the son of a silk manufacturer of Lyons, was born March 2, 1772.

In 1792 the young man entered as a volunteer into a regiment raised by his native city. At Toulon he first exhibited the talent which was afterwards to render his name so eminent. At the head of a battalion he made General O’Hara prisoner. In the succeeding campaigns of Italy, under Massena, Buonaparte, Brune, Scherer, Joubert, and again Massena, he proved himself a very good, though not a venturesome soldier. He was incessantly in action: battle after battle, and combat after combat followed each other with a rapidity seldom equalled even in the revolutionary armies. His promotion was rapid, though

not so rapid as that of some who were more enterprising. In 1798 he obtained the rank of general of brigade, and the following year he was placed over a division. In ordinary times such advancement could not be expected, but when men rose from the ranks to the chief command of armies in four or five years, it created no sensation. Throughout these campaigns, and one in which he served with the army of the Danube, he was remarkable for the discipline of his troops. In this respect he was exceeded by none of the republican or imperial generals. Besides, he was active, firm, confident both in himself and his followers, yet never betrayed into any step where success seemed doubtful. Sometimes his corps formed a portion of the grand army, sometimes he manœuvred at a distance from it; and on two occasions he was entrusted with a separate command; but whether acting in obedience to precise orders, or left to his own judgment, he gave full satisfaction to the general-in-chief.

1804.] Into the Legion of Honour he was admitted as a matter of course, but there was no marshal's truncheon for him, though he deserved such distinction much better than one half of those who obtained it. But he was not discouraged: he felt confident in himself, and he looked forward to higher honours as certain to be attained whenever a new war should break out. His expectations were soon realized—at least partially. He had not long taken possession of the Palace of Lacken, of which he had been appointed governor, when he was summoned to the German campaign of 1805. So well did he conduct himself throughout this and the following war, that, besides the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, he received an

annual pension of 20,000 francs, and the title of count of the empire.

The services of this general in Spain, where he remained from the first aggression of the French to their final expulsion, would require a volume. We can but enumerate the more striking in the order of their occurrence. In 1809 he covered the siege of Saragossa, obtained some success by manœuvring on the right bank of the Ebro, and twice defeated the Spanish general, Blake. The year following he took Lerida, defeated O'Donnell, and reduced Mequinenza and Tortosa. The year 1811 was still more eventful. He first reduced San Felipe, and, after two months of a vigorous siege, Tarragona. This last success brought him the long-expected and deserved dignity of marshal. Montserrat, Oropeza, Sagunto, followed the fate of Tarragona, and Blake was a third time defeated more disastrously than before. But the most important of his conquests was the city of Valencia, which surrendered January 9th, 1812. He ended this brilliant campaign by the reduction of two fortresses, which completed the subjugation of the ancient kingdom of that name; and the title of *Duke of Albufera*, with the investiture of that rich domain, at length placed him at the summit of his hopes.

His successes, however, were now over. The decisive battle of Vittoria forced a great proportion of the French troops to flee beyond the Pyrenees; it compelled him to evacuate Valencia, but he contrived to maintain himself for some time in Catalonia. One of his last acts was to receive Ferdinand, who had been released from Valençay, and conduct him to the Spanish army. At that time he was made acquainted with the momentous events which had

just transpired in France. He sent in his adhesion to the king, and soon followed himself, to take, like others, the oaths of fidelity to that prince, and, like others, to break them.

To do him justice, he does not seem to have been conspicuously or eagerly a traitor. When Buonaparte returned, he was at Strasburg, commanding the fifth military division; and he maintained fidelity among his troops until the king had left France; when the current of opinion and events was too strong to be longer resisted. Still in some uncertainty as to his future course, Suchet hastened to Paris, but there he was soon persuaded to join his old master. He was sent to Lyons, to defend, not only that city, but the eastern departments, against the assaults of the Piedmontese and Austrians, and he had obtained some advantage over both;—when the arrival of one hundred thousand Austrians at length compelled him to fall back on his native city. As he was still at the head of a considerable force, he was enabled to make better terms with the re-restored Louis than many other marshals. He lost for a time some of his civil, but none of his military honours; and in 1819 was re-admitted to his place in the Chamber of Peers.

Suchet is one of the very few French generals who have not stained themselves by rapine and inhumanity. He was, indeed, obliged to maintain his troops, by contributions on the vanquished inhabitants, but he never tolerated such excesses as disgraced the Victors, the Soult, and the Massenas. His severe discipline, his love of justice, his moderation, his humanity, have rendered his name respectable even in Spain.

He has lately published an historical account of the

operations of the French in that country, but we are sorry to say that his pages exhibit any thing except candour. No writer on the Peninsular war has paid less regard to truth.

VICTOR.

PERRIN Victor, of Marche, in the province of Lorraine, was born in 1766.

In his fifteenth year Victor entered the army as a private soldier; and a private soldier he would probably have remained, had not the revolution opened to all men the way to honours. His promotion was rapid: his good conduct at Toulon procured him the rank of general of brigade; and at Favorita and St. George he won the higher grade of division.

From the breaking out of the revolution to the battle of Friedland, he had been almost constantly in the field, and his gallantry in that great action procured him at last his marshal's baton.

On the peace of Tilsit, Victor was appointed Governor of Berlin; but he had only passed fifteen months in the Prussian capital, when he received orders to march into Spain, where he remained from 1808 to 1812. He distinguished himself at Espinosa, Somo-Sierra, &c. by his bravery, and soon afterwards in a far different manner. He had just defeated the Spanish General Vanegas, who commanded the advanced guard of the Duke del Infantado, and the victory was so bloodless—the Spanish troops exhibiting the most shameful cowardice—that neither he nor his soldiers could have had any cause to be in a ferocious state of excitement. The prisoners

taken in battle were, however, marched to Madrid, and such as fell by the way from hunger and exhaustion were shot by their inhuman captors. Let the eloquent historian of the Peninsular war tell the rest of the dark story :

“ Never, indeed, did any men heap upon themselves more guilt and infamy than those by whom this easy conquest was effected. The inhabitants of Ucles had taken no part in this action ; from necessity they could only be passive spectators of the scene. But they had soon cause to lament that they had not rather immolated their wives and children with their own hands, like the Numantians of old, and then rushed upon the invaders to sweeten death with vengeance, instead of submitting to the mercy of such enemies. Plunder was the first object of the French, and in order to make the townspeople discover where their valuables were secreted, they tortured them. When they had thus obtained all the portable wealth of the place, they yoked the inhabitants like beasts, choosing especially the clergy for this outrage, loaded them with their own furniture, and made them carry it to the Castle Hill, and pile it in heaps, where they set fire to it, and consumed the whole. They then in mere wantonness murdered above threescore persons, dragging them to the shambles, that this butchery might be committed in its proper scene. Several women were among these sufferers, and they might be regarded as happy in being thus delivered from the worse horrors which ensued : for the French laid hands on the surviving women of the place, amounting to some three hundred :—they tore the nun from the altar, the wife from her husband’s corpse, the

virgin from her mother's arms ; and they abused these victims of the foulest brutality, till many of them expired on the spot. This was not all:—but the further atrocities which these monsters perpetrated cannot even be hinted at without violating the decencies of language and the reverence due to humanity. These unutterable things were committed in open day, and the officers made not the slightest attempt at restraining the wretches under their command: they were employed in securing the best part of the plunder for themselves. The Spanish government published the details of this wickedness, in order that, if the criminals escaped earthly punishment, they might not escape perpetual infamy.”*

If the marshal who could tolerate these horrors had been successful against the Spaniards, he was soon to measure himself with far other antagonists. Soult had invaded Portugal ; but finding the country quite as hostile as it had been during the first invasion of Junot, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley had disembarked at Lisbon to open the second campaign, he was forced to retreat. Victor was ordered to support the Duke of Dalmatia, but he had scarcely set foot on the Portuguese territory, when he perceived the necessity of retreating also. He effected, however, a junction with Joseph Buonaparte and General Sebastiani, and resolved to attack Sir Arthur, who was advancing into Spain in pursuit of Soult. The two armies met in front of Talavera, and a sanguinary combat ensued. Victor was com-

* Southey. We are sorry our limits do not admit of our quoting a parallel passage of perhaps equal eloquence from the *Annals* of the Peninsular Campaigns, by the author of Cyril Thornton.

pletely routed, with the loss of about 10,000 men. Yet he did not retreat far. Having effected a junction with another marshal, and perceiving that he was not pressed by Sir Arthur, who indeed had retreated in his turn before the alarming numbers of the enemy under Soult, Mortier, and Ney, he retraced his steps, and took possession of Talavera—and here we readily record an instance of humanity on his part, which would have honoured the most high-minded British general, and which makes us regret the more that he should have sullied himself so fearfully at Ucles. When he entered the town, he found some of the wounded, French and English alike, lying on the ground in the Plaza. He spoke kindly to the latter, complimented them on their observance of the courtesies of war, but said there was one thing they did not understand,—how to deal with the Spaniards. “He then sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together, one Englishman and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishman should always be served first. Many had died in the square, and the stones were covered with blood: Victor ordered the townsmen to come with spades and besoms, to remove and bury the dead, and cleanse the Plaza: he was speedily obeyed, and then the French said the place was fit for them to walk in. This was done a few hours after they entered the town.”*

After an unsuccessful though tedious siege of Cadiz, the marshal, whom the emperor had now

* Southey's *Peninsular War*, vol. iv. p. 49.

created Duke of Belluno, was summoned to the Russian campaign.

At the Berezina, Dresden, Leipzig, and Hanau, Victor fought nobly; and he bore his part equally well in the obstinate attempt to defend the French territory in 1814. After incredible efforts at Nan-gis and Villeneuve (Feb. 17), and seeing his son-in-law killed before his eyes, he took a few hours' rest at Salins. This incensed his unreasonable master, who had commanded him to pursue the allies to Montereau without intermission,—to perform, in truth, an impossibility. The following morning (the 18th) the emperor most furiously reproached him, and even dismissed him from the service, telling him that his command was entrusted to another, and he might go about his business. This was a cutting return to so faithful a servant,—to one, too, whose heart was smarting under a domestic calamity. The tears streamed down his sun-burnt cheeks, as he replied: “No, Sire, I will not leave the service! Victor was once a grenadier, and he has not forgotten to use the musket. I will take my place in the ranks with the soldiers of your Majesty's guard.” The emperor was, as well he might be, affected with this proof of fidelity. He stretched out his hand to the marshal, and said: “I cannot return you your corps, since another commands it; but you are welcome to head two brigades of my guard.” The veteran did so; and throughout the remaining portion of the campaign, fought as bravely as he had ever done.

After the first restoration, the Duke of Belluno was presented with the command of the second military division, and other honours. When Napoleon re-

turned, he did all he could to retain his troops in their fidelity to the king; but being unable to succeed, he followed Louis to Ghent, where he remained until the second restoration. This fidelity to the royal cause was not unrewarded. He was made a French peer, major-general of the Royal Guard, knight of the Holy Ghost, and, in 1821, minister at war. At a subsequent period he went as ambassador to Vienna: and indeed Charles X., from his accession till now, appears to have reposed as much confidence in him as his brother Louis had done.

FINIS.

NRICH

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The court and camp of Buonaparte

London 1829

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